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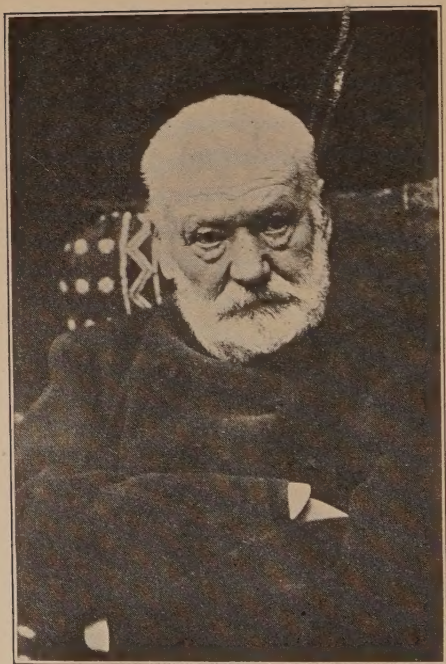
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VICTOR HUGO

LES MISERABLES

BY

VICTOR HUGO

ABRIDGED AND EDITED

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PREFACE

IN preparing this abridged version of "Les Misérables," the editor has tried to make a book which would be interesting to American boys. All long descriptions have therefore been left out, and a good many narrative portions as well. The purpose has been to leave in only those parts which taken together would make a unified story of the life and soul-struggles of Jean Valjean.

There are in the complete book numerous passages which show Victor Hugo's wonderful grasp of the essentials as well as the details of a subject, his clear perception of what was significant in a movement. Among these should be noted his account of the battle of Waterloo, his description of the Paris sewers, his analysis of the character of the Paris *gamin*. But all these passages are somewhat in the form of asides, and bear on the story of Jean Valjean only slightly. These have been left out, so that the story might be told in as rapid, emotional, and dramatic a way as possible.

The editor wishes to acknowledge his appreciation of the valuable suggestions and criticisms that have been rendered him in the preparation of this book, by Mr. Arthur W. Leonard, Mr. Archibald Freeman, and Mr. C. Emerson Stone, of Phillips Academy, and by Rev. Donald McFayden of the University of Colorado.

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MAP OF FRANCE (1914)

This map contains the names of the towns and localities mentioned in "Les Misérables."

INTRODUCTION

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO was a reformer, and like most reformers was intense, undaunted, insatiable, experiencing fierce but fleeting joys with keen and bitter suffering, receiving his due tribute only after living and dying for his conviction. His aim was two-fold: in literature, he fought for truth; in politics, for the cause of the people; in both he was a radical.

He was born in Besançon, France, February 26, 1802. His father was a military officer of the Empire, and a strong supporter of Napoleon. Victor's childhood was unsettled; he was taken hither and thither, from station to station, to Elba, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, and the dramatic scenes and episodes of travel and army life gave a meditative trend to his thoughts while yet a child. When his father was in Italy under Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Naples, his mother made a home for her children in Paris. He was put under the instruction of an old priest, with his elder brother, Eugene, and a young girl, Adèle Foucher, whom he afterwards married. Mme. Hugo was a royalist. Her teaching and that of the priest influenced his first works, for they show marked monarchical and Roman Catholic tendencies. His ode dedicated to the consecration of Charles X, was a tribute to the vanishing monarchy. At the same time, the dramatic in the career of Napoleon appealed to this poetic youth, and he dwelt on the glorious victories and overwhelming tragedy of the great Emperor. Later, however, moved by the sorrows of the people who were crushed by arbitrary despots, he became fiercely democratic and anticlerical.

In 1811, General Hugo followed Joseph Bonaparte to Spain, and Victor entered the Seminary of Nobles in Madrid,

with the intention of becoming a page of King Joseph. With the fall of the Empire, the family left Spain, and Victor's parents separated. Victor remained in his father's care, and was preparing to enter the School of Polytechnique, which led to government employment, but he inclined so strongly toward a literary life, and his first poem gave such promise, that his father relinquished his plan, and allowed him to devote himself to writing. While still a boy he composed several poems and won three prizes. In 1819, he and his brother started a paper called *Conservateur Littéraire*, which lasted about a year, and in 1822, he published the first volume of "Odes et Ballades." His style at this time was classical and not especially individual, but brought him into prominence, and gave him something to live on. For a while before this, he had existed on practically nothing, as did his "Marius."

At this time he married Adèle Foucher. Their home was delightfully free from restraint, and became the centre of poetic spirits, who contemplated a new school of literature in France, unhampered by classic form and arbitrary laws, — laws of an ancient world become artificial and devoid of grace. This little coterie formed a society called "Le Cénacle," and published a periodical, *La Muse Française*. In 1827, Hugo's "Cromwell," a romantic drama, was presented as an example of the reforms of this new school of Romanticism. It was a bold step in advancing a new language for poetry, and aroused a tremendous clamor of protest. The strife between the two schools became more and more bitter and reached a climax when "Hernani" was presented, in 1830. It was hissed in the theatre, and crowds went to see it, to ridicule it; but Hugo persisted in having it played through the whole engagement of forty-five nights, and thus established the position of romantic drama on the French stage, and eminence for himself.

From this time on, he published a deluge of dramas, poems, and letters. "Notre Dame de Paris" came out in 1831 and secured his position as a prose writer. He wrote in a vehement style, often crude, caring not at all for conventional form or even accuracy, exaggerating sometimes, but sketching

life always. He was not yet thirty when he reached the height of his career. Byron, Scott, Chateaubriand, and Goethe were failing, leaving Hugo to take first place in European literature, a position which he held until his death. Though the old school opposed it, he was elected to the French Academy; he had already been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. Favored as he was, he seemed quite untouched by success. It is impossible to comprehend his inmost nature, so full is it. He studied the poets, he loved the book of Isaiah, and took for his model the Oriental. Such works as "*Les Feuilles d'Automne*" (Autumn Leaves), or "*Les Chants du Crépuscule*" (Songs of the Twilight), suggest a brooding melancholy; and the background of "*Notre Dame de Paris*" is gloom. His love of flowers and children tells us of his tenderness. He was devoted to his own children, and they no doubt inspired "*Le Livre des Mères*" (The Mothers' Book), and later poems on childhood. But one design pervades his work, and later his policies, — a groping for truth. Its frequent uncouthness, its constant unconventionality aroused derision. He but shrugged his shoulders at scorn; bent on reform, he suffered the fate of reformers.

"*Notre Dame de Paris*" was his last published piece of fiction for thirty years. He began to take an interest in the politics of the time. He became a peer of France in 1845, and in 1848 he was elected a deputy to the Constituent Assembly. At first he showed conservative tendencies, but he was an opportunist and marched with the times. On re-election he became orator of the democratic party, denouncing President Louis Napoleon and his secret proceedings. When Napoleon proclaimed himself king, Hugo asserted the rights of the people and the constitution. His enemies secured his proscription, and he fled to Belgium. But he was too flagrant in his partisanship, and was driven from there to take refuge on the Isle of Jersey. Here again he made trouble, and was banished for violating the popular feeling of sympathy with France, and fled to the Isle of Guernsey, under English protection. There he lived in the famous Hauteville House, where his taste for luxury and richness in decoration found its extravagant expression, and where, high up, in a little

glass enclosed attic room, overlooking the sea, he wrote the masterpiece of his later life. He meditated upon the misery and contradictions of the world, and "*Les Misérables*," begun in 1848, was published in 1862. The long period of its growth accounts for the many digressions and additions.

His pride prevented him from taking advantage of the amnesty proclamation, and it was not until after the fall of Napoleon that he returned to France. He was reelected to the national assembly in 1871, but he opposed so violently the peace treaty between France and Germany, and aroused such animosity during his speech, that he left the tribune and resigned his seat. On the insurrection of the commune he protested against violence, and was obliged to flee to Belgium again, where he was threatened by a mob. He escaped to London, and there remained until his enemies were condemned. He had become too vehement for practical politics; his passionate convictions carried him beyond reason.

In his old age he lived with the wife of one of his sons, to whose children he was devoted. The "*L'Art d'Être Grand-père*" (The Art of Being a Grandfather) throws an interesting light on his many-sided character. His wife had died, his two sons as well; his favorite daughter, Leopoldine, had been drowned with her young husband years before, while on a pleasure trip, and his younger daughter was insane. But despite all adversity, old age scarcely touched him; he remained active and a keen observer until the end. He wrote tirelessly, poems, letters, satires, and strangely enough of a hopeful, prophetic character, contrary to the melancholy tone of his early writing.

His death occurred on May 22, 1885, when he was eighty-three years of age. His last wishes were expressed in a memorandum written a few months before, in which he had said: "I give 50,000 francs to the poor. I wish to be taken to the grave in their hearse. I refuse the prayers of all churches. I ask for a prayer from every human soul. I believe in God."

HISTORICAL SKETCH

THE chief cause of the French Revolution, which lasted from 1789 to 1799, was the unbearable despotism which the two upper classes of society, the nobility and the higher clergy, exercised over the common people. These three divisions of society were called "Estates," and the last mentioned one, the "Third Estate." It was divided into two groups, the Bourgeoisie (middle class), and the peasantry. A contributing cause was the dissemination of revolutionary ideas advanced by numerous French philosophers, among whom Montesquieu (1689-1755), Voltaire (1694-1778), and Rousseau (1712-1778) are perhaps the best known.

After the death of Louis XIV (1643-1715), the public works and objects of national interest which he encouraged were neglected. He was followed by Louis XV (1715-1774), a dissolute man who spent most of his money and that of the state on his court. His subjects naturally resented this, and felt especially enraged at him, because during the latter part of his reign he was almost entirely under the influence of the profligate Madame de Pompadour (1721-1764). Louis XVI (1774-1792), his successor, started his reign full of good intentions; but the time was too late, things had gone too far, the nobility had too much power, and soon he and his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette (1755-1793), yielded to the pressure, and gave themselves up to a life of luxury and ease.

In 1788, Louis XVI found himself in need of money, and when he could not procure it by ordinary means, he called together an assembly of the three estates, which met May 5, 1789, in hope that they could devise some way of helping him out. The first step taken by the commons was to file grievances against the king. It had been the practice whenever the three estates met together, to have the vote taken by orders, but to this the third estate objected, claiming that the vote should be taken by individuals. As nothing was accomplished, the third estate broke away, on June 17, and organized themselves into the *National Assembly*. In this body the most prominent leaders were Mirabeau (1749-1791), and Robespierre (1758-1794).

The king, fearing danger, drew up guards at Versailles, at which place he had his royal residence. Then, as the municipal authorities in Paris seemed irresolute, the leading men of the various wards in the city organized themselves into a *Commune*, a body of administration. They also organized a police force and militia which came to be known as the National Guard, and which tasted its first blood on July 14, 1789, at the storming of the Bastille, where many political prisoners had been kept.

Not long after this, in October of the same year, the people forced the king to come to Paris. Later he escaped from the city, but was brought back, and was put, with his family, in prison.

By the constitution drawn up and adopted by the National Assembly, provision was made for a *Legislative Assembly* of one house, consisting of delegates elected every two years. Members of the National Assembly were ineligible to sit in the Legislative Assembly. The Legislative Assembly met October 1, 1791, and continued in session until the famous attack on the Tuileries (Aug. 10, 1792), when a decree was passed which dethroned the king and called for a convention to decide upon a new form of government.

This *National Convention* met September 21, 1792, and the following day proclaimed a Republic. It abolished, with the monarchy, all titles of nobility, decreeing that every man in the land be addressed simply as *citizen*. In January of the next year (1793), it tried and executed the king. The result of all this upheaval was that the monarchies of Europe formed a coalition against France. Prussia and Austria began war in 1792; England joined, February 1, 1793; and together they succeeded in defeating some of the armies that the Convention sent out to fight them. The situation was so critical that the Convention created, April 6, 1793, *The Committee of Public Safety*, a body of nine men, which was given dictatorial powers. France continued to suffer reverses, all the people were not satisfied with the administration, and one of the leading revolutionists, Marat (1744-1793), was assassinated by Charlotte Corday (1768-1793), who thought that if that rabid individual was out of the way, affairs would be straightened out.

The period which followed soon after is commonly called "The Reign of Terror"; it might be said to have started in September, 1793, and lasted until July, 1794. It was during this time that the queen, Marie Antoinette, and thousands of others were executed by the guillotine. This instrument consisted of a heavy bit of framework supporting a large blade which ran in a groove, and could be released and made to descend on the neck of a victim, thus severing the head from the body.

During this terrible period certain other things were accomplished besides the shedding of blood. The metric system was introduced, and with it an attempt was made to divide time into units of ten. The year was divided into twelve months of thirty days each, and these were given names expressive of their character; as, Vendémiaire (vintage month), Brumaire (foggy month), etc. Each month was divided into periods of ten days, the tenth day in each taking the place of the old Sabbath. The five odd days in the year were made festival days. Quite in keeping with this plan of wholesale change of things was the attempt to establish a worship of Reason in place of the worship of God.

While the Reign of Terror was going on in Paris, conditions were much worse in the provinces. Finally a reaction set in, and Robespierre fell, in 1794. But the frightful year had left France not only bereft of some of its best citizens, but also with many strong enemies outside, who were ready at a moment to spring upon her. The Convention therefore set about to frame a new constitution, giving the executive powers into the hands of a *Directory*, composed of five persons, while two legislative bodies were also established. There was some opposition to this arrangement by the Paris mobs, and at one time when they planned an attack on the Tuileries, where a meeting was taking place, they were dispersed by some pieces of artillery commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Constitution went into effect, and an attempt was immediately made to enforce revolutionary ideas through Europe. Two armies were therefore sent to the north, and one to the south, under Napoleon, which was first to drive

the Austrians out of Italy. Napoleon led his army into Italy in 1796, was successful, winning every fight he went into. Later in 1798, he crossed to Egypt, where again he won several important engagements.

Meanwhile another coalition had been formed against France. The armies sent to the north had not been successful, and the Directory fell out of favor. It was charged with sending Napoleon out of France, because it feared him. When Napoleon heard of this, he secretly left Egypt and returned to France, where he was welcomed by the people, and soon overthrew the government. The legislative bodies had opposed him, but he quickly cleared the halls with his soldiers. This came on 18 Brumaire^o (Nov. 9), 1799.

The next change in the government was the formation of a *Consulate* (1799-1804), consisting of three people who were to exercise the executive powers. Napoleon was naturally made First Consul, and easily dominated the nation. In August, 1802, he was made Consul for life, and one of the first things he did was to organize the Legion of Honor, an order to which were admitted a number of persons who had rendered conspicuous public service in military or civil life.

A short time later, a royalist plot was laid for Napoleon's assassination. When this was discovered and quelled, the Senate, to preserve the power and safety of the government, passed a decree confirming Napoleon as Emperor. The coronation took place in Notre Dame, on December 2, 1804, Bonaparte himself placing the crown on his head.

Still another coalition, of England, Austria, and Russia, was formed, this time against Napoleon. He immediately set to work with his armies; at Ulm (1805), he defeated the Austrians, and at Austerlitz, December, 1805, the combined army of Austria and Russia. Next year, in October, he defeated the Prussian army at Jena, and the year later (1807), the Russians at Friedland. In 1809, he was obliged to make a third campaign against Austria, and again, in the battle of Wagram, defeated their forces.

The Emperor, even while he was first consul, had set about making Paris the wonder of Europe. He brought there all manner of art treasures, and superintended the erection of

magnificent buildings. He also codified a system of laws, which is the basis of French law to-day. He attempted to make Paris the religious centre of Europe and urged the Pope to move his court thither from Rome. In 1810, he took the step for which he has been blamed perhaps more than for any other: after putting away his wife Josephine, he married Marie Louise of Austria, that he might by so doing, ally himself to a family with royal blood in its veins.

Almost all of Europe was cowed before the great man. He had defeated all the armies they had sent against him, but there was still Russia to consider. Her Emperor, Alexander, was a strong man, and had strong armies under his command. Napoleon wanted to crush him, so in 1812 he invaded the country. He succeeded in entering Moscow, but the success was a hollow one, and he found himself forced to retreat. The journey back was accompanied with a fearful loss of some of his best soldiers, who were harassed by the enemy, or frozen or starved to death. When he returned in 1813, he found his army very much depleted, and saw little chance of recruiting many more men, for the best part of France had been wasted in his wars. The combined nations of Europe took advantage of his weakness, started a war of liberation, met him at Leipzig in October, 1813, and in a three days' battle defeated him. The Allies crowded over the French territories, and in March, 1814, entered Paris. Napoleon was then forced to abdicate, Louis XVIII, a brother of Louis XVI, was called to be king, and the great general was sent to Elba, a small island, where it was hoped he could be kept under constant surveillance.

But Napoleon stayed there only until February of the following year (1815), when he escaped, returned to France, March 1, and there soon rallied about him a great many of his old soldiers. The period of time from his return from Elba to Waterloo is known as "The Hundred Days." During this time he succeeded in gathering together a strong army; Louis XVIII fled from Paris, leaving Napoleon again supreme in France. He led a campaign into Belgium, but was met on the field of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, and defeated by the armies of the Allies under Wellington. Soon after, Napoleon

was exiled to the island of St. Helena in the South Atlantic, where he remained until his death in 1821.

Louis XVIII returned to Paris as king, and reigned until his death in 1824. He issued a charter in which he held that all authority rested in the person of the king rather than in the people; moreover he restricted the suffrage. His reign was not a very easy one, for the period was a continuation of the revolution struggle between monarchical and revolutionary principles, and it was bound to breed numerous parties. The most prominent ones were: 1. The Ultra Royalists, or reactionaries, led by the Count of Artois (brother of the king and later Charles X). 2. The Moderate Royalists, who supported the charter. 3. The Liberals, who, though not objecting very positively to the charter, did not consider it final, for they looked for an increase in the franchise. 4. The Irreconcilables, who were openly hostile, and who were divided into two classes, (a) The Bonapartists, who desired to make the young son of Napoleon Emperor Napoleon II, and (b) The Republicans, who wanted a return to the principles that were held in 1792.

It was not until the reign of Charles X (1814-1830), however, that violent steps were taken. Having been the leader of the Ultra Royalist party, on his accession to the throne, he naturally tried to undo all the work of the revolution. His first care was to indemnify the nobles for the property taken from them in the revolution, he strengthened the position and power of the clergy, and limited the freedom of the press. The elections showed that the measures he adopted were not popular, and finally in July, 1830, the Republicans protested by barricading the streets and starting a revolution. Charles tried to negotiate with the leaders of the various parties, but it was too late, and he was forced to leave his throne. His successor was Louis Philippe, a descendant of the brother of Louis XIV. He ruled as king until 1848.

The insurrection that Marius took part in was one that broke out in 1832. The Republicans were masters of a part of Paris for one night, but the movement was crushed the next day.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION

THE following suggestions for the pronunciation of the French words and names used in this book will prove helpful to the student who has never studied the language. For a full discussion of the subject, one should, of course, consult a French Grammar.

1. All the syllables of a French word receive about equal stress, though the last one is usually accented a little more than the others.

2. French vowels have a single sound, not a double one as do the English vowels.

3. "The nasal vowels of French are formed by allowing the soft palate to hang freely, as in ordinary breathing, thus causing the air to escape through both nose and mouth at once." (Fraser and Squair, French Grammar.)

4. *ill* has a sound similar to the English *iy*.

5. *oi* has the sound of *wa*.

6. All final consonants except *c*, *f*, *l*, and *r* are regularly silent.

In indicating the pronunciation of the words listed below, the following symbols have been used:

a,	has the sound of the a in father;
ā,	" " " " " ay " day;
â,	" " " " " a " pat;
e,	" " " " " e " let;
ē,	" " " " " ai " air;
î,	" " " " " ea " seat;
o,	" " " " " o " over;
ō,	" " " " " ow " tow.

u, has a sound about halfway between the *u* sound in *duty* and the *iew* sound in *view*.

(e), is almost silent.

An italicized vowel should be given the French nasal sound.

Arras,	Ar-ras.
Baptistine,	Ba-tis-tin.
Bienvenu,	By ^â -ve-nu.
Combeferre,	Com-b(e)-fēr.
Cosette,	Ko-zet.
Courfeyrac,	Kour-fe-rak.
Digne,	Din(ye).
Enjolras,	A-zhol-ra.
Eponine,	E-po-nin.
Fantine,	Fa-tin.
Fauchelevant,	Fōsh-l(e)-va.
Filles du Calvaire,	Fiy-du-Kal-vēr.
Gavroche,	Gav-rosh.
Gillenormand,	Zhiy-nor-ma.
Gorbeau,	Gor-bō.
Javert,	Zha-vēr.
Jean Valjean,	Zha Val-zha.
Jondrette,	Zho-dret.
Laigle,	Legl.
Madeleine,	Ma-d(e)-lān.
Magloire,	Mag-lwar.
Montfermeil,	Mo-fēr-mā.
Montreuil sur Mer,	Mo-treuy sur Mēr.
Petit Gervais,	Pti Zhēr-vā.
Rue Plumet,	Ru Plu-mā.
Simplice,	Sā-plis.
Thénardier,	Te-nar-dyā.
Théodule,	Te-o-dul.
Tholomyès,	To-lom-yā.

These do not pretend to give the exact sounds, but they may help the student to pronounce the names more correctly than he would if he were left to his own devices.

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KEY TO PLAN OF PARIS

Bridges:

1. Pont de Jena.
2. Pont des Invalides.
3. Pont Royal.
4. Pont Notre Dame.
5. Pont d'Austerlitz.

North Side of Seine:

1. Place du Châtelet.
2. St. Lazarre.
3. St. Merry.
4. La Force.
5. Place de la Bastille.
6. Cemetery of Père Lachaise.

South Side of Seine:

1. Champ de Mars.
2. Hôtel des Invalides.
3. Café Musain in the Place St. Michel.
4. St. Sulpice.
5. Palace and Gardens of the Luxembourg.
6. St. Jacques du Haut Pas.
7. Pantheon.
8. Sorbonne.
9. Observatoire.
10. Hôtel de la Place St. Jacques.
11. St. Médard.
12. Gorbau House.
13. Salpêtrière.
14. Bicêtre.
15. Barrière du Maine.

FANTINE

BOOK I — FANTINE

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LES MISERABLES

PART FIRST — THE BISHOP

I. M. MYRIEL

IN 1815, M.^o Charles François-Bienvenu Myriel was Bishop of Digne. He was a man of seventy-five, and had occupied the bishopric of Digne since 1806.

M. Myriel was the son of a counsellor. His father, intending him to inherit his place, had contracted a marriage for 5 him at the early age of eighteen or twenty, according to a widespread custom among parliamentary families. Charles Myriel, notwithstanding this marriage, had, it was said, been an object of much attention. His person was admirably moulded; although of slight figure, he was elegant and grace- 10 ful; all the earlier part of his life had been devoted to the world and to its pleasures. M. Charles Myriel, on the first outbreak of the revolution,^o emigrated to Italy. His wife died there of a lung complaint with which she had long been threatened. They had no children. What followed in the 15 fate of M. Myriel? The decay of the old French society, the fall of his own family, the tragic sights of '93,^o still more fearful, perhaps, to the exiles who beheld them from afar, magnified by fright — did these arouse in him ideas of ren- 20 nunciation and of solitude? Was he, in the midst of one of the reveries or emotions which then consumed his life, suddenly attacked by one of those mysterious and terrible blows which sometimes overwhelm, by smiting to the heart, the man whom public disasters could not shake, by aiming at 25 life or fortune? No one could have answered; all that was known was that when he returned from Italy he was a priest.

In 1804, M. Myriel was curé° of Brignolles. He was then an old man, and lived in the deepest seclusion.

Near the time of the coronation,° a trifling matter of business belonging to his curacy — what it was, is not now known
5 precisely — took him to Paris. Among other personages of authority he went to Cardinal Fesch° on behalf of his parishioners. One day, when the emperor° had come to visit his uncle, the worthy curé, who was waiting in the ante-room, happened to be in the way of his Majesty. Napoleon° notic-
10 ing that the old man looked at him with a certain curiousness, turned around and said brusquely :

“Who is this goodman who looks at me?”

“Sire,” said M. Myriel, “you behold a good man, and I a great man. Each of us may profit by it.”

15 That evening the emperor asked the cardinal the name of the curé, and some time afterwards M. Myriel was overwhelmed with surprise on learning that he had been appointed Bishop of Digne. Beyond this, no one knew how much truth there was in the stories which passed current
20 concerning the first portion of M. Myriel’s life.

When M. Myriel came to Digne he was accompanied by an old lady, Mademoiselle Baptistine, who was his sister, ten years younger than himself. Their only domestic was a woman of about the same age as Mademoiselle Baptistine,
25 who was called Madame Magloire, and who, after having been the servant of M. le curé, now took the double title of maid of Mademoiselle and housekeeper of Monseigneur.°

Mademoiselle Baptistine was a tall, pale, thin, sweet person. She had never been pretty; her whole life, which had
30 been but a succession of pious works, had produced upon her a kind of transparent whiteness, and in growing old she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth had become in maturity transparency, and this etherealness permitted gleams of the
35 angel within. She was more a spirit than a virgin mortal. Her form was shadow-like — a little earth containing a spark — large eyes, always cast down; a pretext for a soul to remain on earth.

Madame Magloire was a little, white, fat, jolly, bustling

old woman, always out of breath, caused first by her activity, and then by the asthma.

M. Myriel, upon his arrival, was installed in his episcopal^c palace with the honours ordained by the imperial decrees. The installation being completed, the town was curious to see its bishop at work.

The bishop's palace at Digne was contiguous to the hospital. The palace was a spacious and beautiful edifice, built of stone; there was an air of grandeur about everything, the apartments of the bishop, the chambers, the court of honour, ¹⁰ which was very large, with arched walks, and a garden planted with magnificent trees. The hospital was a low, narrow, two story building with a small garden.

Three days after the bishop's advent he visited the hospital; when the visit was ended, he invited the director to ¹⁵ oblige him by coming to the palace.

"Monsieur," he said to the director of the hospital, "how many patients have you?"

"Twenty-six, monseigneur."

"That is as I counted them," said the bishop. ²⁰

"The beds," continued the director, "are very much crowded."

"I noticed it."

"The wards are but small chambers, and are not easily ventilated." ²⁵

"It seems so to me."

"And then, when the sun does shine, the garden is very small for the convalescents."

"That was what I was thinking."

"What can we do, monseigneur?" said the director; "we ³⁰ must be resigned."

This conversation took place in the dining gallery on the ground floor. The bishop was silent a few moments: then he turned suddenly towards the director.

"Monsieur," he said, "how many beds do you think this ³⁵ hall alone would contain?"

"The dining-hall of monseigneur!" exclaimed the director, stupefied.

The bishop ran his eyes over the hall, seemingly taking

measure and making calculations. "It will hold twenty beds," said he to himself; then raising his voice, he said:

"Listen, Monsieur Director, to what I have to say. There is evidently a mistake here. There are twenty-six of you in
5 five or six small rooms: there are only three of us, and space for sixty. There is a mistake, I tell you. You have my house, and I have yours. Restore mine to me; you are at home."

Next day the twenty-six poor invalids were installed in
10 the bishop's palace, and the bishop was in the hospital.

M. Myriel had no property, but he received from the government as bishop a salary of fifteen thousand francs.^c The day on which he took up his residence in the hospital building, he resolved to appropriate this sum once for all
15 to charity, reserving for himself only one thousand francs.

Mademoiselle Baptistine accepted this arrangement with entire submission: M. Myriel was to her at once her brother and her bishop, her companion by ties of blood and her superior by ecclesiastical authority. She loved and venerated him
20 unaffectedly: when he spoke, she listened; when he acted, she gave him her co-operation. Madame Magloire, their servant, grumbled a little. Thanks, however, to the rigid economy of Madame Magloire, and the excellent management of Mademoiselle Baptistine, whenever a curate came
25 to Digne, the bishop found means to extend to him his hospitality.

It was the custom that all bishops should put their baptismal names at the head of their orders and pastoral letters. The poor people of the district had chosen by a sort of affectionate instinct, from among the names of the bishop, that
30 which was expressive to them, and they always called him Monseigneur Bienvenu.^o We shall follow their example and shall call him thus; besides, this pleased him. "I like this name," said he; "Bienvenu counterbalances Monseigneur."
35

The bishop regularly made his round of visits, and in the diocese^o of Digne this was a wearisome task. There was very little plain, a good deal of mountain, and hardly any roads; but the bishop went through with it.

In his visits he was indulgent and gentle, and preached less than he talked. He never used far-fetched reasons or examples. But he would talk, gravely and paternally; in default of examples he would invent parables, going straight to his object, with few phrases and many images, which was the very eloquence of Jesus Christ, convincing and persuasive.

II. THE BISHOP AT WORK

A TRAGIC event occurred at Digne. A man had been condemned to death for murder. The unfortunate prisoner was a poorly educated, but not entirely ignorant man, who had been a juggler at fairs, and a public letter-writer. The people were greatly interested in the trial. The evening before the day fixed for the execution of the condemned, the chaplain of the prison fell ill. A priest was needed to attend the prisoner in his last moments. The curé was sent for, but he refused to go, saying, "That does not concern me. I have nothing to do with such drudgery, or with that mountebank; besides, I am sick myself; and moreover it is not my place." When this reply was reported to the bishop, he said, "The curé is right. It is not his place, it is mine."

He went, on the instant, to the prison, went down into the dungeon of the "mountebank," called him by his name, took him by the hand, and talked with him. He passed the whole day with him, forgetful of food and sleep, praying to God for the soul of the condemned, and exhorting the condemned to join with him. He spoke to him the best truths, which are the simplest. He was father, brother, friend; bishop for blessing only. He taught him everything by encouraging and consoling him. This man would have died in despair. Death, for him, was like an abyss. Standing shivering upon the dreadful brink, he recoiled with horror. He was not ignorant enough to be indifferent. The terrible shock of his condemnation had in some sort broken here and there that wall which separates us from the mystery of things beyond, and which we call life. Through these fatal breaches, he was constantly looking beyond this world, and he could see nothing but darkness; the bishop showed him the light.

On the morrow when they came for the poor man, the bishop was with him. He followed him, and showed himself to the eyes of the crowd in his violet hood, with his bishop's cross about his neck, side by side with the miserable being, who was bound with cords.

He mounted the cart with him, he ascended the scaffold with him. The sufferer, so gloomy and so horror-stricken in the evening, was now radiant with hope. He felt that his soul was reconciled, and he trusted in God. The bishop embraced him and at the moment when the axe was about to fall, he said to him, "Whom man kills, him God restoreth to life; whom his brethren put away, he findeth the Father. Pray, believe, enter into life! The Father is there."

When he descended from the scaffold, something in his look made the people fall back. It would be hard to say which was the more wonderful, his paleness or his serenity. As he entered the humble dwelling which he smilingly called his *palace*, he said to his sister, "I have been officiating pontifically."

But the impression of the scaffold was horrible and deep; on the morrow of the execution, and for many days, the bishop appeared to be overwhelmed. He, who ordinarily looked back upon all his actions with a satisfaction so radiant, now seemed to be a subject of self-reproach. By times he would talk to himself, and in an undertone mutter dismal monologues. One evening his sister overheard and preserved the following: "I did not believe that it could be so monstrous. It is wrong to be so absorbed in the divine law as not to perceive the human law. Death belongs to God alone. By what right do men touch that unknown thing?"

With the lapse of time these impressions faded away, and were probably effaced. Nevertheless it was remarked that the bishop ever after avoided passing by the place of execution.

M. Myriel could be called at all hours to the bedside of the sick and the dying. He well knew that there was his highest duty and his greatest work. Widowed or orphan families had no need to send for him; he came of himself. He would sit silent for long hours by the side of a man who had lost the

wife whom he loved, or of a mother who had lost her child. As he knew the time for silence, he knew also the time for speech. Oh, admirable consoler! he did not seek to drown grief in oblivion, but to exalt and to dignify it by hope. He would say, "Be careful of the way in which you think of the 5 dead. Think not of what might have been. Look steadfastly and you shall see the living glory of your well-beloved dead in the depths of heaven." He believed that faith is healthful. He sought to counsel and to calm the despairing man by pointing out to him the man of resignation,^o and to 10 transform the grief which looks down into the grave by showing it the grief which looks up to the stars.

The house which he occupied consisted of a ground floor and a second story; three rooms on the ground floor, three on the second story, and an attic above. Behind the house 15 was a garden of about a quarter of an acre. The two women occupied the upper floor; the bishop lived below. The first room, which opened upon the street, was his dining-room, the second was his bedroom, and the third his oratory.^o You could not leave the oratory without passing through the bed- 20 room, and to leave the bedroom you must pass through the dining-room. At one end of the oratory there was an alcove closed in, with a bed for occasions of hospitality. The bishop kept this bed for the country curés when business or the wants of their parish brought them to Digne. 25

Nothing could be plainer in its arrangements than the bishop's bed-chamber. A window, which was also a door, opened upon the garden; facing this was the bed; two doors, one near the chimney, led into the oratory, the other near the book-case, opened into the dining-room. The book-case, 30 with glass doors, was filled with books. Above the fire-place was a copper crucifix,^o from which the silver was worn off, fixed upon a piece of thread-bare black velvet in a wooden frame from which the gilt was almost gone; near the window stood a large table with an inkstand, covered with confused 35 papers and heavy volumes. In front of the table was the straw arm-chair, and before the bed, a prie-dieu^o from the oratory.

We must confess that he still retained of what he had for-

merly, six silver dishes and a silver soup ladle which Madame Magloire contemplated every day with new joy as they shone on the coarse, white linen table-cloth. And as we are drawing the portrait of the Bishop of Digne just as he was, we must
5 add that he had said, more than once, "It would be difficult for me to give up eating from silver."

With this silver ware should be counted two large, massive silver candlesticks which he inherited from a great-aunt. These candlesticks held two wax-candles, and their place
10 was upon the bishop's mantel. When he had any one to dinner, Madame Magloire lighted the two candles and placed the two candlesticks upon the table.

There was in the bishop's chamber, at the head of his bed, a small cupboard in which Madame Magloire placed the six
15 silver dishes and the great ladle every evening. But the key was never taken out of it.

Not a door in the house had a lock. The door of the dining-room, which opened into the cathedral grounds, was formerly loaded with bars and bolts like the door of a prison. The
20 bishop had had all this iron-work taken off, and the door, by night as well as by day, was closed only with a latch. The passer-by, whatever might be the hour, could open it with a simple push. At first the two women had been very much troubled at the door being never locked; but Monseigneur de
25 Digne said to them: "Have bolts on your own doors, if you like." They shared his confidence at last, or at least acted as if they shared it. Madame Magloire alone had occasional attacks of fear. As to the bishop, the reason for this is explained, or at least pointed at in these three lines written
30 by him on the margin of a Bible: "This is the shade of meaning; the door of a physician should never be closed; the door of a priest should always be open."

III. THE BISHOP IN THE PRESENCE OF AN UNKNOWN LIGHT

IN the country near Digne, there was a man who lived alone. This man, to state the startling fact without preface,
35 had been a member of the National Convention.^o His name was G——.

The little circle of Digne spoke of the conventionist with a certain sort of horror. This man came very near being a monster; he had not exactly voted for the execution of the king, but almost; he was half a regicide,^o and had been a terrible creature altogether. Besides, he was an atheist,^o 5 as all those people are.

He lived about an hour's walk from the town, far from any hamlet or road, in a secluded ravine of a very wild valley. It was said he had a sort of resting-place there, a hole, a den. He had no neighbours or even passers-by. Since he had 10 lived there the path which led to the place had become overgrown, and people spoke of it as of the house of a hangman.

From time to time, however, the bishop reflectingly gazed upon the horizon at the spot where a clump of trees indicated the ravine of the aged conventionist, and he would say: 15 "There lives a soul which is alone." And in the depths of his thought he would add, "I owe him a visit."

But this idea, though it appeared natural at first, after a few moments' reflection, seemed strange, impracticable, and almost repulsive. For at heart he shared the general impression, and 20 the conventionist inspired him, he knew not how, with aversion.

However, the shepherd should not recoil from the diseased sheep. Ah! but what a sheep! The good bishop was perplexed: sometimes he walked in that direction, but he returned. 25

At last, one day the news was circulated in the town that the young herdsboy who served the conventionist G—— in his retreat, had come for a doctor; that the old wretch was dying, that he was motionless, and could not live through the night. "Thank God!" added many. 30

The bishop took his cane, put on his overcoat, because the night wind was evidently rising, and set out. The sun was setting; it had nearly touched the horizon when the bishop reached the accursed spot. He felt a certain quickening of the pulse as he drew near the den. He jumped over a 35 ditch, cleared a hedge, made his way through a brush fence, found himself in a dilapidated garden, and after a bold advance across the open ground, suddenly, behind some high brushwood, discovered the retreat.

It was a low, poverty-stricken hut, small and clean with a little vine nailed up in front. Before the door in an old chair on rollers, there sat a man with white hair, looking with smiling gaze upon the setting sun. The young herdsboy stood near him, handing him a bowl of milk. While the bishop was looking, the old man raised his voice.

"Thank you," he said, "I shall need nothing more;" and his smile changed from the sun to rest upon the boy.

The bishop stepped forward. At the sound of his footsteps the old man turned his head, and his face expressed as much surprise as one can feel after a long life.

"This is the first time since I have lived here," said he, "that I have had a visitor. Who are you, monsieur?"

"My name is Bienvenu-Myriel," the bishop replied.

"Bienvenu-Myriel? I have heard that name before. Are you he whom the people call Monseigneur Bienvenu?"

"I am."

The old man continued half-smiling. "Then you are my bishop?"

"Possibly."

"Come in, monsieur."

The conventionist extended his hand to the bishop, but he did not take it. He only said: "I am glad to find that I have been misinformed. You do not appear to me very ill."

"Monsieur," replied the old man, "I shall soon be better."

He paused and said: "I shall be dead in three hours."

Then he continued: "I am something of a physician; I know the steps by which death approaches; yesterday my feet only were cold; to-day the cold has crept to my knees, now it has reached the waist; when it touches the heart, all will be over. The sunset is lovely, is it not? I had myself wheeled out to get a final look at nature. You can speak to me; that will not tire me. You do well to come to see a man who is dying. It is good that these moments should have witnesses. Every one has his fancy; I should like to live until the dawn, but I know I have scarcely life for three hours. It will be night, but what matters it: to finish is a very simple thing. One does not need morning for that. Be it so: I shall die in the starlight."

The old man turned towards the herdsboy: "Little one, go to bed; thou didst watch the other night, thou art weary."

The child went into the hut. The old man followed him with his eyes, and added, as if speaking to himself: "While he is sleeping, I shall die: the two slumbers keep fit company." 5

The bishop was not as much affected as he might have been: it was not his idea of godly death. This conventionist after all, this representative of the people, had been a power on the earth; and perhaps for the first time in his life the bishop felt himself in a humour to be severe.

G——, with his self-possessed manner, erect figure, and vibrating voice, was one of those noble marvels the revolution produced. There was freedom in his agony; his legs only were paralysed; his feet were cold and dead, but his head lived in full power of life and light. The bishop seated him- 15 self upon a stope near by. The beginning of their conversation was abrupt:

"I congratulate you," he said, in a tone of reprimand. "At least you did not vote for the execution of the king."

"Do not congratulate me too much, monsieur; I did vote 20 for the destruction of the tyrant."

"What do you mean?" asked the bishop.

"I mean that man has a tyrant, Ignorance. I voted for the abolition of that tyrant. That tyrant has begotten royalty, which is authority springing from the False, while science is 25 authority springing from the True. Man should be governed by science."

"And conscience," added the bishop.

"The same thing: conscience is innate knowledge that we have. As to Louis XVI.^o I said no. I do not believe that I 30 have the right to kill a man, but I feel it a duty to exterminate evil. I voted for the downfall of the tyrant; that is to say, for the abolition of prostitution for woman, of slavery for man, of night for the child. In voting for the republic I voted for that."

"You have demolished," said the bishop. "To demolish may be useful, but I distrust a demolition effected in anger!" 35

"Justice has its anger, Monsieur Bishop, and the wrath of justice is an element of progress. Whatever may be said

matters not, the French revolution is the greatest step in advance taken by mankind since the advent of Christ; incomplete it may be, but it is sublime. It loosened all the secret bonds of society, it softened all hearts, it calmed, 5 appeased, enlightened; it made the waves of civilization to flow over the earth; it was good. The French revolution is the consecration of humanity."

The bishop could not help murmuring: "Yes, '93!"

10 The conventionist raised himself in his chair with a solemnity well nigh mournful, and as well as a dying person could exclaim, he exclaimed:

"Ah! '93! the year of the execution of the king and queen, of the reign of terror! I was expecting that. A cloud had been forming for fifteen hundred years; at the end of 15 fifteen centuries it burst. You condemn the thunderbolt."

But the bishop, looking fixedly at the conventionist, added: "Louis XVII.^o?"

The conventionist stretched out his hand and seized the bishop's arm.

20 "Louis XVII. Let us see! For whom do you weep? — for the innocent child? It is well; I weep with you. For the royal child? I ask time to reflect. To my view the brother of a revolutionist, an innocent child, hung by a rope under his arms in the Place de Grève till he died, for the sole 25 crime of being the brother of a revolutionist, is no less sad a sight than the grandson of Louis XV.^o an innocent child, murdered in the tower of the Temple for the sole crime of being the grandson of Louis XV."

There was a moment of silence; the bishop regretted almost 30 that he had come, and yet he felt strangely and inexplicably moved.

The conventionist resumed: "Oh, Monsieur Priest! you do not love the harshness of the truth, but Christ loved it. He took a scourge and purged the temple;^o his flashing whip 35 was a rude speaker of truths. When he said 'Suffer little children^o to come unto me,' he made no distinctions among the little ones. Monsieur, innocence is its own crown! Innocence has only to act to be noble! She is as august in rags as in the fleur de lys."^o

"That is true," said the bishop, in a low tone.

"I repeat," continued the old man; "you have mentioned Louis XVII. Let us weep together for all the innocent, for all the martyrs, for all the children, for the low as well as for the high. I am one of them, but then, as I have told you, we must go further back than '93, and our tears must begin before Louis XVII. I will weep for the children of kings with you, if you will weep with me for the little ones of the people."

"I weep for all," said the bishop.

"Equally," exclaimed G——, "and if the balance inclines, let it be on the side of the people; they have suffered longer."

The conventionist began to gasp; the agonising asthma, which mingles with the latest breath, made his voice broken; nevertheless, his soul yet appeared perfectly lucid in his eyes. He continued:

"Let us have a few more words here and there — I would like it. Outside of the revolution which, taken as a whole, is an immense human affirmation, '93, alas! is a reply. Monsieur, forget not this; the French revolution had its reasons. Its wrath will be pardoned by the future; its result is a better world. From its most terrible blows comes a caress for the human race. I must be brief. I must stop. I have too good a cause; and I am dying."

And, ceasing to look at the bishop, the old man completed his idea in these few tranquil words:

"Yes, the brutalities of progress are called revolutions. When they are over, this is recognised: that the human race has been harshly treated, but that it has advanced."

The conventionist thought that he had borne down successively one after the other all the interior intrenchments of the bishop. There was one left, however.

"Progress ought to believe in God. The good cannot have an impious servitor. An atheist is an evil leader of the human race."

The old representative of the people did not answer. He was trembling. He looked up into the sky, and a tear gathered slowly in his eye. When the lid was full, the tear rolled down his livid cheek, and he said, almost stammering,

low, and talking to himself, his eye lost in the depths: "O thou! O ideal! thou alone dost exist!"

The bishop felt a kind of inexpressible emotion.

After brief silence, the old man raised his finger towards heaven, and said: "The infinite exists. It is there. This infinite is God."

The dying man pronounced these last words in a loud voice, and with a shudder of ecstasy, as if he saw some one. When he ceased, his eyes closed. The effort had exhausted him. But he re-opened his eyes. Calmness was imprinted upon his face, where there had been a cloud.

"Monsieur Bishop," said he, with a deliberation which perhaps came still more from the dignity of his soul than from the ebb of his strength, "I have passed my life in meditation, study, and contemplation. I was sixty years old when my country called me, and ordered me to take part in her affairs. I obeyed. There were abuses, I fought them; there were tyrannies, I destroyed them; there were rights and principles, I proclaimed and confessed them. The soil was invaded, I defended it; France was threatened, I offered her my breast. I was not rich; I am poor. I succoured the oppressed, I solaced the suffering. True, I tore the drapery from the altar; but it was to staunch the wounds of the country. I have always supported the forward march of the human race towards the light, and I have sometimes resisted a progress which was without pity. I have, on occasion, protected my own adversaries, your friends. I have done my duty according to my strength, and the good that I could. After which I was hunted, hounded, pursued, persecuted, slandered, railed at, spit upon, cursed, proscribed. For many years now, with my white hairs, I have perceived that many people believed they had a right to despise me; to the poor, ignorant crowd I have the face of the damned, and I accept, hating no man myself, the isolation of hatred. Now I am eighty-six years old: I am about to die. What have you come to ask of me?"

"Your benediction," said the bishop. And he fell upon his knees.

When the bishop raised his head, the face of the old man had become august. He had expired.

The bishop went home deeply absorbed in thought. He spent the whole night in prayer.

IV. THE NIGHT OF A DAY'S TRAMP

AN hour before sunset, on the evening of a day in October, 1815, a man travelling afoot entered the little town of Digne. The few persons who at this time were at their windows or 5 their doors, regarded this traveller with a sort of distrust. He was a man of middle height, stout and hardy, in the strength of maturity; he might have been forty-six or seven. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind, and dripping with sweat. His shaggy breast was 10 seen through the coarse yellow shirt which at the neck was fastened by a small silver anchor; he wore a cravat twisted like a rope, coarse blue trousers, worn and shabby, and an old ragged grey blouse, patched on one side. Upon his back was a well-filled knapsack, strongly buckled and quite new. In 15 his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick; his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; his hair was cropped and his beard long. Nobody knew him; he was evidently a traveller.

When he reached the corner of the Rue° Poichevert he turned to the left and went towards the mayor's office. He 20 went in, and a quarter of an hour afterwards he came out. The man raised his cap humbly and saluted a gendarme° who was seated near the door. Without returning his salutation, the gendarme looked at him attentively, watched him for some distance, and then went into the city hall. 25

There was then in Digne, a good inn, and its host was a man held in some consideration in the town. The traveller turned his steps towards this inn, and went at once into the kitchen, which opened out of the street. All the ranges were 30 fuming, and a great fire was burning briskly in the chimney-place. Mine host was very busy superintending an excellent dinner for some wagoners who were laughing and talking noisily in the next room. Hearing the door open, and a new-comer enter, he said, without raising his eyes from his ranges: "What will monsieur have?" 35

"Something to eat and lodging."

"Nothing more easy," said mine host, but on turning his head and taking an observation of the traveller, he added, "for pay."

The man drew from his pocket a large leather purse, and answered: "I have money."

"Then," said mine host, "I am at your service."

The man put his purse back into his pocket, took off his knapsack and put it down hard by the door, and holding his stick in his hand, sat down on a low stool by the fire.

10 While the new-comer was warming himself with his back turned, the worthy innkeeper took a pencil from his pocket, and then tore off the corner of an old paper. On the margin he wrote a line or two, folded it, and handed the scrap of paper to a child, who appeared to serve him. The innkeeper whis-
15 pered a word to the boy, and he ran off in the direction of the mayor's office.

In a few moments, the boy came back with the paper. The host unfolded it hurriedly. He seemed to read with attention. Then he took a step towards the traveller, who
20 seemed drowned in troublous thought.

"Monsieur," said he, "I cannot receive you."

The traveller half rose from his seat.

"Why? Are you afraid I shall not pay you, or do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you."

25 "It is not that."

"What then?"

"I have no room."

"Well," responded the man, "a corner in the garret; a truss° of straw: we will see about that after dinner."

30 "I cannot give you any dinner."

This declaration, made in a measured but firm tone, appeared serious to the traveller. He got up.

"Ah, but I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise; I have travelled twelve leagues.° I will pay, and
35 I want something to eat."

The man sat down again and said, without raising his voice: "I am at an inn. I am hungry, and I shall stay."

The host bent down to his ear, and said in a voice which made him tremble: "Go away!"

At these words the traveller, who was bent over, poking some embers in the fire with the iron-shod end of his stick, turned suddenly around, and opened his mouth, as if to reply, when the host, looking steadily at him, added in the same low tone: "Stop, no more of that. Shall I tell you 5 your name? Your name is Jean Valjean. Now shall I tell you *who* you are? When I saw you enter, I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read?" So saying, he held towards him the open paper, which had just come from the mayor. The man cast a look 10 upon it; the innkeeper, after a short silence, said: "It is my custom to be polite to all: Go!"

The man bowed his head, picked up his knapsack, and went out. He took the principal street; he walked at random, slinking near the houses like a sad and humiliated man: he 15 did not once turn around. If he had turned, he would have seen the innkeeper standing in his doorway with all his guests, and the passers-by gathered about him, speaking excitedly, and pointing him out.

He walked along in this way some time, going by chance 20 down streets unknown to him. He entered another inn, but once again he was suspected and forced out into the cold. As he went out, some children who had followed him and seemed to be waiting for him, threw stones at him. He turned angrily and threatened them with his stick, and they scattered 25 like a flock of birds.

He passed the prison: an iron chain hung from the door attached to a bell. He rang. The grating opened.

"Monsieur Turnkey," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to-night?" 30

A voice answered: "A prison is not a tavern: get yourself arrested and we will open."

The grating closed.

He then tried various houses along the street, but something in his appearance raised suspicion and he was repulsed 35 at every door. On passing by the Cathedral square, he shook his fist at the church. Then exhausted with fatigue, and hoping for nothing better, he lay down on a stone bench in front of the printing-office.

Just then an old woman came out of the church. She saw the man lying there in the dark, and said: "What are you doing there, my friend?"

He replied harshly, and with anger in his tone: "You see, my good woman, I am going to sleep."

"Upon the bench?" said she.

"For nineteen years I have had a wooden mattress," said the man; "to-night I have a stone one."

"You have been a soldier?"

10 "Yes, my good woman, a soldier."

"Why don't you go to the inn?"

"Because I have no money."

"You cannot find lodging in an inn? But have you tried?"

You cannot pass the night so. You must be cold and hungry.

15 They should give you lodging for charity."

"I have knocked at every door."

"Well, what then?"

"Everybody has driven me away."

20 The good woman touched the man's arm and pointed out to him, on the other side of the square, a little low house beside the bishop's palace.

"You have knocked at every door?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you knocked at that one there?"

25 "No."

"Knock there."

V. THE BISHOP AT HOME

THAT evening, after his walk in the town, the Bishop of Digne remained quite late in his room, busy with his great work on Duty. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing with some inconvenience on little slips of paper, with a
30 large book open on his knees, when Madame Magloire, as usual, came in to take the silver from the panel near the bed. A moment after, the bishop, knowing that the table was laid, and that his sister was perhaps waiting, closed his book and
35 went into the dining-room. Madame Magloire had just finished placing the plates.

Just as the bishop entered, Madame Magloire was speaking with some warmth. She was talking to *Mademoiselle* upon a familiar subject, and one to which the bishop was quite accustomed. It was a discussion on the means of fastening the front door. It seems that while Madame Magloire was out making provision for supper, she had heard the news in sundry places. There was talk that an ill-favoured runaway, a suspicious vagabond, had arrived and was lurking somewhere in the town, and that some unpleasant adventures might befall those who should come home late that night; and that every one ought to be careful to shut up, bolt, and bar his house properly, and *secure his door thoroughly*.

Madame Magloire went on: "We say that this house is not safe at all; and if monseigneur will permit me, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and put the old bolts in the door again. I say we must have bolts, were it only for tonight; for I say that a door which opens by a latch on the outside to the first comer, nothing could be more horrible: and then monseigneur has the habit of always saying 'Come in,' even at midnight. There is no need even to ask leave —"

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door opened. It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by some one boldly and with energy. A man entered. That man, we know already; it was the traveller we have seen wandering about in search of a lodging. He came in, took one step, and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, tired, and fierce look in his eyes, as seen by the firelight. He was hideous.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to scream. She stood trembling with her mouth open. *Mademoiselle* Baptistine turned, saw the man enter, and started up half alarmed; then, slowly turning back again towards the fire, she looked at her brother, and her face resumed its usual calmness and serenity. The bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye.

As he was opening his mouth to speak, doubtless to ask the stranger what he wanted, the man, leaning with both hands

on his club, glanced from one to another in turn, and without waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice :

"See here ! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict ; I have been nineteen years in the galleys." Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination ; during those four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport," which I had shown at the mayor's office, as was necessary. I went to another inn ; they said : 'Get out !' It was the same with one as with another ; nobody would have me. I went to the prison, and the turnkey would not let me in. There in the square I lay down upon a stone ; a good woman showed me your house, and said : 'Knock there !' I have knocked. What is this place ? Are you an inn ? I have money ; my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous ° which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care ? I have money. I am very tired — twelve leagues on foot, and I am so hungry. Can I stay ?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man took three steps, and came near the lamp which stood on the table. "Stop," he exclaimed ; as if he had not been understood, "not that, did you understand me ? I am a galley-slave — a convict — I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "There is my passport, yellow as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it ? I know how to read, I do. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who care for it. See, here is what they have put in the passport : 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, native of —,' you don't care for that, 'has been nineteen years in the galleys ; five years for burglary ; fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous.' There you have it ! Everybody has thrust me out ; will you receive me ? Is this an inn ? Can you give me something to eat, and a place to sleep ? Have you a stable ?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire went out to fulfil her orders. The bishop turned to the man: "Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself: we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

At last the man quite understood; his face, the expression of which till then had been gloomy and hard, now expressed stupefaction, doubt, and joy, and became absolutely wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman.

"True? What! You will keep me? You won't drive me away? a convict! You call me *Monsieur* and don't say 'Get out, dog!' as everybody else does. I thought that you would send me away, so I told you just who I am. Oh! the fine woman who sent me here! I shall have a supper! a bed like 15 other people with mattress and sheets — a bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. You are really willing that I should stay? You are good people! Besides I have money; I will pay well. I beg your pardon, Monsieur Innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You 20 are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, an't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money? You are the curé, an't you? the curé of this big church? Yes, that's it. How stupid I am; I 25 didn't notice your cap."

While speaking, he had deposited his knapsack and stick in the corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and sat down. Mademoiselle Baptistine looked at him pleasantly. He continued:.

"You are humane, Monsieur Curé; you don't despise me. A good priest is a good thing. Then you don't want me to pay you?"

"No," said the bishop, "keep your money. How much have you? You said a hundred and nine francs, I think." 35

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!"

The bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: "I have all my money yet. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous which I earned by
5 unloading wagons at Grasse. As you are an abbé,^o I must tell you, we have a chaplain in the galleys. And then one day I saw a bishop; monseigneur, they called him. It was the Bishop of Majore from Marseilles. He is the curé who is over the curés. You see — beg pardon, how I bungle saying
10 it, but for me, it is so far off! you know what we are. He said mass^o in the centre of the place on an altar; he had a pointed gold thing on his head, that shone in the sun; it was noon. We were drawn up in line on three sides, with cannons and matches lighted before us. We could not see him well. He
15 spoke to us, but he was not near enough, we did not understand him. That is what a bishop is."

While he was talking, the bishop shut the door, which he had left wide open. Madame Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

20 "Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put this plate as near the fire as you can." Then turning towards his guest, he added: "The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Every time he said this word monsieur, with his gently
25 solemn, and heartily hospitable voice, the man's countenance lighted up. *Monsieur* to a convict, is a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"The lamp," said the bishop, "gives a very poor light."

Madame Magloire understood him, and going to his bed-
30 chamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles, and placed them on the table.

"Monsieur Curé," said the man, "you are good; you don't despise me. You take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I come from
35 and how miserable I am."

The bishop, who was sitting near him, touched his hand gently and said: "You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an afflic-

tion. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the home of no man, except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. 5 What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment: "Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop, "your name is My Brother." 10

"Stop, stop, Monsieur Curé," exclaimed the man. "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said:

"You have seen much suffering?" 15

"Oh, the red blouse,° the ball and chain, the plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's crew, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word, — even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs, the dogs are happier! nineteen years! and I am forty-six, and now a yellow passport. That is 20 all."

"Yes," answered the bishop, "you have left a place of suffering. But listen, if you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with goodwill, gentleness, and peace, 25 you are better than any of us."

Meantime Madame Magloire had served up supper. She had, without asking, added to the usual dinner of the bishop a bottle of wine. The bishop's countenance was lighted up with an expression of pleasure, peculiar to hospit- 30 able natures. "To supper!" he said briskly, as was his habit when he had a guest. He seated the man at his right. Made-moiselle Baptistine, perfectly quiet and natural, took her place at his left. The bishop said the blessing, and then served the soup himself, according to his usual custom. The 35 man fell to, eating greedily.

Towards the end, at dessert, the man paid but little attention to what passed. He did not speak, and appeared to be very tired. The bishop said grace, after which he turned

towards this man and said: "You must be in great need of sleep." Madame Magloire quickly removed the cloth. Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him.

5 "Monsieur, I will show you to your room." The man followed him.

As may have been understood, the house was so arranged that one could reach the alcove in the oratory only by passing through the bishop's sleeping chamber. Just as they were
10 passing through this room Madame Magloire was putting up the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest in the alcove, before a clean white bed. The man set down the candlestick upon a small table.

15 "Come," said the bishop, "a good night's rest to you: to-morrow morning, before you go, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the man.

Scarcely had he pronounced these words of peace, when
20 suddenly he made a singular motion which would have chilled the two good women of the house with horror, had they witnessed it. Did he intend to give a warning or to throw out a menace? Or was he simply obeying a sort of instinctive impulse, obscure even to himself? He turned abruptly
25 towards the old man, crossed his arms, and casting a wild look upon his host, exclaimed in a harsh voice:

"Ah, now, indeed! You lodge me in your house, as near you as that!"

He checked himself, and added, with a laugh, in which
30 there was something horrible: "Have you reflected upon it? Who tells you that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop responded: "God will take care of that."

Then with gravity, moving his lips like one praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and
35 blessed the man, who, however, did not bow; and without turning his head or looking behind him, went into his chamber.

When the alcove was occupied, a heavy serge curtain was drawn in the oratory, concealing the altar. Before this cur-

tain the bishop knelt as he passed out, and offered a short prayer. A moment afterwards he was walking in the garden, surrendering mind and soul to a dreamy contemplation of those grand and mysterious works of God, which night makes visible to the eye.

As to the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets; he blew out the candle, and fell on the bed, dressed as he was, into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop came back to his chamber. 10
A few moments afterwards all in the little house slept.

VI. JEAN VALJEAN

TOWARDS the middle of the night, Jean Valjean awoke.

Jean Valjean was born of a poor peasant family of Brie. In his childhood he had not been taught to read: when he was grown up, he chose the occupation of a pruner at Faverolles. 15 His mother's name was Jeanne Mathieu, his father's Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean was of a thoughtful disposition, but not sad, which is characteristic of affectionate natures. Upon the whole, however, there was something torpid and insignificant, in the appearance at least, of Jean Valjean. 20 He had lost his parents when very young. His mother died of fever, his father, a pruner before him, was killed by a fall from a tree. Jean Valjean now had but one relative left, his sister, a widow with seven children, girls and boys. This sister had brought up Jean Valjean, and, as long as her hus- 25 band lived, she had taken care of her young brother. Her husband died, leaving the eldest of these children eight, the youngest, one year old. Jean Valjean had just reached his twenty-fifth year; he took the father's place, and, in his turn, supported the sister who reared him. This he did 30 naturally, as a duty. His youth was spent in rough and ill-recompensed labour: he never was known to have a sweetheart; he had not time to be in love.

He earned in the pruning season eighteen sous a day: after that he hired out as reaper, workman, teamster, or labourer. 35 He did whatever he could find to do. His sister worked also.

but what could she do with seven little children? It was a sad group, which misery was grasping and closing upon, little by little. There was a very severe winter; Jean had no work, the family had no bread; literally, no bread, and seven children.

One Sunday night, Maubert Isabeau, the baker in Faverolles, was just going to bed when he heard a violent blow against the barred window of his shop. He got down in time to see an arm thrust through the aperture made by the blow of a fist on the glass. The arm seized a loaf of bread and took it out. Isabeau rushed out; the thief used his legs valiantly; Isabeau pursued him and caught him. The thief had thrown away the bread, but his arm was still bleeding. It was Jean Valjean.

All that happened in 1795. Jean Valjean was brought before the tribunals of the time for "burglary at night in an inhabited house," and was found guilty. In our civilization there are fearful hours; such are those when the criminal law pronounces shipwreck upon a man. What a mournful moment is that in which society withdraws itself and gives up a thinking being for ever. Jean Valjean was sentenced to five years in the galleys.

On the 22nd April, 1796, a great chain was riveted at the Bicêtre° prison. Jean Valjean was a part of this chain. Sitting on the ground like the rest, he seemed to comprehend nothing of his position, except its horror; probably there was also mingled with the vague ideas of a poor ignorant man, a notion that there was something excessive in the penalty. While they were with heavy hammer-strokes behind his head riveting the bolt of his iron collar, he was weeping. The tears choked his words and he only succeeded in saying from time to time: "*I was a pruner at Faverolles.*" Then sobbing as he was, he raised his right hand and lowered it seven times, as if he was touching seven heads of unequal height; and at this gesture one could guess that whatever he had done, had been to feed and clothe seven little children.

He was taken to Toulon, at which place he arrived after a journey of twenty-seven days, on a cart, the chain still about his neck. At Toulon he was dressed in a red blouse, all his

past life was effaced, even to his name. He was no longer Jean Valjean: he was Number 24,601.

What became of the sister? What became of the seven children? Who troubled himself about that? What becomes of the handful of leaves of the young tree when it is sawn at the trunk? It is the old story. These poor little lives, these creatures of God, henceforth without support, or guide, or asylum; they passed away wherever chance led, who knows even?

Near the end of his fourth year, a chance of liberty came to Jean Valjean. His comrades helped him as they always do in that dreary place, and he escaped. He wandered two days in freedom through the fields; if it is freedom to be hunted, to turn your head each moment, to tremble at the least noise, to be afraid of everything, of the smoke of a chimney, the passing of a man, the baying of a dog, the gallop of a horse, the striking of a clock, of the day because you see, and of the night because you do not; of the road, of the path, of the bush, of sleep. During the evening of the second day he was retaken; he had neither eaten nor slept for thirty-six hours. The tribunal extended his sentence three years for this attempt, which made eight. In the sixth year his turn of escape came again; he tried it, but failed again. He did not answer at roll-call, and the alarm cannon was fired. At night the people of the vicinity discovered him hidden beneath the keel of a vessel on the stocks; he resisted the galley guard which seized him. Escape and resistance. This the provisions of the special code punished by an addition of five years, two with the double chain. Thirteen years. The tenth year his turn came round again; he made another attempt with no better success. Three years for this new attempt. Sixteen years. And finally, I think it was in the thirteenth year, he made yet another, and was retaken after an absence of only four hours. Three years for these four hours. Nineteen years. In October, 1815, he was set at large; he had entered in 1796 for having broken a pane of glass, and taken a loaf of bread.

Jean Valjean entered the galleys sobbing and shuddering, he went out hardened; he entered in despair, he went out

sullen. We must not omit one circumstance, which is, that in physical strength he far surpassed all the other inmates of the prison. At hard work, at twisting a cable, or turning a windlass, Jean Valjean was equal to four men. He would sometimes lift and hold enormous weights on his back, and would occasionally act the part of what is called a jack.^o His suppleness surpassed his strength. Certain convicts, always planning escape, have developed a veritable science of strength and skill combined, — the science of the muscles. To scale
10 a wall, and to find a foot-hold where you could hardly see a projection, was play for Jean Valjean. Given an angle in a wall, with the tension of his back and his knees, with elbows and hands braced against the rough face of the stone, he would ascend, as if by magic, to a third story. Sometimes he
15 climbed up in this manner to the roof of the galleys.

He talked but little, and never laughed. Some extreme emotion was required to draw from him, once or twice a year, that lugubrious sound of the convict, which is like the echo of a demon's laugh. To those who saw him, he seemed to be
20 absorbed in continually looking upon something terrible. From year to year his soul had withered more and more, slowly, but fatally. With this withered heart, he had a dry eye. When he left the galleys, he had not shed a tear for nineteen years.

VII. THE MAN AWAKES

25 As the cathedral clock struck two, Jean Valjean awoke. What awakened him was, too good a bed. For nearly twenty years he had not slept in a bed, and, although he had not undressed, the sensation was too novel not to disturb his sleep. He had slept something more than four hours. His
30 fatigue had passed away. He was not accustomed to give many hours to repose. He opened his eyes, and looked for a moment into the obscurity about him, then he closed them to go to sleep again. But sleep comes at first much more readily than it comes again. Such was the case with Jean
35 Valjean. He could not get to sleep again, and so he began to think.

Those silver plates took possession of him. There they were, within a few steps. He had marked that cupboard well; on the right, coming from the dining-room. They were solid, and old silver. With the big ladle, they would bring at least two hundred francs, double what he had got 5 for nineteen years' labour.

His mind wavered a whole hour, and a long one, in fluctuation and in struggle. The clock struck three. He opened his eyes, rose up hastily in bed, reached out his arm and felt his haversack, which he had put into the corner of the alcove, then 10 he thrust out his legs and placed his feet on the ground, and found himself, he knew not how, seated on his bed.

He remained for some time lost in thought in that attitude, and would perhaps have remained there until daybreak, if the clock had not struck the quarter or the half-hour. The 15 clock seemed to say to him: "Come along!"

He rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment longer, and listened; all was still in the house; he walked straight and cautiously towards the window, which he could discern. The night was not very dark; there was a full moon, across which 20 large clouds were driving before the wind. On reaching the window, Jean Valjean examined it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened, according to the fashion of the country, with a little wedge only. The garden was enclosed with a white wall, quite low, and readily scaled. 25

When he had taken this observation, he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his haversack, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap, and pulled the vizor down over his eyes, felt for his stick, and went and put it in the corner of the window, then returned to the bed, 30 holding his breath. With stealthy steps, he moved towards the door of the next room, which was the bishop's. On reaching the door, he found it unlatched. The bishop had not closed it.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound. He pushed the door 35 He waited a moment, and then pushed the door again more boldly. It yielded gradually and silently. The opening was now wide enough for him to pass through. He took one step and was in the room.

A deep calm filled the chamber. Jean Valjean advanced, carefully avoiding the furniture. At the further end of the room he could hear the equal and quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop. Suddenly he stopped. He was near the bed, 5 he had reached it sooner than he thought.

Nature sometimes joins her effects and her appearances to our acts with a sort of serious and intelligent appropriateness, as if she would compel us to reflect. For nearly a half hour a great cloud had darkened the sky. At the moment when Jean 10 Valjean paused before the bed the cloud broke as if purposely, and a ray of moonlight crossing the high window, suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. His head had fallen on the pillow in the unstudied attitude of slumber; over the side of the bed hung his hand, which had 15 done so many good deeds, so many pious acts. His entire countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope, and happiness. It was more than a smile and almost a radiance. On his forehead rested the indescribable reflection of an unseen light.

20 At the instant when the moonbeam overlay, so to speak, this inward radiance, the sleeping bishop appeared as if in a halo.^o But it was very mild, and veiled in an ineffable twilight. The moon in the sky, nature drowsing, the garden without a pulse, the quiet house, the hour, the moment, the silence, 25 added something strangely solemn and unutterable to the venerable repose of this man, and enveloped his white locks and his closed eyes with a serene and majestic glory, this face where all was hope and confidence — this old man's head and infant's slumber.

30 Jean Valjean did not remove his eyes from the old man. The only thing which was plain from his attitude and his countenance was a strange indecision. You would have said he was hesitating between two realms, that of the doomed and that of the saved. He appeared ready either to cleave 35 this skull, or to kiss his hand. In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his hat; then, letting his hand fall with the same slowness, Jean Valjean resumed his contemplations, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right, and his hair bristling on his fierce-looking head.

Under this frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profoundest peace. The crucifix above the mantelpiece was dimly visible in the moonlight, apparently extending its arms towards both, with a benediction for one and a pardon for the other.

Suddenly Jean Valjean put on his cap, then passed quickly, 5 without looking at the bishop, along the bed, straight to the cupboard which he perceived near its head. The key was in it, he opened it; the first thing he saw was the basket of silver, he took it, crossed the room with hasty stride, careless of noise, reached the door, entered the oratory, took his stick, 10 stepped out, put the silver in his knapsack, threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

The next day at sunrise, Monseigneur Bienvenu was walking in the garden. Madame Magloire ran towards him quite 15 beside herself.

"Monseigneur, monseigneur," cried she, "does your greatness know where the silver basket is?"

"Yes."

The bishop had just found the basket on a flower-bed. 20 He gave it to Madame Magloire and said: "There it is."

"Yes," said she, "but there is nothing in it. The silver?"

"Ah!" said the bishop, "it is the silver then that troubles you. I do not know where that is."

"Good heavens! it is stolen. That man who came last 25 night stole it. Monseigneur, the man has gone! the silver is stolen!"

While she was uttering this exclamation her eyes fell on an angle of the garden where she saw that a capstone of the wall had been thrown down. 30

"See, there is where he got out; he jumped into Cocheflet lane."

The bishop was silent for a moment, then raising his serious eyes, he said mildly to Madame Magloire: "Madame Magloire, I have for a long time wrongfully withheld this silver; 35 it belonged to the poor. Who was this man? A poor man evidently."

"Alas! alas!" returned Madame Magloire. "It is not on my account or mademoiselle's; it is all the same to us. But

it is on yours, monseigneur. What is monsieur going to eat from now?"

"Well," said the bishop, "wooden plates."

In a few minutes he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat the night before. While breakfasting, Monseigneur Bienvenu pleasantly remarked to his sister who said nothing, and Madame Magloire who was grumbling to herself, that there was really no need even of a wooden spoon or fork to dip a piece of bread into a cup of milk.

Just as the brother and sister were rising from the table, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes; the fourth, Jean Valjean. A brigadier of gendarmes, who appeared to head the group, was near the door. He advanced towards the bishop, giving a military salute. "Monseigneur," said he —

At this word Jean Valjean, who was sullen and seemed entirely cast down, raised his head with a stupefied air — "Monseigneur!" he murmured, "then it is not the curé!"

"Silence!" said a gendarme, "it is monseigneur, the bishop."

In the meantime Monsieur Bienvenu had approached as quickly as his great age permitted:

"Ah, there you are!" said he, looking towards Jean Valjean, "I am glad to see you. But! I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring two hundred francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression which no human tongue could describe.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was true? We met him. He was going like a man who was running away, and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop, with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," replied the bishop.

The gendarmes released Jean Valjean.

"Is it true that they let me go?" he said in a voice almost inarticulate, as if he were speaking in his sleep. 5

"Yes! you can go. Do you not understand?" said a gendarme.

"My friend," said the bishop, "before you go away, here are your candlesticks; take them."

He went to the mantelpiece, took the two candlesticks, and 10 brought them to Jean Valjean. The two women beheld the action without a word, or gesture, or look, that might disturb the bishop. Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically, with a wild appearance.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace. By the way, my 15 friend, when you come again, you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, day or night."

Then turning to the gendarmes, he said: "Messieurs, you can retire." The gendarmes withdrew. 20

Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint. The bishop approached him, and said, in a low voice:

"Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean stood confounded. The bishop had laid 25 much stress upon these words as he uttered them. He continued, solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdi- 30 tion, and I give it to God!"

VIII. PETIT ° GERVAIS

JEAN VALJEAN went out of the city as if he were escaping. He made all haste to get into the open country, taking the first lanes and by-paths that offered. He wandered thus all the morning. He had eaten nothing, but he felt no hunger. 35 He was the prey of a multitude of new sensations. He felt

somewhat angry, he knew not against whom. He could not have told whether he were touched or humiliated. There came over him, at times, a strange relenting which he struggled with, and to which he opposed the hardening of his past twenty years. Unspeakable thoughts gathered in his mind the whole day.

As the sun was sinking towards the horizon, lengthening the shadows on the ground, Jean Valjean was seated behind a thicket in a large reddish plain, an absolute desert. There was no horizon but the Alps. Not even the steeple of a village church. Jean Valjean might have been three leagues from Digne. A by-path which crossed the plain passed a few steps from the thicket.

In the midst of this meditation, which would have heightened not a little the frightful effect of his rags to any one who might have met him, he heard a joyous sound. He turned his head, and saw coming along the path a little Savoyard,^o a dozen years old, singing. He was one of those pleasant and gay youngsters who go from place to place, with their knees sticking through their trousers.

Always singing, the boy stopped from time to time, and played at tossing up some pieces of money that he had in his hand, probably his whole fortune. Among them there was one forty-sous piece.

The boy stopped by the side of the thicket without seeing Jean Valjean, and tossed up his handful of sous; until he had skillfully caught them upon the back of his hand. But this time the forty-sous piece escaped him, and rolled towards the thicket, near Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean put his foot upon it. The boy, however, had followed the piece with his eye, and had seen where it went. He was not frightened, and walked straight to the man.

It was an entirely solitary place. Far as the eye could reach there was no one on the plain or in the path. Nothing could be heard, but the faint cries of a flock of birds of passage, that were flying across the sky at an immense height. The child turned his back to the sun, which made his hair like threads of gold, and flushed the savage face of Jean Valjean with a lurid glow.

"Monsieur," said the little Savoyard, with that childish confidence which is made up of ignorance and innocence, "my piece?"

"What is your name?" said Jean Valjean.

"Petit Gervais, monsieur."

"Get out," said Jean Valjean.

"Monsieur," continued the boy, "give me my piece."

Jean Valjean dropped his head and did not answer. The child began again:

"My piece, monsieur!"

Jean Valjean's eye remained fixed on the ground.

"My piece!" exclaimed the boy, "my white piece! my silver!"

Jean Valjean did not appear to understand. The boy took him by the collar of his blouse and shook him. And at the same time he made an effort to move the big, iron-soled shoe which was placed upon his treasure.

"I want my piece! my forty-sous piece!"

The child began to cry. Jean Valjean raised his head. He still kept his seat. His look was troubled. But rising hastily to his feet, without releasing the piece of money, he added: "You'd better take care of yourself!"

The boy looked at him in terror, then began to tremble from head to foot, and after a few seconds of stupor, took to flight and ran with all his might without daring to turn his head or to utter a cry. At a little distance, however, he stopped for want of breath, and Jean Valjean in his reverie heard him sobbing. In a few minutes the boy was gone.

The sun had gone down. The shadows were deepening around Jean Valjean. He had not eaten during the day; probably he had some fever. He had remained standing, and had not changed his attitude since the child fled. His breathing was at long and unequal intervals. His eyes were fixed on a spot ten or twelve steps before him. All at once he shivered; he began to feel the cold night air. He pulled his cap down over his forehead, sought mechanically to fold and button his blouse around him, stepped forward and stooped to pick up his stick.

At that instant he perceived the forty-sous piece which his

foot had half buried in the ground, and which glistened among the pebbles. It was like an electric shock. "What is that?" said he, between his teeth. He drew back a step or two, then stopped without the power to withdraw his gaze
5 from this point which his foot had covered the instant before, as if the thing that glistened there in the obscurity had been an open eye fixed upon him. After a few minutes, he sprang convulsively towards the piece of money, seized it, and, rising, looked away over the plain, straining his eyes towards all
10 points of the horizon, standing and trembling like a frightened deer which is seeking a place of refuge.

He saw nothing. Night was falling, the plain was cold and bare, thick purple mists were rising in the glimmering twilight. He began to walk rapidly in the direction in which the child
15 had gone. After some thirty steps, he stopped, looked about, and saw nothing. Then he called with all his might "Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!"

And then he listened. There was no answer.

The country was desolate and gloomy. On all sides was
20 space. There was nothing about him but a shadow in which his gaze was lost, and a silence in which his voice was lost.

He began to walk again, then quickened his pace to a run, and from time to time stopped and called out in that solitude, in a most desolate and terrible voice: "Petit Gervais!
25 Petit Gervais!"

Surely, if the child had heard him, he would have been frightened, and would have hid himself. But doubtless the boy was already far away.

He went on in this wise for a considerable distance, looking
30 around, calling and shouting, but met nobody. Two or three times he left the path to look at what seemed to be somebody lying down or crouching; it was only low bushes or rocks. Finally, at a place where three paths met, he stopped. The moon had risen. He strained his eyes in the
35 distance, and called out once more "Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!" His cries died away into the mist, without even awakening an echo. Again he murmured: "Petit Gervais!" but with a feeble, and almost inarticulate voice. That was his last effort; his knees

suddenly bent under him, as if an invisible power overwhelmed him at a blow, with the weight of his bad conscience; he fell exhausted upon a great stone, his hands clenched in his hair, and his face on his knees, and exclaimed: "What a wretch I am!"

Then his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. It was the first time he had wept for nineteen years.

How long did he weep thus? What did he do after weeping? Where did he go? Nobody ever knew. It is known simply that, on that very night, the stage-driver who arrived at Digne about three o'clock in the morning, saw, as he passed through the bishop's street, a man in the attitude of prayer, kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow, before the door of Monseigneur Bienvenu.

PART SECOND — MADELEINE

I. DOUBLE FOUR

IN the year 1817, four young Parisians played "a good farce." The first of these Oscars^o was called Félix Tholomyès; the second, Listolier; the third, Fameuil; and the last, Blacheville. All of them lived at a distance from the capital.

Of course each had his mistress. Blacheville loved Favourite, so called, because she had been in England; Listolier adored Dahlia, who had taken the name of a flower as her nickname; Fameuil idolised Zéphine, the diminutive of Josephine, and Tholomyès had Fantine called *the Blond*, on account of her beautiful hair, the colour of the sun. Favourite, Dahlia, Zéphine, and Fantine were four enchanting girls, perfumed and sparkling something of workwomen still, since they had not wholly given up the needle, agitated by love-affairs, yet preserving on their countenances a remnant of the serenity of labour, and in their souls that flower of purity, which in woman survives the first fall. One of the four was called *the Child*, because she was the youngest; and another was called *the Old One* — the Old One was twenty-three. To conceal nothing, the three first were more experienced, more careless, and better versed in the ways of the world than Fantine, the Blond, who was still in her first illusion. She was the only one of the four who had been petted by but one.

Dahlia, Zéphine, and Favourite especially, could not say as much. There had been already more than one episode in their scarcely commenced romance, and the lover called Adolphe in the first chapter, was found as Alphonse in the second, and Gustave in the third. Poverty and coquetry are fatal coun-

sellors; the one grumbles, the other flatters, and the beautiful daughters of the people have both whispering in their ear, each on its side. Their ill-guarded souls listen. Thence their fall, and the stones that are cast at them.

Fantine was one of those beings which are brought forth 5 from the heart of the people. Sprung from the most unfathomable depths of social darkness, she bore on her brow the mark of the anonymous and unknown. She was born at Montreuil sur Mer. Who were her parents? None could tell, she had never known either father or mother. She was 10 called Fantine because she had never been known by any other name. At the time of her birth, the Directory ° was still in existence. She could have no family name, for she had no family; she could have no baptismal name, for then there was no church. She was named after the pleasure of 15 the first passer-by who found her, a mere infant, straying barefoot in the streets. She was called little Fantine. Nobody knew anything more of her. Such was the manner in which this human being had come into life. At the age of ten, Fantine left the city and went to service among the 20 farmers of the suburbs. At fifteen, she came to Paris, to "seek her fortune." Fantine was beautiful and remained pure as long as she could. She was a pretty blonde with fine teeth. She had gold and pearls for her dowry; ° but the gold was on her head and the pearls in her mouth. 25

She worked to live; then, also to live, for the heart too has its hunger, she loved. She loved Tholomyès. The streets of the Latin Quarter, ° which swarm with students and grisettes, ° saw the beginning of this dream. Fantine, in those 30 labyrinths ° of the hill of the Pantheon, ° where so many ties are knotted and unloosed, long fled from Tholomyès, but in such a way as always to meet him again. There is a way of avoiding a person which resembles a search. In short, the eclogue ° took place.

Blacheville, Listolier, and Fameuil formed a sort of group 35 of which Tholomyès was the head. He was the wit of the company. One day, he took the other three aside, and said to them:

"For nearly a year, Fantine, Dahlia, Zéphine, and Favour-

ite have been asking us to give them a surprise; we have solemnly promised them one. They are constantly reminding us of it, me especially. At the same time our parents are writing for us. Two birds with one stone. It seems to me 5 the time has come. Let us talk it over."

Upon this, Tholomyès lowered his voice, and mysteriously articulated something so ludicrous that a prolonged and enthusiastic giggling arose from the four throats at once. An ale-house, filled with smoke, was before them; they 10 entered, and the rest of their conference was lost in its shade. The result of this mystery was a brilliant pleasure party, which took place on the following Sunday the four young men inviting the four young girls.

They rose at five in the morning. Then they went to 15 Saint Cloud ° by the coach. The young girls rattled and chattered like uncaged warblers. All four were ravishingly beautiful. As to Fantine, she was joy itself. Her splendid teeth had evidently been endowed by God with one function — that of laughing. Her thick blond tresses, inclined to wave, 20 and easily escaping from their confinement, obliged her to fasten them continually. Her rosy lips babbled with enchantment. The corners of her mouth, turned up voluptuously, seemed to encourage audacity; but her long, shadowy eyelashes were cast discreetly down towards the lower 25 part of her face as if to check its festive tendencies. Her whole toilette was indescribably harmonious and enchanting. Fantine was beautiful, without being too conscious of it. She possessed both types of beauty — style and rhythm. Style is the force of the ideal, rhythm is its movement.

30 We have said that Fantine was joy; Fantine also was modesty. For an observer who had studied her attentively would have found through all this intoxication of age, of season, and of love, an unconquerable expression of reserve and modesty. Although she would have refused nothing to 35 Tholomyès, as might be seen but too well, her face, in repose, was in the highest degree maidenly. Love is a fault; be it so. Fantine was innocence floating upon the surface of this fault.

That day was sunshine from one end to the other. The four joyous couples shone resplendently in concert with the

sunshine, the flowers, the fields, and the trees. From time to time Favourite exclaimed: "But the surprise? I want the surprise."

"Be patient," answered Tholomyès, and led them to dinner at Bombarda's.⁵

After they had eaten, Favourite, crossing her arms and turning round her head, looked fixedly at Tholomyès and said once more, "Come! the surprise?"

"Precisely. The moment has come," replied Tholomyès. "Gentlemen, the hour has come for surprising these ladies. 10 Ladies, wait for us a moment."

Each one gravely placed a kiss on the forehead of his mistress; after which they directed their steps towards the door, all four in file, laying their fingers on their lips.

"It is amusing already," said Favourite.

"Do not be too long!" murmured Fantine. "We are waiting for you."¹⁵

The girls, left alone, leaned their elbows on the window sills in couples, and chattered together, bending their heads and speaking from one window to the other. They saw the young 20 men go out of Bombarda's, arm in arm; they turned round, made signals to them laughingly, then disappeared in the dusty Sunday crowd which takes possession of the Champs-Élysées ° once a week.

"Do not be long!" cried Fantine.

They were soon distracted by the stir on the water's edge, which they distinguished through the branches of the tall trees. It was the hour for the departure of the diligences.²⁵ Every minute some huge vehicle, painted yellow and black, heavily loaded, noisily harnessed, distorted with mails,³⁰ awnings, and valises, full of heads that were constantly disappearing, rushed through the crowd. This hubbub delighted the young girls. Favourite exclaimed: "What an uproar; one would say that heaps of chains were taking flight."

It so happened that one of these vehicles which could be 35 distinguished with difficulty through the obscurity of the elms, stopped for a moment, then set out again on a gallop. This surprised Fantine. "It is strange," said she. "I thought the diligences never stopped."

Favourite shrugged her shoulders: "This Fantine is surprising; I look at her with curiosity. She wonders at the most simple things. This happens every day. You know nothing of life, my dear."

5 Some time passed in this manner. Suddenly Favourite started as if from sleep. "Well!" said she, "and the surprise?"

"Yes," returned Dahlia, "the famous surprise."

"They are very long!" said Fantine.

10 As Fantine finished the sigh, the boy who had waited at dinner entered. He had in his hand something that looked like a letter.

"What is that?" asked Favourite.

"It is a paper that the gentlemen left for these ladies," he
15 replied.

"Why did you not bring it at once?"

"Because the gentlemen ordered me not to give it to the ladies before an hour," returned the boy.

Favourite snatched the paper from his hands. "Stop!"
20 said she. "There is no address; but see what is written on it:

'THIS IS THE SURPRISE.'

She hastily unsealed the letter, opened it, and read:

"Oh, our lovers!

"Know that we have parents. Parents — you scarcely
25 know the meaning of the word, they are what are called fathers and mothers, simple but honest. Now these parents bemoan us, these old men claim us, these good men and women call us prodigal sons,^o desire our return and offer to kill for us the fatted calf. We obey them, being virtuous. At the
30 moment when you read this, five mettlesome horses will be bearing us back to our papas and mannnas. We are going, we are gone. The Toulouse diligence snatches us from the abyss, and you are this abyss, our beautiful darlings! We are returning to society, to duty and order, on a full trot, at
35 the rate of three leagues an hour. It is necessary to the country that we become, like everybody else, fathers of families, rural guards, and councillors of state. Venerate us. We

sacrifice ourselves. Mourn for us rapidly, and replace us speedily. If this letter rends you, rend it in turn. Adieu.

“BLACHEVILLE,
FAMEUIL,
LISTOLIER,
FÉLIX THOLOMYÈS.

5

“P.S. The dinner is paid for.”

The four girls gazed at each other. Favourite was the first to break silence. “Well!” said she, “it is a good farce all the same.”

10

“It is very droll,” said Zéphine.

“It must have been Blacheville that had the idea,” resumed Favourite. “This makes me in love with him. Soon loved, soon gone. That is the story.”

“No,” said Dahlia, “it is an idea of Tholomyès. This is 15 clear.”

“In that case,” returned Favourite, “down with Blacheville and long live Tholomyès!”

“Long live Tholomyès!” cried Dahlia and Zéphine. And they burst into laughter.

20

Fantine laughed like the rest. An hour afterwards, when she had re-entered her chamber, she wept. It was her first love, as we have said; she had given herself to this Tholomyès as to a husband, and the poor girl had a child.

II. TO ENTRUST IS SOMETIMES TO ABANDON

THERE was, during the first quarter of the present century, 25 at Montfermeil, near Paris, a sort of chop-house. It was kept by a man and his wife, named Thénardier. Above the door, nailed flat against the wall, was a board, upon which something was painted that looked like a man carrying on his back another man wearing the heavy epaulettes of a general, 30 gilt and with large silver stars; red blotches typified blood; the remainder of the picture was smoke, and probably represented a battle. Beneath was this inscription: To THE SERGEANT OF WATERLOO.°

In front of the door stood one of those massive vehicles 35

used for transporting joists and trunks of trees. Under the axles hung festooned a huge chain, out of which the wife of Thénardier had fashioned a rude swing for her children, and as they played she sang to them.

5 Her song and watching her children prevented her hearing and seeing what was passing in the street. Some one, however, had approached her as she was beginning the first couplet of the song, and suddenly she heard a voice say quite near her ear: "You have two pretty children there, madame."

10 A woman was before her at a little distance; she also had a child, which she bore in her arms. She was carrying in addition a large carpet-bag, which seemed heavy. This woman's child was one of the divinest beings that can be imagined: a little girl of two or three years. She was sleeping in the
15 absolutely confiding slumber peculiar to her age. Mothers' arms are made of tenderness, and sweet sleep blesses the child who lies therein.

As to the mother, she seemed poor and sad; she had the appearance of a working woman who is seeking to return to the
20 life of a peasant. She was young, — and pretty? It was possible, but in that garb beauty could not be displayed. Her hair, one blonde mesh of which had fallen, seemed very thick, but it was severely fastened up beneath an ugly, close head-dress, tied under the chin. Her eyes seemed not to have
25 been tearless for a long time. She was pale, and looked very weary, and somewhat sick. She gazed upon her child, sleeping in her arms, with that peculiar look which only a mother possesses. Her hands were tanned and spotted with freckles, the forefinger hardened and pricked with the
30 needle; she wore a coarse brown mantle, a calico dress, and large heavy shoes. It was Fantine. Ten months had slipped away since "the good farce."

"You have two pretty children there, madame."

The mother raised her head and thanked her, and made the
35 stranger sit down on the stone step, she herself being on the doorsill: the two women began to talk together.

"My name is Madame Thénardier," said the mother of the two girls: "we keep this inn."

The traveller told her story, a little modified. She said

she was a working woman, and her husband was dead. Not being able to procure work in Paris she was going in search of it elsewhere; that she had left Paris that morning on foot; that carrying her child she had become tired, and meeting the stage had got in; that from Villemomble she had come on foot to Montfermeil; that the child had walked a little, but not much, she was so young; that she was compelled to carry her, and the jewel had fallen asleep.

And at these words she gave her daughter a passionate kiss, which wakened her. All at once she perceived the two others in their swing. So mother Thénardier untied them, saying: "Play together, all three of you."

At that age acquaintance is easy, and in a moment the little Thénardiers were playing with the new-comer, making holes in the ground to their intense delight. The two women continued to chat.

"What do you call your brat?"

"Cosette."

"How old is she?"

"She is going on three years."

"The age of my oldest. See them! One would swear they were three sisters."

These words were the spark which the other mother was probably awaiting. She seized the hand of Madame Thénardier and said: "Will you keep my child for me?"

Madame Thénardier made a motion of surprise, which was neither consent nor refusal. Cosette's mother continued: "You see I cannot take my child into the country. Work forbids it. With a child I could not find a place there. It is God who has led me before your inn. The sight of your little ones, so pretty, and clean, and happy, has overwhelmed me. I said: 'There is a good mother; they will be like three sisters, and then it will not be long before I come back.' Will you keep my child for me?"

"I must think it over," said Madame Thénardier.

"I will give six francs a month."

Here a man's voice was heard from within: "Not less than seven francs, and six months paid in advance. Six times seven are forty-two."

"I will give it," said the mother.

"And fifteen francs extra for the first expenses," added the man.

"I will give it," said the mother.

5 The bargain was concluded. The mother passed the night at the inn, gave her money and left her child.

That morning a neighbour of the Thénardiens met this mother on her way, and came in, saying: "I have just met a woman in the street, who was crying as if her heart would
10 break."

When Cosette's mother had gone, the man said to his wife: "You have proved a good mousetrap with your little ones."

"Without knowing it," said the woman.

* * * * *

A year passed and then another. People used to say in the
15 village: "What good people these Thénardiens are! They are not rich, and yet they bring up a poor child, that has been left with them." They thought Cosette was forgotten by her mother.

Meantime Thénardier, having learned in some obscure way
20 that the child was probably illegitimate, and that its mother could not acknowledge it, demanded fifteen francs a month, saying that the 'creature' was growing and eating, and threatening to send her away. The mother paid the fifteen francs.

25 From year to year the child grew, and her misery also. So long as Cosette was very small, she was the scapegoat ° of the two other children; as soon as she began to grow a little, that is to say, before she was five years old, she became the servant of the house.

30 Five years old, it will be said, that is improbable. Alas! it is true, social suffering begins at all ages. Cosette was made to run errands, sweep the rooms, the yard, the street, wash the dishes, and even carry burdens. Had this mother returned to Montfermeil, at the end of these three years, she
35 would not have known her child. Cosette, so fresh and pretty when she came to that house, was now thin and wan. She had a peculiar restless air. "Sly!" said the Thénardiens.

Injustice had made her sullen, and misery had made her ugly. Her fine eyes only remained to her, and they were painful to look at, for, large as they were, they seemed to increase the sadness! It was a harrowing sight to see in the winter time the poor child, not yet six years old, shivering under the tatters of what was once a calico dress, sweeping the street before daylight with an enormous broom in her little red hands and tears in her large eyes.

In the place she was called the Lark. People like figurative names and were pleased thus to name this little being, not larger than a bird, trembling, frightened, and shivering, awake every morning first of all in the house and the village, always in the street or in the fields before dawn. Only the poor lark never sang.

III. MADELEINE

WHAT had become of this mother, in the meanwhile, who, according to the people of Montfermeil, seemed to have abandoned her child? where was she? what was she doing?

After leaving her little Cosette with the Thénardiens, she went on her way and arrived at Montreuil sur Mer. Fantine had left the province some twelve years before, and Montreuil had greatly changed in appearance. While Fantine had been slowly sinking deeper and deeper into misery, her native village had been prosperous. Within about two years there had been accomplished there one of those industrial changes which are the great events of small communities.

From time immemorial the special occupation of the inhabitants of Montreuil had been the imitation of English jets and German black glass trinkets. The business had always been dull in consequence of the high price of the raw material, which reacted upon the manufacture. At the time of Fantine's return to Montreuil an entire transformation had been effected in the production of these goods. Towards the end of the year 1815, an unknown man had established himself in the city, and had conceived the idea of substituting gum-lac for resin in the manufacture; and for bracelets, in particular, he made the clasps by simply bending the ends of the metal together instead of soldering them.

This very slight change had worked a revolution. This very slight change had in fact reduced the price of the raw material enormously, and this had rendered it possible, first, to raise the wages of the labourer — a benefit to the country — secondly, to improve the quality of the goods — an advantage for the consumer — and thirdly, to sell them at a lower price even while making three times the profit — a gain for the manufacturer.

In less than three years the inventor of this process had become rich, which was well, and had made all around him rich, which was better. He was a stranger in the Department.° Nothing was known of his birth, and but little of his early history. The story went that he came to the city with very little money, a few hundred francs at most. On his arrival at Montreuil sur Mer he had the dress, the manners, and the language of a labourer only.

It seems that the very day on which he thus obscurely entered the city, just at dusk on a December evening, with his bundle on his back, and a thorn stick in his hand, a great fire had broken out in the town-house. This man rushed into the fire, and saved, at the peril of his life, two children, who proved to be those of the captain of the gendarmerie,° and in the hurry and gratitude of the moment no one thought to ask him for his passport. He was known from that time by the name of Father° Madeleine. He was a man of about fifty, who always appeared to be preoccupied in mind, and who was good-natured; this was all that could be said about him.

The profits of Father Madeleine were so great that by the end of the second year he was able to build a large factory, in which there were two immense workshops, one for men and the other for women. Whoever was needy could go there and be sure of finding work and wages. Father Madeleine required the men to be willing, the women to be of good morals, and all to be honest.

Before the arrival of Father Madeleine, the whole region was languishing; now it was all alive with the healthy strength of labour. Idleness and misery were unknown. There was no pocket so obscure that it did not contain some money and no dwelling so poor that it was not the abode of some joy.

Father Madeleine employed everybody; he had only one condition, "Be an honest man!" "Be an honest woman!"

As we have said, in the midst of this activity, of which he was the cause and the pivot, Father Madeleine had made his fortune, but, very strangely for a mere man of business, that he did not appear to be his principal care. It seemed that he thought much for others, and little for himself. It was known that he had six hundred and thirty thousand francs standing to his credit in the banking-house of Laffitte; but before setting aside this six hundred and thirty thousand francs for himself, he had expended more than a million for the city and for the poor.

In 1820, five years after his arrival at Montreuil sur Mer, the services that he had rendered to the region were so brilliant, and the wish of the whole population was so unanimous, that the king appointed him mayor of the city. He refused, but the principal citizens came and urged him to accept, and the people in the streets begged him to do so; all insisted so strongly that at last he yielded.

Nevertheless he remained as simple as at first. He had grey hair, a serious eye, the brown complexion of a labourer, and the thoughtful countenance of a philosopher. He fulfilled his duties as mayor, but beyond that his life was isolated. He talked with very few persons. He shrank from compliments, and with a touch of the hat walked on rapidly; he smiled to avoid talking, and gave to avoid smiling. He always took his meals alone with a book open before him in which he read. He loved books. As his growing fortune gave him more leisure, it seemed that he profited by it to cultivate his mind. Since he had been at Montreuil it was remarked from year to year that his language became more polished, choicer, and more gentle.

In his walks he liked to carry a gun, though he seldom used it. When he did so, however, his aim was frightfully certain. He never killed an inoffensive animal, and never fired at any of the small birds. Although he was no longer young, it was reported that he was of prodigious strength. He would offer a helping hand to any one who needed it, help up a fallen horse, push at a stalled wheel, or seize by the horns a bull

that had broken loose. He always had his pockets full of money when he went out, and empty when he returned. When he passed through a village the ragged little youngsters would run after him with joy, and surround him like a swarm of flies.

When he saw the door of a church shrouded with black, he entered: he sought out a funeral as others seek out a christening. The bereavement and the misfortune of others attracted him, because of his great gentleness; he mingled with friends who were in mourning, with families dressing in black, with the priests who were sighing around a corpse. He seemed glad to take as a text for his thoughts these funereal psalms, full of the vision of another world. With his eyes raised to heaven, he listened with a sort of aspiration towards all the mysteries of the infinite, to these sad voices, which sing upon the brink of the dark abyss of death.

He did a multitude of good deeds as secretly as bad ones are usually done. He would steal into houses in the evening, and furtively mount the stairs. A poor devil, on returning to his garret, would find that his door had been opened, sometimes even forced, during his absence. The poor man would cry out: "Some thief has been here!" When he got in, the first thing that he would see would be a piece of gold lying on the table. "The thief" who had been there was Father Madeleine.

Near the beginning of the year 1821, the journals announced the decease of Monsieur Myriel, Bishop of Digne, surnamed "*Monseigneur Bienvenu*," who died in the odour of sanctity at the age of eighty-two years. The announcement of his death was reproduced in the local paper of Montreuil sur Mer. Monsieur Madeleine appeared next morning dressed in black with crape on his hat.

This mourning was noticed and talked about all over the town. It appeared to throw some light upon the origin of Monsieur Madeleine. The conclusion was that he was in some way related to the venerable bishop. One evening, one of the dowagers of that little great world, curious by right of age, ventured to ask him: "The mayor is doubtless a relative of the late Bishop of Digne?"

He said: "No, madame."

"But," the dowager persisted, "you wear mourning for him?"

He answered: "In my youth I was a servant in his family."

It was also remarked that whenever there passed through the city a young Savoyard who was tramping about the country in search of chimneys to sweep, the mayor would send for him, ask his name and give him money. The little Savoyards told each other, and many of them passed that way.

Little by little in the lapse of time all opposition on the ground of his previous history had ceased; respect became complete, unanimous, cordial, and there came a moment, about 1821, when the words *Monsieur the Mayor* were pronounced at Montreuil sur Mer with almost the same accent as the words *Monseigneur the Bishop* at Digne in 1815. People came from thirty miles around to consult Monsieur Madeleine. He settled differences, he prevented lawsuits, he reconciled enemies. Everybody, of his own will, chose him for judge. He seemed to have the book of the natural law by heart. A contagion of veneration had, in the course of six or seven years, step by step, spread over the whole country.

One man alone, in the city and its neighbourhood, held himself entirely clear from this contagion, and, whatever Father Madeleine did, he remained indifferent, as if a sort of instinct, unchangeable and imperturbable, kept him awake and on the watch. Often, when Monsieur Madeleine passed along the street, calm, affectionate, followed by the benedictions of all, it happened that a tall man, wearing a flat hat and an iron-grey coat, and armed with a stout cane, would turn around abruptly behind him, and follow him with his eyes until he disappeared. This personage, grave with an almost threatening gravity, was one of those who, even in a hurried interview, command the attention of the observer. His name was Javert, and he was one of the police.

Javert was born in a prison. His mother was a fortune-teller whose husband was in the galleys. He grew up to think himself without the pale of society, and despaired of ever entering it. He noticed that society closes its doors, without

pity, on two classes of men, those who attack it and those who guard it; he could choose between these two classes only; at the same time he felt that he had an indescribable basis of rectitude, order, and honesty, associated with an irrepressible hatred for that gypsy^o race to which he belonged. He entered the police. He succeeded. At forty he was an inspector.^o In his youth he had been stationed in the galleys at the South.

The human face of Javert consisted of a snub nose, with two deep nostrils, which were bordered by large bushy whiskers that covered both his cheeks. One felt ill at ease the first time he saw those two forests and those two caverns. When Javert laughed, which was rarely and terribly, his thin lips parted, and showed, not only his teeth, but his gums; and around his nose there was a wrinkle as broad and wild as the muzzle of a fallow deer.^o Javert, when serious, was a bulldog; when he laughed, he was a tiger. For the rest: a small head, large jaws, hair hiding the forehead and falling over the eyebrows, between the eyes a permanent central frown, a gloomy look, a mouth pinched and frightful, and an air of fierce command.

This man was a compound of two sentiments, very simple and very good in themselves, but he almost made them evil by his exaggeration of them: respect for authority and hatred of rebellion. He was stoical, serious, austere: a dreamer of stern dreams; humble and haughty, like all fanatics. His stare was cold and as piercing as a gimblet. His whole life was contained in these two words: waking and watching. He marked out a straight path through the most tortuous thing in the world; his conscience was bound up in his utility, his religion in his duties, and he was a spy as others are priests. Woe to him who should fall into his hands!

Javert was like an eye always fixed on Monsieur Madeleine; an eye full of suspicion and conjecture. Monsieur Madeleine finally noticed it, but seemed to consider it of no consequence. He asked no question of Javert, he neither sought him nor shunned him, he endured this unpleasant and annoying stare without appearing to pay any attention to it. He treated Javert as he did everybody else, at ease and with kindness.

From some words that Javert had dropped, it was guessed that he had secretly hunted up all the traces of his previous life which Father Madeleine had left elsewhere. Once he happened to say, speaking to himself: "I think I have got him!" Then for three days he remained moody without speaking a word. It appeared that the clue which he thought he had was broken. Javert was evidently somewhat disconcerted by the completely natural air and the tranquillity of Monsieur Madeleine. One day, however, his strange manner appeared to make an impression upon Monsieur Madeleine. The occasion was this.

Monsieur Madeleine was walking one morning along one of the unpaved alleys of Montreuil sur Mer; he heard a shouting and saw a crowd at a little distance. He went to the spot. An old man, named Father Fauchelevant, had fallen under his cart, his horse being thrown down. The horse had his thighs broken, and could not stir. The old man was caught between the wheels. Unluckily he had fallen so that the whole weight rested upon his breast. The cart was heavily loaded. Father Fauchelevant was uttering doleful groans. They had tried to pull him out, but in vain. An unlucky effort, inexperienced help, a false push, might crush him. It was impossible to extricate him otherwise than by raising the wagon from beneath. Javert, who came up at the moment of the accident, had sent for a jack.

Monsieur Madeleine came. The crowd fell back with respect.

"Help," cried old Fauchelevant.

Monsieur Madeleine turned towards the bystanders:

"Has anybody a jack?"

"They have gone for one," replied a peasant.

"How soon will it be here?"

"We sent to the nearest place, but it will take a good quarter of an hour at least."

"A quarter of an hour!" exclaimed Madeleine. It had rained the night before, the road was soft, the cart was sinking deeper every moment, and pressing more and more on the breast of the old carman. It was evident that in less than five minutes his ribs would be crushed.

"We cannot wait a quarter of an hour," said Madeleine to the peasants who were looking on.

"We must!"

"But it will be too late! Don't you see that the wagon is
5 sinking all the while?"

"It can't be helped."

"Listen," resumed Madeleine, "there is room enough still under the wagon for a man to crawl in, and lift it with his back. In half a minute we will have the poor man out. Is
10 there nobody here who has strength and courage? Five louis d'ors ° for him!"

Nobody stirred in the crowd.

"Ten louis," said Madeleine.

The bystanders dropped their eyes. One of them mut-
15 tered: "He'd have to be devilish stout. And then he would risk getting crushed."

"Come," said Madeleine, "twenty louis."

The same silence.

"It is not willingness which they lack," said a voice.

20 Monsieur Madeleine turned and saw Javert. He had not noticed him when he came. Javert continued: "It is strength. He must be a terrible man who can raise a wagon like that on his back."

Then, looking fixedly at Monsieur Madeleine, he went on
25 emphasising every word that he uttered: "Monsieur Madeleine, I have known but one man capable of doing what you call for."

Madeleine shuddered.

Javert added, with an air of indifference, but without
30 taking his eyes from Madeleine: "He was a convict."

"Ah!" said Madeleine.

"In the galleys at Toulon."

Madeleine became pale.

Meanwhile the cart was slowly settling down. Father
35 Fauchelevant screamed: "I am dying! my ribs are breaking! a jack! anything! oh!"

Madeleine looked around him:

"Is there nobody, then, who wants to earn twenty louis and save this poor old man's life?"

None of the bystanders moved. Javert resumed: "I have known but one man who could take the place of a jack; that was that convict."

Madeleine raised his head, met the falcon eye of Javert still fixed upon him, looked at the immovable peasants, and smiled 5 sadly. Then, without saying a word, he fell on his knees, and even before the crowd had time to utter a cry, he was under the cart.

There was an awful moment of suspense and of silence. Madeleine, lying almost flat under the fearful weight, was 10 twice seen to try in vain to bring his elbows and knees nearer together. They cried out to him: "Father Madeleine! come out from there!" Old Fauchelevent himself said: "Monsieur Madeleine! go away! I must die, you see that; leave me! you will be crushed too." Madeleine made no answer. The 15 bystanders held their breath. The wheels were still sinking and it had now become almost impossible for Madeleine to extricate himself.

All at once the enormous mass started, the cart rose slowly, the wheels came half out of the ruts. A smothered voice was 20 heard, crying: "Quick! help!" It was Madeleine, who had just made a final effort. They all rushed to the work. The devotion of one man had given strength and courage to all. The cart was lifted by twenty arms. Old Fauchelevent was 25 safe.

Madeleine arose. He was very pale, though dripping with sweat. His clothes were torn and covered with mud. All wept. The old man kissed his knees and called him the good God. He himself wore on his face an indescribable expression 30 of joyous and celestial suffering, and he looked with tranquil eye upon Javert, who was still watching him.

Fauchelevent had broken his knee-pan in his fall. Father Madeleine had him carried to an infirmary that he had established for his workmen in the same building with his factory, which was attended by two sisters of charity.° The next morn- 35 ing the old man found a thousand franc bill upon the stand by the side of the bed, with this note in the handwriting of Father Madeleine: *I have purchased your horse and cart.* The cart was broken and the horse was dead! Fauchelevent got well, but

he had a stiff knee. Monsieur Madeleine, through the recommendations of the sisters and the curé, got the old man a place as gardener at a convent ° in the Quartier Saint Antoine ° at Paris.

IV. THE DESCENT

5 ONE day Fantine returned to this prosperous town of Montreuil sur Mer. No one remembered her. Luckily the door of M. Madeleine's factory was like the face of a friend. She presented herself there, and was admitted into the workshop for women. The business was entirely new to Fantine;
10 she could not be very expert in it, and consequently did not receive much for her day's work. But that little was enough, the problem was solved; she was earning her living.

When Fantine realised how she was living, she had a moment of joy. To live honestly by her own labour; what a
15 heavenly boon! The taste for labour returned to her, in truth. She bought a mirror, delighted herself with the sight of her youth, her fine hair and her fine teeth, forgot many things, thought of nothing save Cosette and the possibilities of the future, and was almost happy. She hired a small room
20 and furnished it on the credit of her future labour; a remnant of her habits of disorder.

Not being able to say that she was married, she took good care, as we have already intimated, not to speak of her little girl. At first, as we have seen, she paid the Thénardi-
25 ers punctually. As she only knew how to sign her name she was obliged to write through a public letter-writer. She wrote often; that was noticed.

Some people are malicious from the mere necessity of talking. Their conversation, tattling in the drawing-room, gossip
30 in the antechamber, is like those fireplaces that use up wood rapidly; they need a great deal of fuel; the fuel is their neighbour. So Fantine was watched. Beyond this, more than one was jealous of her fair hair and of her white teeth.

It was reported that in the shop, with all the rest about her,
35 she often turned aside to wipe away a tear. Those were moments when she thought of her child; perhaps also of the

man whom she had loved. It is a mournful task to break the sombre attachments of the past.

It was ascertained that she wrote, at least twice a month, and always to the same address. They succeeded in learning the address: *Monsieur Thénardier, inn-keeper, Montfermeil.* 5 The public letter-writer, a simple old fellow, was made to reveal this at a drinking-house. In short, it became known that Fantine had a child. And there was one old gossip who went to Montfermeil, talked with the Thénardiens, and said on her return: "For my thirty-five francs, I have found out 10 all about it. I have seen 'the child!'" The busybody who did this was called Madame Victornien, keeper and guardian of everybody's virtue. She was dry, rough, sour, sharp, crabbed, almost venomous.

All this took time; Fantine had been more than a year at 15 the factory, when one morning the overseer of the workshop handed her, on behalf of the mayor, fifty francs, saying that she was no longer wanted in the shop, and enjoining her, on behalf of the mayor, to leave the city. This was the very same month in which the Thénardiens, after having asked 20 twelve francs instead of six, had demanded fifteen francs instead of twelve.

Fantine was thunderstruck. She could not leave the city; she was in debt for her lodging and her furniture. Fifty francs were not enough to clear off that debt. She faltered 25 out some suppliant words. The overseer gave her to understand that she must leave the shop instantly. Fantine was moreover only a moderate worker. Overwhelmed with shame even more than with despair, she left the shop, and returned to her room. Her fault then was now known to all! She 30 felt no strength to say a word. She was advised to see the mayor; she dared not. The mayor gave her fifty francs, because he was kind, and sent her away, because he was just. She bowed to that decree.

Monsieur Madeleine had known nothing of all this. There 35 are combinations of events of which life is full. It was Monsieur Madeleine's habit scarcely ever to enter the woman's workshop. He had placed at the head of this shop an old spinster whom the curé had recommended to him, and he had

entire confidence in this overseer, a very respectable person, firm, just, upright, full of that charity which consists in giving, but not having to the same extent that charity which consists in understanding and pardoning. Monsieur Madeleine left
5 everything to her. The best men are often compelled to delegate their authority. As to the fifty francs, she had given them from a fund that Monsieur Madeleine had intrusted her with for alms-giving and aid to the work-women, and of which she rendered no account.

10 Fantine offered herself as a servant in the neighbourhood; she went from one house to another. Nobody wanted her. She could not leave the city. She divided the fifty francs between the landlord and the dealer, returned to the latter three-quarters of his goods, kept only what was necessary,
15 and found herself without work, without position, having nothing but her bed, and owing still about a hundred francs. She began to make coarse shirts for the soldiers of the garrison, and earned twelve sous a day. Her daughter cost her ten. It was at this time that she began to get behindhand
20 with the Thénardiens.

However, an old woman taught her the art of living in misery. Behind living on a little, lies the art of living on nothing. They are two rooms; the first is obscure, the second is utterly dark. Fantine learned how to do entirely without
25 fire in winter. Few know how much certain feeble beings, who have grown old in privation and honesty, can extract from a sou. This finally becomes a talent. Fantine acquired this sublime talent and took heart a little. During these times, she said to a neighbour: "Bah! I say to myself: by sleeping
30 but five hours and working all the rest at my sewing, I shall always succeed in nearly earning bread. And then, when one is sad, one eats less. Well! what with sufferings, troubles, a little bread on the one hand, anxiety on the other, all that will keep me alive."

35 In this distress, to have had her little daughter would have been a strange happiness. She thought of having her come. But what? to make her share her privation? and then, she owed the Thénardiens. How could she pay them? and the journey! how pay for that?

The old woman, who had given her what might be called lessons in indigent life, was a pious woman, Marguerite by name, a devotee of genuine devotion, poor, and charitable to the poor, and also to the rich, and believing in God, which is science. There are many of these virtues in low places; some day they will be on high. This life has a morrow.

At first, Fantine was so much ashamed that she did not dare to go out. When she was in the street, she imagined that people turned behind her and pointed at her; everybody looked at her and no one greeted her; the sharp and cold disdain of the passers-by penetrated her, body and soul, like a north wind.

She must indeed become accustomed to disrespect as she had to poverty. Little by little she learned her part. After two or three months she shook off her shame and went out as if there were nothing in the way. She went and came, holding her head up and wearing a bitter smile, and felt that she was becoming shameless. Madame Victurnien sometimes saw her pass her window, noticed the distress of "that creature," thanks to her "put back to her place," and congratulated herself. The malicious have a dark happiness.

Excessive work fatigued Fantine, and the slight dry cough that she had increased. She sometimes said to her neighbour, Marguerite, "Just feel how hot my hands are." In the morning, however, when with an old broken comb she combed her fine hair which flowed down in silky waves, she enjoyed a moment of happiness.

She had been discharged towards the end of winter; summer passed away, but winter returned. Short days, less work. Fantine earned too little. Her debts had increased. The Thénardiens being poorly paid, were constantly writing letters to her. One day they wrote to her that her little Cosette was entirely destitute of clothing for the cold weather, that she needed a woollen skirt, and that her mother must send at least ten francs for that. She received the letter and crushed it in her hand for a whole day. In the evening she went into a barber's shop at the corner of the street, and pulled out her comb. Her beautiful fair hair fell below her waist.

"What beautiful hair!" exclaimed the barber.

"How much will you give me for it?" said she.

"Ten francs."

"Cut it off."

5 She bought a knit skirt and sent it to the Thénardiens.

Another day she received from the Thénardiens a letter in these words: "Cosette is sick of a miliary^o fever. The drugs necessary are dear. It is ruining us, and we can no longer pay for them. Unless you send us forty francs within a
10 week the little one will die."

She burst out laughing and then went down stairs and out of doors. As she passed through the square, she saw many people gathered about an odd-looking carriage on the top of which stood a man in red clothes, declaiming. He was a
15 juggler and a travelling dentist.

Fantine joined the crowd and began to laugh with the rest. The puller of teeth saw this beautiful girl laughing, and suddenly called out: "You have pretty teeth, you girl who are laughing there. If you will sell me your two incisors, I will
20 give you a gold Napoleon^o for each of them."

"What is that? What are my incisors?" asked Fantine.

"The incisors," resumed the professor of dentistry, "are the front teeth, the two upper ones."

Fantine fled away and stopped her ears not to hear the shrill
25 voice of the man who called after her: "Consider, my beauty! two Napoleons! how much good they will do you! If you have the courage for it, come this evening to the inn of the *Tillac d'Argent*, you will find me there."

Fantine returned home; she was raving, and told the story
30 to her good neighbour Marguerite: "Do you understand that? Pull out my two front teeth! why, I should be horrible! The hair is bad enough, but the teeth! I would rather throw myself from the fifth story, head first, to the pavement! He told me that he would be this evening at the
35 *Tillac d'Argent*."

"And what was it he offered you?" asked Marguerite.

"Two Napoleons."

"That is forty francs."

"Yes," said Fantine, "that makes forty francs."

She became thoughtful and went about her work. In a quarter of an hour she left her sewing and went to the stairs to read again the Thénardiens' letter. On her return she said to Marguerite, who was at work near her: "What does this mean, a miliary fever? Do you know?" 5

"Yes," answered the old woman, "it is a disease."

"Then it needs a good many drugs?"

"Yes; terrible drugs."

"How does it come upon you?"

"It is a disease that comes in a moment." 10

"Does it attack children?"

"Children especially."

"Do people die of it?"

"Very often," said Marguerite.

Fantine withdrew and went once more to read over the 15 letter on the stairs. In the evening she went out, and took the direction of the Rue de Paris where the inns are.

The next morning, when Marguerite went into Fantine's chamber before daybreak, for they always worked together, and so made one candle do for two, she found Fantine seated 20 upon her couch, pale and icy. She had not been in bed. Her cap had fallen upon her knees. The candle had burned all night, and was almost consumed. Marguerite stopped upon the threshold, petrified by this wild disorder, and exclaimed: "Good Lord! the candle is all burned out. Something has 25 happened." Then she looked at Fantine, who sadly turned her shorn head. Fantine had grown ten years older since evening. "Bless us!" said Marguerite, "what is the matter with you, Fantine?"

"Nothing," said Fantine. "Quite the contrary. My child 30 will not die with that frightful sickness for lack of aid. I am satisfied."

So saying, she showed the old woman two Napoleons that glistened on the table. At the same time she smiled. The candle lit up her face. It was a sickening smile, for the corners 35 of her mouth were stained with blood, and a dark cavity revealed itself there. The two teeth were gone.

She sent the forty francs to Montfermeil.

Fantine threw her looking-glass out of the window. She

left her little room on the second story for an attic room with no other fastening than a latch; one of those garret rooms the ceiling of which makes an angle with the floor and hits your head at every moment. The poor cannot go to the end of their chamber or to the end of their destiny, but by bending continually more and more. She no longer had a bed, she retained a rag that she called her coverlid, a mattress on the floor, and a worn-out straw chair.

Her creditors quarrelled with her and gave her no rest. She met them in the street; she met them again on her stairs. She passed whole nights in weeping and thinking. She had a strange brilliancy in her eyes, and a constant pain in her shoulder near the top of her left shoulder-blade. She coughed a great deal. She hated Father Madeleine thoroughly, and never complained. She sewed seventeen hours a day; but a prison contractor, who was working prisoners at a loss, suddenly cut down the price, and this reduced the day's wages of free labourers to nine sous. Seventeen hours of work, and nine sous a day! Her creditors were more pitiless than ever. Good God! what did they want her to do? She felt herself hunted down, and something of the wild beast began to develop within her. About the same time, Thénardier wrote to her that really he had waited with too much generosity, and that he must have a hundred francs immediately, or else little Cosette, just convalescing after her severe sickness, would be turned out of doors into the cold and upon the highway, and that she would become what she could, and would perish if she must. "A hundred francs," thought Fantine. "But where is there a place where one can earn a hundred sous a day?"

"Come!" said she, "I will sell what is left."

The unfortunate creature became a woman of the town.

V. CHRISTUS NOS LIBERAVIT °

WHAT is this history of Fantine? It is society buying a slave. From whom? From misery, from hunger, from cold, from loneliness, from abandonment, from privation. Melancholy barter. A soul for a bit of bread. Misery makes the offer,

society accepts. The holy law of Jesus Christ governs our civilization, but it does not yet permeate it; it is said that slavery has disappeared from European civilization. This is a mistake. It still exists; but it weighs now only upon woman, and it is called prostitution. It weighs upon woman, that is to say, upon grace, upon feebleness, upon beauty, upon maternity. This is not one of the least of man's shames.

At the stage of this mournful drama at which we have now arrived, Fantine has nothing left of what she had formerly ¹⁰ been. She has become marble in becoming corrupted. Whoever touches her feels a chill. She goes her ways, she endures you and she knows you not; she wears a dishonoured and severe face. Life and social order have spoken their last word to her. All that can happen to her has happened. She has ¹⁵ endured all, borne all, experienced all, suffered all, lost all, wept for all. She is resigned, with that resignation that resembles indifference as death resembles sleep. She shuns nothing now. She fears nothing now. Every cloud falls upon her, and all the ocean sweeps over her! What matters ²⁰ it to her! the sponge is already drenched.

She believed so at least, but it is a mistake to imagine that man can exhaust his destiny, or can reach the bottom of anything whatever.

Alas! what are all these destinies thus driven pell-mell? ²⁵ whither go they? why are they so?

He who knows that, sees all the shadow.

He is alone. His name is God.

* * * * *

Eight or ten months after what has been related in the preceding pages, in the early part of January, 1823, one evening ³⁰ when it had been snowing, a provincial dandy, very warmly wrapped in one of those large cloaks which completed the fashionable costume in cold weather, was amusing himself with tormenting a creature who was walking back and forth before the window of the officers' café, in a ball-dress, with her ³⁵ neck and shoulders bare, and flowers upon her head.

Every time that the woman passed before him, he threw out

at her, with a puff of smoke from his cigar, some remark which he thought was witty and pleasant, as: "How ugly you are!" "Are you trying to hide?" "You have lost your teeth!" The woman, a rueful, bedizened spectre, who was walking
5 backwards and forwards upon the snow, did not answer him, did not even look at him, but continued her walk in silence and with a dismal regularity that brought her under his sarcasm every five minutes. This failure to secure attention doubtless piqued the loafer, who, taking advantage of the moment
10 when she turned, came up behind her with a stealthy step and stifling his laughter, stooped down, seized a handful of snow from the side walk, and threw it hastily into her back between her naked shoulders. The girl roared with rage, turned, bounded like a panther, and rushed upon the man,
15 burying her nails in his face, and using the most frightful words that ever fell from the off-scouring of a guard-house. These insults were thrown out in a voice roughened by brandy, from a hideous mouth which lacked the two front teeth. It was Fantine.

20 At the noise which this made, the officers came out of the café, a crowd gathered, and a large circle was formed, laughing, jeering, and applauding. Suddenly a tall man advanced quickly from the crowd, seized the woman by her muddy satin waist, and said: "Follow me!" The woman raised
25 her head; her furious voice died out at once. Her eyes were glassy, from livid she had become pale, and she shuddered with a shudder of terror. She recognised Javert.

When they reached the Bureau of Police,^o which was a low hall warmed by a stove, and guarded by a sentinel, with a
30 grated window looking on the street, Javert opened the door, entered with Fantine, and closed the door behind him. Javert was impassible; his grave face betrayed no emotion. The more he examined the conduct of this girl, the more he revolted at it. It was clear that he had seen a crime committed.
35 He had seen, there in the street, society represented by a property holder and an elector,^o insulted and attacked by a creature who was an outlaw and an outcast. A prostitute had assaulted a citizen. He, Javert, had seen that himself. He wrote in silence.

When he had finished, he signed his name, folded the paper, and handed it to the sergeant of the guard, saying: "Take three men, and carry this girl to jail." Then turning to Fantine: "You are in for six months."

The hapless woman shuddered.

"Six months! six months in prison!" cried she. "Six months to earn seven sous a day! but what will become of Cosette! my daughter! my daughter! Why, I still owe more than a hundred francs to the Thénardiens, Monsieur Inspector, do you know that?"

She dragged herself along the floor, dirtied by the muddy boots of all these men, without rising, clasping her hands, and moving rapidly on her knees.

"Monsieur Javert," said she, "I beg your pity. I assure you that I was not in the wrong. If you had seen the beginning, you would have seen. I swear to you by the good God that I was not in the wrong. That gentleman, whom I do not know, threw snow in my back. Don't send me to prison. I must earn money to send to my little daughter. I am not a bad woman at heart. It is not laziness and appetite that have brought me to this; I have drunk brandy, but it was from misery. I do not like it, but it stupefies. Have pity on me, Monsieur Javert."

"Come," said Javert, "I have heard you. Haven't you got through? March off at once! you have your six months! the Eternal Father in person could do nothing for you."

At those solemn words, *The Eternal Father in person could do nothing for you*, she understood that her sentence was fixed. She sank down murmuring:

"Mercy!"

Javert turned his back. The soldiers seized her by the arms.

A few minutes before, a man had entered without being noticed. He had closed the door, and stood with his back against it, and heard the despairing supplication of Fantine. When the soldiers put their hands upon the wretched being, who would not rise, he stepped forward out of the shadow and said: "One moment, if you please!"

Javert raised his eyes and recognised Monsieur Madeleine. He took off his hat, and bowing with a sort of angry awkwardness: "Pardon, Monsieur Mayor —"

This word, Monsieur Mayor, had a strange effect upon Fantine. She sprang to her feet at once like a spectre rising from the ground, pushed back the soldiers with her arms, walked straight to Monsieur Madeleine before they could stop her, and gazing at him fixedly, with a wild look, she exclaimed: "Ah! it is you then who are Monsieur Mayor!" Then she burst out laughing and spit in his face.

Monsieur Madeleine wiped his face and said: "Inspector Javert, set this woman at liberty."

Javert felt as though he were on the point of losing his senses. To see a woman of the town spit in the face of a mayor was a thing so monstrous that in his most daring suppositions he would have thought it sacrilege to believe it possible.

The mayor's words were not less strange a blow to Fantine. She raised her bare arm and clung to the damper of the stove as if she were staggered. Meanwhile she looked all around and began to talk in a low voice, as if speaking to herself:

"At liberty! they let me go! I am not to go to prison for six months! Who was it said that? It is not possible that anybody said that. I misunderstood. That cannot be this monster of a mayor! Was it you, my good Monsieur Javert, who told them to set me at liberty? Oh! look now! I will tell you and you will let me go. This monster of a mayor, this old whelp of a mayor, he is the cause of all this. Think of it, Monsieur Javert, he turned me away! on account of a parcel of beggars who told stories in the workshop."

Monsieur Madeleine listened with profound attention. He said to Fantine:

"How much did you say that you owed?"

Fantine, who had only looked at Javert, turned towards him: "Who said anything to you?"

Suddenly she hastily adjusted the disorder of her garments, smoothed down the folds of her dress, and walked towards the door. She put her hand upon the latch. One more step and she would be in the street.

Javert until that moment had remained standing, motionless. The sound of the latch roused him. He raised his head with an expression of sovereign authority. "Sergeant," exclaimed he, "don't you see that this vagabond is going off? Who told you to let her go?"

"I," said Madeleine.

At the words of Javert, Fantine had trembled and dropped the latch, as a thief who is caught drops what he has stolen. When Madeleine spoke, she turned, and from that moment, without saying a word, without even daring to breathe freely, she looked by turns from Madeleine to Javert and from Javert to Madeleine, as the one or the other was speaking.

"Monsieur Mayor, that cannot be done."

"Why?" said Monsieur Madeleine.

"This wretched woman has insulted a citizen."

"Inspector Javert," replied Monsieur Madeleine, in a conciliating and calm tone, "listen. You are an honest man, and I have no objection to explain myself to you. The truth is this. I was passing through the square when you arrested this woman; there was a crowd still there; I learned the circumstances; I know all about it; it is the citizen who was in the wrong, and who, by a faithful police, would have been arrested."

Javert went on: "This wretch has just insulted Monsieur the Mayor."

"That concerns me," said Monsieur Madeleine. "The insult to me rests with myself, perhaps. I can do what I please about it."

"I beg Monsieur the Mayor's pardon. The insult rests not with him, it rests with justice."

"Inspector Javert," replied Monsieur Madeleine, "the highest justice is conscience. I have heard this woman. I know what I am doing."

"I obey my duty. My duty requires that this woman spend six months in prison."

Monsieur Madeleine answered mildly: "Listen to this. She shall not a day."

At these decisive words, Javert had the boldness to look the mayor in the eye, and said, but still in a tone of profound

respect: "I am very sorry to resist Monsieur the Mayor; it is the first time in my life, but he will deign to permit me to observe that I am within the limits of my own authority. This matter belongs to the police of the street; that concerns
5 me, and I detain the woman Fantine."

At this Monsieur Madeleine folded his arms and said in a severe tone which nobody in the city had ever yet heard: "The matter of which you speak belongs to the municipal police. By the terms of articles nine, eleven, fifteen, and
10 sixty-six of the code of criminal law, I am the judge of it. I order that this woman be set at liberty."

Javert endeavoured to make a last attempt.

"But, Monsieur Mayor —"

"I refer you to article eighty-one of the law of December
15 13th, 1799, upon illegal imprisonment."

"Monsieur Mayor, permit —"

"Not another word."

"However —"

"Retire," said Monsieur Madeleine.

20 Javert received the blow, standing, in front, and with open breast like a Russian soldier. He bowed to the ground before the mayor, and went out. Fantine stood by the door and looked at him with stupor as he passed before her.

Meanwhile she also was the subject of a strange revolution.
25 She had seen herself somehow disputed about by two opposing powers. She had seen struggling before her very eyes two men who held in their hands her liberty, her life, her soul, her child; one of these men was drawing her to the side of darkness, the other was leading her towards the light. In this
30 contest, seen with distortion through the magnifying power of fright, these two men had appeared to her like two giants; one spoke as her demon, the other as her good angel. The angel had vanquished the demon, and the thought of it made her shudder from head to foot; this angel, this deliverer, was
35 precisely the man whom she abhorred, this mayor whom she had so long considered as the author of all her woes, this Madeleine! and at the very moment when she had insulted him in a hideous fashion, he had saved her! Had she then been deceived? Ought she then to change her whole heart?

She did not know, she trembled. She listened with dismay, she looked around with alarm, and at each word that Monsieur Madeleine uttered, she felt the fearful darkness of her hatred melt within and flow away, while there was born in her heart an indescribable and unspeakable warmth of joy, of confidence, and of love.

When Javert was gone, Monsieur Madeleine turned towards her, and said to her, speaking slowly and with difficulty, like a man who is struggling that he may not weep :

"I have heard you. I knew nothing of what you have said. I believe that it is true. I did not even know that you had left my workshop. Why did you not apply to me? But now I will pay your debts, I will have your child come to you, or you shall go to her. You shall live here, at Paris, or where you will. I take charge of your child and you. You shall do no more work, if you do not wish to. I will give you all the money that you need. You shall again become honest in again becoming happy. More than that, listen. I declare to you from this moment, if all is as you say, and I do not doubt it, that you have never ceased to be virtuous and holy before God. You poor woman !"

This was more than poor Fantine could bear. To have Cosette ! to leave this infamous life ! to live free, rich, happy, honest, with Cosette ! to see suddenly spring up in the midst of her misery all these realities of paradise ! She looked as if she were stupefied at the man who was speaking to her, and could only pour out two or three sobs : "Oh ! oh ! oh !" Her limbs gave way, she threw herself on her knees before Monsieur Madeleine, and, before he could prevent it, he felt that she had seized his hand and carried it to her lips.

Then she fainted.

PART THIRD—JAVERT

I. THE BEGINNING OF THE REST

MONSIEUR MADELEINE had Fantine taken to the infirmary, which was in his own house. He confided her to the sisters, who put her to bed. A violent fever came on, and she passed a part of the night in delirious ravings. Finally, she fell
5 asleep.

Towards noon the following day, Fantine awoke. She heard a breathing near her bed, drew aside the curtain, and saw Monsieur Madeleine standing gazing at something above his head. His look was full of compassionate and suppli-
10 cating agony. She followed its direction, and saw that it was fixed upon a crucifix nailed against the wall.

From that moment Monsieur Madeleine was transfigured in the eyes of Fantine; he seemed to her clothed with light. He was absorbed in a kind of prayer. She gazed at him for
15 a long while without daring to interrupt him; at last she said timidly: "What are you doing?"

Monsieur Madeleine had been in that place for an hour waiting for Fantine to awake. He took her hand, felt her pulse, and said: "How do you feel?"

20 "Very well. I have slept," she said. "I think I am getting better — this will be nothing."

Then he said, answering the question she had first asked him, as if she had just asked it: "I was praying to the martyr who is on high."

25 And in his thought he added: "For the martyr who is here below."

Monsieur Madeleine had passed the night and morning in informing himself about Fantine. He knew all now, he had

learned, even in all its poignant details, the history of Fantine. He went on:

"You have suffered greatly, poor mother. Oh! do not lament, you have now the portion of the elect. It is in this way that mortals become angels. It is not their fault; they do not know how to set about it otherwise. This hell from which you have come out is the first step towards Heaven. We must begin by that."

He sighed deeply; but she smiled with this sublime smile from which two teeth were gone. 10

That same night, Javert wrote a letter. Next morning he carried this letter himself to the post-office of Montreuil sur Mer. It was directed to Paris, to Monsieur Chabcaillet, Secretary of Monsieur the Prefect of Police.^o

Monsieur Madeleine wrote immediately to the Thénardi-¹⁵ ers. Fantine owed them a hundred and twenty francs. He sent them three hundred francs, telling them to pay themselves out of it, and bring the child at once to Montreuil sur Mer, where her mother, who was sick, wanted her.

Monsieur Madeleine came to see her twice a day, and ²⁰ at each visit she asked him: "Shall I see my Cosette soon?"

He answered: "Perhaps to-morrow. I expect her every moment."

And the mother's pale face would brighten. 25

She did not recover: on the contrary, her condition seemed to become worse from week to week. The doctor sounded her lungs and shook his head. Monsieur Madeleine said to him: "Well?"

"Has she not a child she is anxious to see?" said the doctor. ³⁰

"Yes."

"Well then, make haste to bring her."

The Thénardi-³⁵ ers, however, did not let go of the child; they gave a hundred bad reasons. Cosette was too delicate to travel in the winter time, and then there were a number of little petty debts, of which they were collecting the bills, etc., etc.

"I will send somebody for Cosette," said Monsieur Madeleine, "if necessary, I will go myself."

He wrote at Fantine's dictation this letter, which she signed.

"Monsieur Thénardier :

You will deliver Cosette to the bearer.

5 He will settle all small debts.

FANTINE."

In the meanwhile a serious matter intervened. In vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny reappears continually.

10 One morning Monsieur Madeleine was in his office arranging for some pressing business of the mayoralty, in case he should decide to go to Montfermeil himself, when he was informed that Javert, the inspector of police, wished to speak with him. On hearing this name spoken, Monsieur Made-
15 leine could not repress a disagreeable impression. Since the affair of the Bureau of Police, Javert had more than ever avoided him, and Monsieur Madeleine had not seen him at all.

"Let him come in," said he.

Javert entered. The mayor laid down his pen and turned
20 partly round: "Well, what is it? What is the matter, Javert?"

Javert remained silent a moment as if collecting himself; then raised his voice with a sad solemnity which did not, however, exclude simplicity: "There has been a criminal act com-
25 mitted, Monsieur Mayor. An inferior agent of the government has been wanting in respect to a magistrate, in the gravest manner. I come, as is my duty, to bring the fact to your knowledge."

"Who is the agent?" asked Monsieur Madeleine.

30 "I," said Javert.

"And who is the magistrate who has to complain of this agent?"

"You, Monsieur Mayor."

Monsieur Madeleine straightened himself in his chair.
35 Javert continued, with serious looks and eyes still cast down.

"Monsieur Mayor, I come to ask you to be so kind as to make charges and procure my dismissal. Six weeks ago,

after that scene about that girl, I was enraged and I denounced you."

"Denounced me?"

"To the Prefecture of Police at Paris."

Monsieur Madeleine, who did not laugh much oftener than 5 Javert, began to laugh: "As a mayor having encroached upon the police?"

"As a former convict."

The mayor became livid. Javert, who had not raised his eyes, continued: "I believed it. For a long while I had had 10 suspicions. A resemblance, your immense strength; the affair of old Fauchelevent; your skill as a marksman; your leg which drags a little; at last I took you for a man named Jean Valjean."

"Named what? How did you call that name?" 15

"Jean Valjean. He was a convict I saw twenty years ago, when I was adjutant of the galley guard at Toulon. After leaving the galleys this Valjean, it appears, robbed a bishop's palace, then he committed another robbery with weapons in his hands, in a highway, on a little Savoyard. For eight years 20 his whereabouts have been unknown, and search has been made for him. I fancied — in short, I have done this thing. Anger determined me, and I denounced you to the prefect."

M. Madeleine, who had taken up the file of papers again, said with a tone of perfect indifference: "And what answer 25 did you get?"

"That I was crazy."

"Well?"

"Well; they were right."

"It is fortunate that you think so!" 30

"It must be so, for the real Jean Valjean has been found."

The paper that M. Madeleine held fell from his hand; he raised his head, looked steadily at Javert, and said in an inexpressible tone:

"Ah!" 35

Javert continued: "I will tell you how it is, Monsieur Mayor. There was, it appears, in the country, a simple sort of fellow who was called Father Champmathieu. He was very poor. Nobody paid any attention to him. Finally,

this last fall, Father Champmathieu was arrested for stealing cider apples. There was a theft, a wall scaled, branches of trees broken. Our Champmathieu was arrested; he had even then a branch of an apple-tree in his hand. The rogue
5 was caged. So far, it was nothing more than a penitentiary matter. But here comes in the hand of Providence. The jail being in a bad condition, the police justice thought it best to take him to Arras, where the prison of the department is. In this prison at Arras there was a former convict named
10 Brevet, who is there for some trifle, and who, for his good conduct, has been made turnkey. No sooner was Champmathieu set down, than Brevet cried out: 'Ha, ha! I know that man. He is a former convict.' Besides Brevet there are only two convicts who have seen Jean Valjean. These
15 men were brought from the galleys and confronted with the pretended Champmathieu. They did not hesitate. To them as well as to Brevet it was Jean Valjean. Same age, fifty-four years old; same height; same appearance; in fact the same man; it is he. At this time it was that I sent my
20 denunciation to the Prefecture at Paris. They replied that I was out of my mind, and that Jean Valjean was at Arras in the hands of justice. I wrote to the justice; he sent for me and brought Champmathieu before me."

"Well," interrupted Monsieur Madeleine.

25 Javert replied, with an incorruptible and sad face: "Monsieur Mayor, truth is truth. I am sorry for it, but that man is Jean Valjean. I recognised him also."

Monsieur Madeleine said in a very low voice: "Are you sure?"

30 "Sure!"

He remained a moment in thought, mechanically taking up pinches of the powdered wood used to dry ink, from the box on the table, and then added: "And now that I see the real Jean Valjean, I do not understand how I ever could have believed
35 anything else. I beg your pardon, Monsieur Mayor." Monsieur Madeleine answered his request, by this abrupt question: "And what did the man say?"

"He pretends not to understand; he says: 'I am Champmathieu: I have no more to say.' He puts on an appear-

ance of astonishment; he plays the brute. The rascal is cunning! But it is all the same, there is the evidence. Four persons have recognised him, and the old villain will be condemned. I am going to testify. I have been summoned."

Monsieur Madeleine had turned again to his desk, and was quietly looking over his papers, reading and writing alternately, like a man pressed with business. He turned again towards Javert: "Did you not tell me you were going to Arras in eight or ten days on this matter?"

"Sooner than that, Monsieur Mayor."

11

"What day then?"

"The case will be tried to-morrow, and I shall leave by the diligence to-night."

Monsieur Madeleine made an imperceptible motion.

"And how long will the matter last?"

15

"One day at longest. Sentence will be pronounced at latest to-morrow evening; as soon as my testimony is given I shall return here."

"Very well," said Monsieur Madeleine. And he dismissed him with a wave of his hand.

20

Javert did not go.

"Monsieur Mayor, there is one thing more to which I desire to call your attention."

"What is it?"

"It is that I ought to be dismissed."

25

Monsieur Madeleine arose.

"Javert, you are a man of honour and I esteem you. You exaggerate your fault. Besides, this is an offence which concerns me. You are worthy of promotion rather than disgrace. I desire you to keep your place."

30

Javert looked at Monsieur Madeleine with his calm eyes, in whose depths it seemed that one beheld his conscience, unenlightened, but stern and pure, and said in a tranquil voice: "Monsieur Mayor, I cannot agree to that. The good of the service demands an example. I simply ask the dismissal of Inspector Javert."

All this was said in a tone of proud humility, a desperate and resolute tone, which gave an indescribable grandeur to this oddly honest man.

"We will see," said Monsieur Madeleine. And he held out his hand to him.

Javert started back, and said fiercely: "Pardon, Monsieur Mayor, that should not be. A mayor does not give his hand
5 to a spy."

He added between his teeth: "Spy, yes; from the moment I abused the power of my position, I have been nothing better than a spy!"

Then he bowed profoundly, and went towards the door.
10 There he turned around: his eyes yet downcast.

"Monsieur Mayor, I will continue in the service until I am relieved."

He went out. Monsieur Madeleine sat musing, listening to his firm and resolute step as it died away along the corridor.

II. SISTER SIMPLICE

15 IN the afternoon following the visit of Javert, M. Madeleine went to see Fantine as usual. Before going to Fantine's room, he sent for Sister Simplicie. The two nuns who attended the infirmary, Lazarists,^o as all these Sisters of Charity are, were called Sister Perpétue and Sister Simplicie.

20 Sister Perpétue was an ordinary village-girl, summarily become a Sister of Charity, who entered the service of God as she would have entered service anywhere. She was a nun as others are cooks.

Sister Simplicie was white with a waxen clearness. In com-
25 parison with Sister Perpétue she was a sacramental taper^o by the side of a tallow candle. No one could have told Sister Simplicie's age; she had never been young, and seemed as if she never would be old. She was a person — we dare not say a woman — gentle, austere, companionable, cold, who
30 had never told a lie. She was so gentle that she appeared fragile; but on the contrary she was more enduring than granite. She touched the unfortunate with charming fingers, delicate and pure. There was, so to say, silence in her speech; she said just what was necessary, and she had a tone of voice which
35 would at the same time have edified a confessional,^o and enchanted a drawing-room. This delicacy accommodated itself

to the serge dress,^o finding in its harsh touch a continual reminder of Heaven and of God. Let us dwell upon one circumstance. Never to have lied, never to have spoken, for any purpose whatever, even carelessly, a single word which was not the truth, the sacred truth, was the distinctive trait of Sister Sim- 5
plice; it was the mark of her virtue. She was almost celebrated in the congregation for this imperturbable veracity. From this resulted that whiteness of which we have spoken, a whiteness that covered with its radiance even her lips and her eyes. Her smile was white, her look was white. There 10
was not a spider's web, not a speck of dust upon the glass of that conscience.

The pious woman had conceived an affection for Fantine, perceiving in her probably some latent virtue, and had devoted herself almost exclusively to her care. Monsieur Madeleine 15
took Sister Simplicie aside and recommended Fantine to her with a singular emphasis, which the sister remembered at a later day.

On leaving the sister, he approached Fantine. That day she had more fever. As soon as she saw Monsieur Madeleine, 20
she asked him: "Cosette?"

He answered with a smile: "Very soon."

Monsieur Madeleine, while with Fantine, seemed the same as usual. Only he stayed an hour instead of half an hour, to 25
the great satisfaction of Fantine. He made a thousand charges to everybody that the sick woman might want for nothing. Then he returned to the mayor's office, and the office boy saw him examine attentively a road-map of France which hung in his room. He made a few figures in pencil upon a piece of paper. 30

III. THE NIGHT BATTLE

THE reader has doubtless divined that Monsieur Madeleine is none other than Jean Valjean. From the Mayor's office he went to the outskirts of the city to a man who kept horses and chaises to let, and there bargained for his fleetest horse and lightest tilbury.^o These he bought with orders that they 35
be delivered at his house at half past four in the morning.

It was his intention to go to Arras to the trial of this Champmathieu and there expose himself. But when he reached his home he hesitated. He was safe; why should he stir up the deeds, the memories of his past life? He had kept in a secret cupboard all he possessed when he first came to Montreuil sur Mer. This he opened and taking the things out, he burned them one by one on his hearth. As the old coat fell apart in charred pieces, a little silver coin fell on the bricks with a ringing sound. It was the forty-sous piece stolen from the little Savoyard. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the two silver candlesticks on the mantel, which were glistening dimly in the reflection.

"Stop!" thought he, "all Jean Valjean is contained in them too. They also must be destroyed."

15 He took the two candlesticks. There was fire enough to melt them quickly into an unrecognisable ingot. He bent over the fire and warmed himself a moment. It felt really comfortable to him. "The pleasant warmth!" said he.

He stirred the embers with one of the candlesticks. A 20 minute more, and they would have been in the fire.

At that moment, it seemed to him that he heard a voice crying within him: "Jean Valjean!" "Jean Valjean!"

He felt that the bishop was there, that the bishop was present all the more that he was dead, that the bishop was looking 25 fixedly at him, that henceforth Mayor Madeleine with all his virtues would be abominable to him, and the galley slave, Jean Valjean, would be admirable and pure in his sight. That men saw his mask, but the bishop saw his face. That men saw his life, but the bishop saw his conscience. He must then go to 30 Arras, deliver the wrong Jean Valjean, denounce the right one. Alas! that was the greatest of sacrifices, the most poignant of victories, the final step to be taken, but he must do it. Mournful destiny! he could only enter into sanctity in the eyes of God, by returning into infamy in the eyes of men!

35 He took his books, verified them, and put them in order. He threw into the fire a package of notes which he held against needy small traders. He wrote a letter, which he sealed, and upon the envelope of which might have been read, if there had been any one in the room at the time: *Monsieur Laffitte*.

banker, *Rue d'Artois, Paris*. He drew from a secretary a pocket-book containing some banknotes and the passport that he had used that same year in going to the elections. Had any one seen him while he was doing these various acts with such serious meditation, he would not have suspected what was ⁵ passing within him. Still at intervals his lips quivered.

He put the letter to Monsieur Laffitte in his pocket as well as the pocket-book, and began to walk about the room. The current of his thought had not changed. He still saw his duty clearly written in luminous letters which flared out before his ¹⁰ eyes, and moved with his gaze: "*Go! avow thy name! denounce thyself!*"

The clock struck three. For five hours he had been walking thus, almost without interruption, when he dropped into his chair. He fell asleep and dreamed. But suddenly he awoke. ¹⁵ He was chilly. A wind as cold as the morning wind made the sashes of the still open window swing on their hinges. The fire had gone out. The candle was low in the socket. The night was yet dark.

He arose and went to the window. There were still no stars ²⁰ in the sky. From his window he could look into the courtyard and into the street. A harsh, rattling noise that suddenly resounded from the ground made him look down. He saw below him two red stars, whose rays danced back and forth grotesquely in the shadow. His mind was still half ²⁵ buried in the mist of his reverie: "Yes!" thought he, "there are none in the sky. They are on the earth now."

This confusion, however, faded away; a second noise like the first awakened him completely; he looked, and he saw that these two stars were the lamps of a carriage. By the light ³⁰ which they emitted, he could distinguish the form of a carriage. It was a tilbury drawn by a small white horse. The noise which he had heard was the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the pavement.

"What carriage is that?" said he to himself. "Who is it ³⁵ that comes so early?"

At that moment there was a low rap at the door of his room. He shuddered from head to foot and cried: "Who is there?"

Some one answered: "I, Monsieur Mayor."

He recognised the voice of the old woman, his portress.

There was a long silence. He examined the flame of the candle with a stupid air, and took some of the melted wax from around the wick and rolled it in his fingers. The old woman was waiting. She ventured, however, to speak again: "Mon-sieur Mayor, what shall I say?"

"Say that it is right, and I am coming down."

IV. AT ARRAS

ALL that day he drove till he finally reached Arras; and there through the courtesy of the Judge of the Court of Assizes ° he was admitted to the bench where these who were to pass on the case of Champmathieu were sitting. The time had come for closing the case. The judge commanded the accused to rise, and put the usual question: "Have you anything to add to your defence?"

The man, standing, and twirling in his hands a hideous cap which he had, seemed not to hear. The judge repeated the question. This time the man heard, and appeared to comprehend. He stammered out a few incoherent remarks, but could not persuade any one that he was innocent. Finally, to bring added weight against him, the prosecuting attorney brought in the three convicts, Brevet, Chenildieu and Coche-paille. All three swore that they recognised in him their former fellow prisoner Jean Valjean.

A buzz ran through the crowd and almost invaded the jury. It was evident that the man was lost.

"Officers," said the judge, "enforce order. I am about to sum up the case."

At this moment there was a movement near the judge. A voice was heard exclaiming: "Brevet, Chenildieu, Coche-paille, look this way!"

So lamentable and terrible was this voice that those who heard it felt their blood run cold. All eyes turned towards the spot whence it came. A man, who had been sitting among the privileged spectators behind the court, had risen, pushed open the low door which separated the tribunal from the bar, and was standing in the centre of the hall. The judge, the prose-

cuting attorney, twenty persons recognised him, and exclaimed at once:

"Monsieur Madeleine!"

It was he, indeed. The clerk's lamp lighted up his face. He held his hat in his hand; there was no disorder in his dress; 5 his overcoat was carefully buttoned. He was very pale, and trembled slightly. His hair, already grey when he came to Arras, was now perfectly white. It had become so during the hour that he had been there. All eyes were strained towards him. The sensation was indescribable. There was a moment 10 of hesitation in the auditory.° The voice had been so thrilling, the man standing there appeared so calm, that at first nobody could comprehend it.

This indecision lasted but a few seconds. Before even the judge and prosecuting attorney could say a word, before the 15 gendarmes and officers could make a sign, the man, whom all up to this moment called Monsieur Madeleine, had advanced towards the witnesses, Cochepaille, Brevet, and Chenildieu.

"Do you not recognise me?" said he.

All three stood confounded, and indicated by a shake of the 20 head that they did not know him. Cochepaille, intimidated, gave the military salute. Monsieur Madeleine turned towards the jurors and court, and said in a mild voice: "Gentlemen of the jury, release the accused. Your honour, order my arrest. He is not the man whom you seek; it is I. I am Jean Val- 25 jean."

Not a breath stirred. To the first commotion of astonishment had succeeded a sepulchral silence. That species of religious awe was felt in the hall which thrills the multitude at the accomplishment of a grand action. Nevertheless, the face 30 of the judge was marked with sympathy and sadness; he exchanged glances with the prosecuting attorney, and a few whispered words with the assistant judges. He turned to the spectators and asked in a tone which was understood by all: "Is there a physician here?" 35

Monsieur Madeleine did not permit him to finish, but interrupted him with a tone full of gentleness and authority. These are the words he uttered:

"I thank you, Monsieur Prosecuting Attorney, but I am not

mad. You shall see. You were on the point of committing a great mistake; release that man. I am accomplishing a duty; I am the unhappy convict. I am the only one who sees clearly here, and I tell you the truth. What I do at this moment, God
5 beholds from on high, and that is sufficient. You can take me, since I am here. Nevertheless, I have done my best. I have disguised myself under another name, I have become rich, I have become a mayor, I have desired to enter again among honest men. It seems that this cannot be. In short, there are
10 many things which I cannot tell. I shall not relate to you the story of my life: some day you will know it. I did rob Monseigneur the Bishop — that is true; I did rob Petit Gervais — that is true. They were right in telling you that Jean Valjean was a wicked wretch. But all the blame may not belong to
15 him. Listen, your honours; a man so abased as I, has no remonstrance to make with Providence, nor advice to give to society; but, mark you, the infamy from which I have sought to rise is pernicious to men. The galleys make the galley-slave. Receive this in kindness, if you will. Before the gal-
20 leys, I was a poor peasant, unintelligent, a species of idiot; the galleys changed me. I was stupid, I became wicked; I was a log, I became a firebrand. Later, I was saved by indulgence and kindness, as I had been lost by severity. But, pardon, you cannot comprehend what I say. You will find in my
25 house, among the ashes of the fireplace, the forty-sous piece of which, seven years ago, I robbed Petit Gervais. I have nothing more to add. Take me. Great God! the prosecuting attorney shakes his head. You say ‘Monsieur Madeleine has gone mad;’ you do not believe me. This is hard to be
30 borne. Do not condemn that man, at least. What! these men do not know me! Would that Javert were here. He would recognise me!”

Nothing could express the kindly yet terrible melancholy of the tone which accompanied these words. He turned to the
35 three convicts:

“Well! I recognize you, Brevet, do you remember —”

He paused, hesitated a moment, and said:

“Do you remember those checkered, knit suspenders that you had in the galleys?”

Brevet started as if struck with surprise, and gazed wildly at him from head to foot. He continued: "Chenildieu, the whole of your left shoulder has been burned deeply, from laying it one day on a chafing dish full of embers, to efface the three letters T. F. D., which are still to be seen there. 5 Answer me, is this true?"

"It is true!" said Chenildieu.

He turned to Cochepaille:

"Cochepaille, you have on your left arm, near where you have been bled, a date put in blue letters with burnt powder. 10 It is the date of the landing of the emperor at Cannes, *March 1st, 1815*. Lift up your sleeve."

Cochepaille lifted up his sleeve: all eyes around him were turned to his naked arm. A gendarme brought a lamp; the date was there. 15

The unhappy man turned towards the audience and the court with a smile, the thought of which still rends the hearts of those who witnessed it. It was the smile of triumph; it was also the smile of despair.

"You see clearly," said he, "that I am Jean Valjean." 20

It was evident that Jean Valjean was before their eyes. That fact shone forth. The appearance of this man had been enough fully to clear up the case, so obscure a moment before. Without need of any further explanation, the multitude, as by a sort of electric revelation, comprehended instantly, and at a single 25 glance, this simple and magnificent story of a man giving himself up that another might not be condemned in his place. The details, the hesitation, the slight reluctance possible were lost in this immense, luminous fact.

"I will not disturb the proceeding further," continued Jean 30 Valjean. "I am going, since I am not arrested. I have many things to do. Monsieur the prosecuting attorney knows where I am going, and will have me arrested when he chooses."

He walked towards the outer door. Not a voice was raised, not an arm stretched out to prevent him. All stood aside. 35 There was at this moment an indescribable divinity within him which makes the multitudes fall back and make way before a man. He passed through the throng with slow steps. It was never known who opened the door, but it is certain that the

door was open when he came to it. On reaching it he turned and said: "Monsieur the Prosecuting Attorney, I remain at your disposal."

He then addressed himself to the auditory. "You all, all
5 who are here, think me worthy of pity, do you not? Great God! when I think of what I have been on the point of doing, I think myself worthy of envy. Still, would that all this had not happened!"

He went out, and the door closed as it had opened, for those
10 who do deeds sovereignly great are always sure of being served by somebody in the multitude.

Less than an hour afterwards, the verdict of the jury discharged from all accusation the said Champmathieu; and Champmathieu, set at liberty forthwith, went his way stupefied, thinking all men mad, and understanding nothing of this
15 vision.

V. THE RETURN TO MONTREUIL SUR MER

THE first thing M. Madeleine did when he returned to Montreuil sur Mer was to visit the hospital and see Fantine. She talked constantly of Cosette, but he listened to the words
20 as one listens to the wind that blows, his eyes on the ground, and his mind plunged into unfathomable reflections. Suddenly she ceased speaking, and raised her head mechanically. Fantine had become appalling.

She did not speak; she did not breathe; she half-raised herself in the bed, the covering fell from her emaciated shoulders;
25 her countenance, radiant a moment before, became livid, and her eyes, dilated with terror, seemed to fasten on something before her at the other end of the room.

"Good God!" exclaimed he. "What is the matter, Fantine?"
30

She did not answer; she did not take her eyes from the object which she seemed to see, but touched his arm with one hand, and with the other made a sign to him to look behind him. He turned, and saw Javert.

35 Fantine had not seen Javert since the day the mayor had wrested her from him. Her sick brain accounted for nothing,

only she was sure that he had come for her. She could not endure this hideous face; she felt as if she were dying; she hid her face with both hands, and shrieked in anguish: "Monsieur Madeleine, save me!"

Jean Valjean, we shall call him by no other name henceforth, 5 had risen. He said to Fantine in his gentlest and calmest tone: "Be composed; it is not for you that he comes."

He then turned to Javert and said: "I know what you want."

Javert answered: "Hurry along."

While speaking thus, he did not stir a step, but cast upon 10 Jean Valjean a look like a noose, with which he was accustomed to draw the wretched to him by force. It was the same look which Fantine had felt penetrate to the very marrow of her bones, two months before.

At the exclamation of Javert, Fantine had opened her eyes 15 again. But the mayor was there, what could she fear? Javert advanced to the middle of the chamber, exclaiming: "Hey, there; are you coming?"

The unhappy woman looked around her. There was no one but the nun and the mayor. To whom could this contemptu- 20 ous familiarity be addressed? To herself alone. She shuddered. Then she saw a mysterious thing, so mysterious that its like had never appeared to her in the darkest delirium of fever. She saw Javert seize the arm of Jean Valjean and try to push him out of the room. 25

"Monsieur Mayor!" she exclaimed.

"Silence," said Javert, "there is no mayor here. Shall I tell you what there is? There is a brigand,^o there is a convict called Jean Valjean, and I have got him! That is what there is!" 30

Fantine started upright, supporting herself by her rigid arms and hands; she looked at Jean Valjean, then at Javert, and then at the nun; she opened her mouth as if to speak; a rattle came from her throat, her teeth struck together, she stretched out her arms in anguish, convulsively opening her hands, and 35 groping about her like one who is drowning; then sank suddenly back upon the pillow. Her head struck the head of the bed and fell forward on her breast, the mouth gaping, the eyes open and glazed. She was dead.

Jean Valjean put his hand on that of Javert which held him, and opened it as he would have opened the hand of a child; then he said: "You have killed this woman."

"Have done with this!" cried Javert, furious, "I am not here to listen to sermons; save all that; the guard is below; come right along, or the handcuffs!"

There stood in a corner of the room an old iron bedstead in a dilapidated condition, which the sisters used as a camp-bed when they watched. Jean Valjean went to the bed, wrenched out the rickety head bar — a thing easy for muscles like his — in the twinkling of an eye, and with the bar in his clenched fist, looked at Javert. Javert recoiled towards the door. Jean Valjean, his iron bar in hand, walked slowly towards the bed of Fantine. On reaching it, he turned and said to Javert in a voice that could scarcely be heard: "I advise you not to disturb me now."

Nothing is more certain than that Javert trembled. He had an idea of calling the guard, but Jean Valjean might profit by his absence to escape. He remained therefore, grasped the bottom of his cane, and leaned against the framework of the door without taking his eyes from Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean rested his elbow upon the post, and his head upon his hand, and gazed at Fantine, stretched motionless before him. He remained thus, mute and absorbed, evidently lost to everything of this life. His countenance and attitude bespoke nothing but inexpressible pity. After a few moments' reverie, he bent down to Fantine, and addressed her in a whisper. What did he say? What could this condemned man say to this dead woman? What were these words? They were heard by none on earth. Did the dead woman hear them? There are touching illusions which perhaps are sublime realities. One thing is beyond doubt; Sister Simplice, the only witness of what passed, has often related that, at the moment when Jean Valjean whispered in the ear of Fantine, she distinctly saw an ineffable smile beam on those pale lips and in those dim eyes, full of the wonder of the tomb.

Jean Valjean took Fantine's head in his hands and arranged

it on the pillow, as a mother would have done for her child, then fastened the string of her night-dress, and replaced her hair beneath her cap. This done, he closed her eyes.

The face of Fantine, at this instant, seemed strangely illumined. Death is the entrance into the great light. 5

Fantine's hand hung over the side of the bed. Jean Valjean knelt before this hand, raised it gently, and kissed it. Then he rose, and, turning to Javert, said: "Now, I am at your disposal."

Javert put Jean Valjean in the city prison. 10

VI. AT NIGHT

ON the evening of this same day, the old portress who had been M. Madeleine's servant was sitting in her lodge,^o still quite bewildered and sunk in sad reflections. The factory had been closed all day, the carriage doors were bolted, the street was deserted. There was no one in the house but the two 15 nuns, Sister Perpétue and Sister Simplicie, who were watching the corpse of Fantine.

Towards the time when Monsieur Madeleine had been accustomed to return, the honest portress rose mechanically, took the key of his room from a drawer, with the taper-stand 20 that he used at night to light himself up the stairs, then hung the key on a nail from which he had been in the habit of taking it, and placed the taper-stand by its side, as if she were expecting him. She then seated herself again in her chair, and resumed her reflections. The poor old woman had done all this 25 without being conscious of it.

More than two hours had elapsed when she started from her reverie and exclaimed, "Why, bless me! I have hung his key on the nail!"

Just then, the window of her box opened, a hand passed 30 through the opening, took the key and stand, and lighted the taper at the candle which was burning.

The portress raised her eyes; she was transfixed with astonishment; a cry rose to her lips, but she could not give it utterance. She knew the hand, the arm, the coat-sleeve. It 35 was M. Madeleine.

"My God ! Monsieur Mayor !" she exclaimed, "I thought you were —"

She stopped ; the end of her sentence would not have been respectful to the beginning. To her, Jean Valjean was still
5 Monsieur the Mayor.

He completed her thought. "In prison," said he. "I was there ; I broke a bar from a window, let myself fall from the top of a roof, and here I am. I am going to my room ; go for Sister Simplicie. She is doubtless beside this poor woman."

15 The old servant hastily obeyed. He gave her no caution, very sure she would guard him better than he would guard himself.

He ascended the staircase which led to his room. On reaching the top, he left his taper on the upper stair, opened his
15 door with little noise, felt his way to the window and closed the shutter, then came back, took his taper, and went into the chamber. The precaution was not useless ; it will be remembered that his window could be seen from the street.

He cast a glance about him, over his table, his chair, his bed,
20 which had not been slept in for three days. There remained no trace of the disorder of the night before the last. The portress had put the room to rights. Only, she had picked up from the ashes and laid in order on the table, the ends of the loaded club, and the forty-sous piece, blackened by the fire.

25 He took a sheet of paper and wrote : *These are the ends of my loaded club and the forty-sous piece stolen from Petit Gervais* ; then placed the two bits of iron and the piece of silver on the sheet in such a way that it would be the first thing perceived on entering the room. He took from a wardrobe an old shirt
30 which he tore into several pieces and in which he packed the two silver candlesticks. In all this there was neither haste nor agitation. Very soon two gentle taps were heard at the door.

"Come in," said he.

35 It was Sister Simplicie. She was pale, her eyes were red, and the candle which she held trembled in her hand. The shocks of destiny have this peculiarity ; however subdued or disciplined our feelings may be, they draw out the human nature from the depths of our souls, and compel us to exhibit

it to others. In the agitation of this day the nun had again become a woman. She had wept, and she was trembling.

Jean Valjean had written a few lines on a piece of paper, which he handed to the nun, saying: "Sister, you will give this to the curé."

5

The paper was not folded. She cast her eyes on it.

"You may read it," said he.

She read: "I beg Monsieur the Curé to take charge of all that I leave here. He will please defray therefrom the expenses of my trial, and of the burial of the woman who died this morning. The remainder is for the poor."

10

The sister attempted to speak, but could scarcely stammer out a few inarticulate sounds. She succeeded, however, in saying: "Does not Monsieur the Mayor wish to see this poor unfortunate again for the last time?"

15

"No," said he, "I am pursued; I should only be arrested in her chamber; it would disturb her."

He had scarcely finished when there was a loud noise on the staircase. They heard a tumult of steps ascending, and the old portress exclaiming in her loudest and most piercing tones:

20

"My good sir, I swear to you in the name of God, that nobody has come in here the whole day, and the whole evening; that I have not even once left my door!"

A man replied: "But yet, there is a light in this room."

They recognised the voice of Javert.

25

The chamber was so arranged that the door in opening covered the corner of the wall to the right. Jean Valjean blew out the taper, and placed himself in this corner. Sister Simplicie fell on her knees near the table.

The door opened. Javert entered. The whispering of several men, and the protestations of the portress were heard in the hall.

30

The nun did not raise her eyes. She was praying. The candle was on the mantel, and gave but a dim light. Javert perceived the sister, and stopped abashed.

35

It will be remembered that the very foundation of Javert, his element, the medium in which he breathed, was veneration for all authority. He was perfectly homogeneous, and admitted of no objection, or abridgment. To him, be it under-

stood, ecclesiastical authority was the highest of all; he was devout and correct, upon this point as upon all others. In his eyes, a priest was a spirit who was never mistaken, a nun was a being who never sinned. They were souls walled in 5 from this world, with a single door which never opened but for the exit of truth.

On perceiving the sister, his first impulse was to retire. But there was also another duty which held him, and which urged him imperiously in the opposite direction. His second im- 10 pulse was to remain, and to venture at least one question. This was Sister Simplice, who had never lied in her life. Javert knew this, and venerated her especially on account of it.

"Sister," said he, "are you alone in this room?"

There was a fearful instant during which the poor portress 15 felt her limbs falter beneath her. The sister raised her eyes, and replied:

"Yes."

Then continued Javert — "Excuse me if I persist, it is my duty — you have not seen this evening a person, a man — he 20 has escaped, and we are in search of him — Jean Valjean — you have not seen him?"

The sister answered — "No."

She lied. Two lies in succession, one upon another, without hesitation, quickly, as if she were an adept in it.

25 "Your pardon!" said Javert, and he withdrew, bowing reverently.

Oh, holy maiden! for many years thou hast been no more in this world; thou hast joined thy sisters, the virgins, and thy brethren, the angels, in glory; may this falsehood be remem- 30 bered to thee in Paradise.

The affirmation of the sister was to Javert something so decisive that he did not even notice the singularity of the taper just blown out, and smoking on the table.

An hour afterwards, a man was walking rapidly in the dark- 35 ness beneath the trees, from Montreuil sur Mer in the direction of Paris. This man was Jean Valjean.

COSETTE

BOOK II — COSETTE

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PART FIRST—THE PROMISE FULFILLED

I. THE SHIP "ORION"

JAVERT never allowed one of the victims he had marked, to wander long in liberty; and so, when Jean Valjean had escaped him at Montreuil sur Mer, he went post haste to Paris, where he was sure the former mayor would try to conceal himself. One day as he was walking down a side-street, he saw a carter struggling with a heavy weight he wanted to place in his wagon. For some time he wrestled with it, but though a man of powerful frame, he was unable to move it. When he was about to give up, an old man dressed in the coarse clothes of a labourer came by. He saw the fruitless efforts of the teamster, so stepped up to lend his aid. He looked at the weight for a moment, and then stooping down, lifted it with ease into the wagon.

Javert had been watching the proceedings and immediately stepped up. An almost imperceptible shudder passed over the frame of the old man, and he made to walk away. But before he had taken two steps, Javert's hand was on his shoulder.

Together they went to the department of police, and some days later, this old man whom the reader has doubtless recognised as Jean Valjean was again in the galleys at Toulon.

Towards the end of October, in that same year, 1823, the inhabitants of Toulon saw coming back into their port, in consequence of heavy weather, and in order to repair some damages, the ship *Orion*, which then formed a part of the Mediterranean squadron. This ship, crippled as she was, produced some sensation on entering the roadstead. She flew a pennant which entitled her to a salute of eleven guns.

The presence of a vessel of war in port has about it a certain influence which attracts and engages the multitude. It is

because it is something grand, and the multitude like what is imposing. A ship-of-the-line is one of the most magnificent struggles of human genius with the forces of nature.

But a moment comes, when the white squall breaks that
5 sixty-foot yard ° like a straw ; and when the wind flaw bends that two hundred foot mast like a reed ; when that anchor, weighing its tons upon tons, is twisted in the maw of the wave like the angler's hook in the jaws of a pike ; when those monster guns utter plaintive and futile roarings which the tempest
10 whirls away into space and night, when all this might and all this majesty are engulfed in a superior might and majesty. Whenever immense strength is put forth only to end in immense weakness, it makes men meditate. Hence it is that, in seaports, the curious, without themselves knowing exactly
15 why, throng about these wonderful instruments of war and navigation.

Every day, then, from morning till night, the quays, ° the wharves, and the piers of the port of Toulon were covered with a throng of saunterers and idlers, whose occupation consisted
20 in gazing at the *Orion*.

The *Orion* was a ship that had long been in bad condition. During her previous voyages, thick layers of shellfish had gathered on her bottom to such an extent as to seriously impede her progress ; she had been put in the dry-dock the year
25 before, to be scraped, and then she had gone to sea again. But her planking had loosened and opened, and as there was in those days no copper sheathing, the ship had leaked. A fierce equinoctial ° came on, which stove in the larboard ° bows, and in consequence of this the *Orion* put back to Toulon.

30 One morning, the throng which was gazing at her witnessed an accident. The crew were engaged in furling sail. The topman, whose duty it was to take in the starboard ° upper corner of the main top-sail, lost his balance. He was seen tottering ; the dense throng assembled on the wharf uttered a cry, the
35 man's head overbalanced his body, and he whirled over the yard, his arms outstretched towards the deep. As he went over he grasped a rope, first with one hand, and then with the other, and hung suspended in that manner. The sea lay far below him at a giddy depth. The shock of his fall had

given to the man a violent swinging motion, and the poor fellow hung dangling to and fro at the end of this line, like a stone in a sling.

To go to his aid was to run a frightful risk. None of the crew, who were all fishermen of the coast recently taken into service, dared attempt it. In the meantime, the poor topman was becoming exhausted; his agony could not be seen in his countenance, but his increasing weakness could be detected in the movements of all his limbs. His arms twisted about in horrible contortions. Every attempt he made to reascend only increased the oscillations of the rope. He did not cry out, for fear of losing his strength. All were now looking forward to the moment when he should let go, and, at instants, all turned their heads away that they might not see him fall. There are moments when a rope's end, a pole, the branch of a tree, is life itself, and it is a frightful thing to see a living being lose his hold upon it, and fall like a ripe fruit.

Suddenly, a man was discovered clambering up the rigging with the agility of a wildcat. This man was clad in red — it was a convict; he wore a green cap — it was a convict for life. As he reached the round top, a gust of wind blew off his cap and revealed a head entirely white: it was not a young man.

In fact, one of the convicts employed on board in some prison task, had, at the first alarm, run to the officer of the watch, and, amid the confusion and hesitation of the crew, while all the sailors trembled and shrank back, had asked permission to save the topman's life at the risk of his own. A sign of assent being given, with one blow of a hammer he broke the chain riveted to the iron ring at his ankle, then took a rope in his hand, and flung himself into the shrouds. Nobody, at the moment, noticed with what ease the chain was broken. It was only some time afterwards that anybody remembered it.

In a twinkling he was upon the yard. He paused a few seconds, and seemed to measure it with his glance. Those seconds during which the wind swayed the sailor to and fro at the end of the rope, seemed ages to the lookers-on. At length, the convict raised his eyes to heaven, and took a step forward. The crowd drew a long breath. He was seen to run along the

yard. On reaching its extreme tip, he fastened one end of the rope he had with him, and let the other hang at full length. Thereupon, he began to let himself down by his hands along this rope, and then there was an inexpressible sensation of terror; instead of one man, two were seen dangling at that giddy height.

You would have said it was a spider seizing a fly; only, in this case, the spider was bringing life, and not death. Ten thousand eyes were fixed upon the group. Not a cry, not a word was uttered; the same emotion contracted every brow. Every man held his breath, as if afraid to add the least whisper to the wind which was swaying the two unfortunate men. However, the convict, at length, managed to make his way down to the seaman. It was time; one minute more, and the man, exhausted and despairing, would have fallen into the deep. The convict firmly secured him to the rope to which he clung with one hand while he worked with the other. Finally, he was seen reascending to the yard, and hauling the sailor after him. He supported him there, for an instant, to let him recover his strength, and then, lifting him in his arms, carried him as he walked along the yard, to the round-top, where he left him in the hands of his messmates.

Then the throng applauded; old galley sergeants wept, women hugged each other on the wharves, and, on all sides, voices were heard exclaiming, with a sort of tenderly subdued enthusiasm: — "This man must be pardoned!"

He, however, had made it a point of duty to descend again immediately, and go back to his work. In order to arrive more quickly, he slid down the rigging, and started to run along a lower yard. All eyes were following him. There was a certain moment when every one felt alarmed; whether it was that he felt fatigued, or because his head swam, people thought they saw him hesitate and stagger. Suddenly, the throng uttered a thrilling outcry: the convict had fallen into the sea.

The fall was perilous. The frigate ° *Algesiras* was moored close to the *Orion*, and the poor convict had plunged between the two ships. It was feared that he would be drawn under one or the other. Four men sprang, at once, into a boat. The people cheered them on, and anxiety again took posses-

sion of all minds. The man had not again risen to the surface. He had disappeared in the sea, without making even a ripple, as though he had fallen into a cask of oil. They sounded and dragged the place. It was in vain. The search was continued until night, but not even the body was found.

The next morning, the *Toulon Journal* published the following lines: — "November 17, 1823. Yesterday, a convict at work on board of the *Orion*, on his return from rescuing a sailor, fell into the sea, and was drowned. His body was not recovered. It is presumed that it has been caught under the piles at the pier-head of the arsenal. This man was registered by 15 the number 9430, and his name was Jean Valjean."

II. THE "SERGEANT OF WATERLOO"

ON Christmas evening in the year 1823, several men, wag-
 oners and pedlars, were seated at the table and drinking
 around four or five candles in the low hall of the Thénardier 15
 tavern. Cosette was at her usual place, seated on the cross-
 piece of the kitchen table, near the fireplace; she was clad in
 rags; her bare feet were in wooden shoes, and by the light of
 the fire she was knitting woollen stockings for the little Thé-
 nardiens. A young kitten was playing under the chairs. In a 20
 neighbouring room the fresh voices of two children were heard
 laughing and prattling; it was Eponine and Azelma.

At intervals, the cry of a very young child, which was some-
 where in the house, was heard above the noise of the bar-room.
 This was a little boy which the woman had had some winters 25
 before. The mother had nursed him, but did not love him.
 When the hungry clamour of the brat became too much to
 bear: — "Your boy is squalling," said Thénardier, "why
 don't you go and see what he wants?" "Bah!" answered the
 mother; "I am sick of him." And the poor little fellow con- 30
 tinued to cry in the darkness.

This man and this woman were cunning and rage married —
 a hideous and terrible pair. Cosette was between them, un-
 dergoing their double pressure, like a creature who is at the
 same time being bruised by a millstone, and lacerated with 35
 pincers. The man and the woman had each a different way.

Cosette was beaten unmercifully ; that came from the woman. She went barefoot in winter ; that came from the man.

Cosette ran up stairs and down stairs ; washed, brushed, scrubbed, swept, ran, tired herself, got out of breath, lifted 5 heavy things, and, puny as she was, did the rough work. No pity ; a ferocious mistress, a malignant master. The Thénardier chop-house was like a snare, in which Cosette had been caught, and was trembling. The ideal of oppression was realised by this dismal servitude. It was something like a fly 15 serving spiders. The poor child was passive and silent.

Four new guests had just come in. Cosette was musing sadly ; for, though she was only eight years old, she had already suffered so much that she mused with the mournful air 15 of an old woman. She was then thinking that it was evening, late in the evening, that the bowls and pitchers in the rooms of the travellers who had arrived must be filled immediately, and that there was no more water in the cistern. One thing comforted her a little ; they did not drink much water in the Thénardier tavern.

20 From time to time, one of the drinkers would look out into the street and exclaim : — “ It is as black as an oven ! ” or, “ It would take a cat to go along the street without a lantern to-night ! ” And Cosette shuddered.

All at once, one of the pedlars who lodged in the tavern came 25 in, and said in a harsh voice :

“ You have not watered my horse.”

Cosette came out from under the table.

“ Oh, yes, monsieur ! ” said she, “ the horse did drink ; he drank in the bucket, the bucket full, and ’twas me that 30 carried it to him, and I talked to him.”

This was not true. Cosette lied.

“ Here is a girl as big as my fist, who can tell a lie as big as a house,” exclaimed the pedlar. “ I tell you that he has not had any water, little wench ! He has a way of blowing when 35 he has not had any water, that I know well enough.”

“ Well, of course that is right,” said the Thénardiess ; ° “ if the beast has not had any water, she must have some.”

Then looking about her :

“ Well, what has become of that girl ? ”

She stooped down and discovered Cosette crouched at the other end of the table, almost under the feet of the drinkers.

"Aren't you coming?" cried the Thénardiess.

Cosette came out of the kind of hole where she had hidden. The Thénardiess continued: "Mademoiselle Dog-without-a-^s name, go and carry some drink to this horse."

"But, ma'am," said Cosette feebly, "there is no water."

The Thénardiess threw the street door wide open. "Well, go after some!"

Cosette hung her head, and went for an empty bucket that ¹⁰ was by the chimney corner. The bucket was larger than she, and the child could have sat down in it comfortably. The Thénardiess went back to her range, and tasted what was in the kettle with a wooden spoon, grumbling the while, "There is some at the spring."

15

Then she fumbled in a drawer where there were some pennies, pepper, and garlic.

"Here, Ma'm'selle Toad," added she, "get a big loaf at the baker's, as you come back. Here is fifteen sous."

Cosette had a little pocket in the side of her apron; she took ²⁰ the piece without saying a word, and put it in that pocket. Then she remained motionless, bucket in hand, the open door before her. She seemed to be waiting for somebody to come to her aid.

"Get along!" cried the Thénardiess.

25

Cosette went out. The door closed. She thought no more; she saw nothing more. The immensity of night confronted this little creature. On one side, the infinite shadow; on the other, an atom.

It was only seven or eight minutes' walk to the spring. ³⁰ Cosette knew the road, from travelling it several times a day. Strange thing, she did not lose her way. A remnant of instinct guided her blindly. But she neither turned her eyes to the right nor to the left, for fear of seeing things in the trees and in the bushes. Thus she arrived at the spring.

35

It was a small natural basin, made by the water in the loamy soil, about two feet deep, surrounded with moss, and with long figured grass, and paved with a few large stones. A brock escaped from it with a gentle, tranquil murmur.

Cosette did not take time to breathe. It was very dark, but she was accustomed to come to this fountain. She felt with her left hand in the darkness for a young oak which bent over the spring and usually served her as a support, found a branch, swung herself from it, bent down and plunged the bucket in the water. She was for a moment so excited that her strength was tripled. When she was thus bent over, she did not notice that the pocket of her apron emptied itself into the spring. The fifteen-sous piece fell into the water. Cosette neither saw it nor heard it fall. She drew out the bucket almost full and set it on the grass. She breathed an instant, then grasped the handle, and walked on. But she had to stop again. After resting a few seconds, she started on. She walked bending forward, her head down, like an old woman: the weight of the bucket strained and stiffened her thin arms. The iron handle was numbing and freezing her little wet hands; from time to time she had to stop, and every time she stopped, the cold water that splashed from the bucket fell upon her naked knees. This took place in the depth of a wood, at night, in the winter, far from all human sight; it was a child of eight years; there was none but God at that moment who saw this sad thing.

And undoubtedly her mother, alas! For there are things which open the eyes of the dead in their grave.

She was worn out with fatigue, and was not yet out of the forest. Arriving near an old chestnut tree which she knew, she made a last halt, longer than the others, to get well rested; then she gathered all her strength, took up the bucket again, and began to walk on courageously. Meanwhile the poor little despairing thing could not help crying: "Oh! my God! my God!"

At that moment she felt all at once that the weight of the bucket was gone. A hand, which seemed enormous to her, had just caught the handle, and was carrying it easily. She raised her head. A large dark form, straight and erect, was walking beside her in the gloom. It was a man who had come up behind her, and whom she had not heard. This man, without saying a word, had grasped the handle of the bucket she was carrying.

There are instincts for all the crises of life. The child was not afraid.

III. IN THE MEANTIME

IN the afternoon of that same Christmas-day, 1823, a man walked a long time in the most deserted portion of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital at Paris. This man had the appearance of some one who was looking for lodgings, and seemed to stop by preference before the most modest houses. We shall see further on that this man did in fact hire a room in this isolated quarter.

This man, in his dress as in his whole person, realised the type of what might be called the mendicant of good society — extreme misery being combined with extreme neatness. One would have called him an old preceptor of a good family, returned from the emigration.^o From his hair, which was entirely white, from his wrinkled brow, from his livid lips, from his face in which everything breathed exhaustion and weariness of life, one would have supposed him considerably over sixty. From his firm though slow step, and the singular vigour impressed upon all his motions, one would hardly have thought him fifty. The wrinkles on his forehead were well disposed, and would have prepossessed in his favour any one who observed him with attention. His lip contracted with a strange expression, which seemed severe and yet which was humble. There was in the depths of his eye an indescribably mournful serenity. He carried in his left hand a small package tied in a handkerchief, with his right he leaned upon a sort of staff cut from a hedge. This staff had been finished with some care; it was a cudgel, and it seemed a cane.

After dark he entered the office of the Lagny stage. This stage started at half past four. The horses were harnessed, and the travellers, who had been called by the driver hastily, were climbing the high iron steps of the vehicle.

The man asked: "Have you a seat?"

"Only one, beside me, on the box," said the driver.

"I will take it," and the traveller paid through to Lagny.

They started off. When they had passed the *barrière*,^o the driver tried to start a conversation, but the traveller answered only in monosyllables. The driver wrapped himself up in his cloak. It was cold. The man did not appear to notice it. About six o'clock in the evening they were at Chelles. The driver stopped to let his horses breathe.

"I will get down here," said the man.

He took his bundle and stick, and jumped down from the stage. A moment afterwards he had disappeared.

10 The man had not sunk into the ground, but he had hurried rapidly in the darkness along the main street of Chelles; then he had turned to the left, into the cross road leading to Montfermeil, like one who knew the country and had been that way before.

15 When he reached the wood, he slackened his pace, and began to look carefully at all the trees, pausing at every step, as if he were seeking and following a mysterious route known only to himself. Finally he arrived, by continual groping, at a glade where there was a heap of large whitish stones.
20 He made his way quickly towards these stones, and examined them with attention in the dusk of the night. A large tree was a few steps from the heap of stones. He went to this tree, and passed his hand over the bark of the trunk, as if he were seeking to recognise it. Opposite this tree, there was a
25 chestnut tree wounded in the bark, which had been staunched with a bandage of zinc nailed on. He rose on tip-toe and touched that band of zinc.

Then he stamped for some time upon the ground in the space between the tree and the stones, like one who would be
30 sure that the earth had not been freshly stirred. This done, he took his course and resumed his walk through the woods. This was the man who had fallen in with Cosette. As he made his way through the copse in the direction of Montfermeil, he had perceived that little shadow, struggling along
35 with a groan, setting her burden on the ground, then taking it up and going on again. He had approached her and seen that it was a very young child carrying an enormous bucket of water. Then he had gone to the child, and silently taken hold of the handle of the bucket.

IV. THE STRANGER AT THE INN

COSETTE, we have said, was not afraid. The man spoke to her. His voice was serious, and was almost a whisper.

"My child, that is very heavy for you which you are carrying there."

Cosette raised her head and answered: "Yes, monsieur." 5

"Give it to me," the man continued, "I will carry it for you."

Cosette let go of the bucket. The man walked along with her.

"It is very heavy, indeed," said he to himself. Then he 10 added: "Little girl, how old are you?"

"Eight years, monsieur."

"And have you come far in this way?"

"From the spring in the woods."

"And are you going far?"

15

"A good quarter of an hour from here."

The man remained a moment without speaking, then he said abruptly: "You have no mother then?"

"I don't know," answered the child.

Before the man had had time to say a word, she added: 20

"I don't believe I have. All the rest have one. For my part, I have none."

And after a silence, she added: "I believe I never had any."

The man stopped, put the bucket on the ground, stooped 25 down and placed his hands upon the child's shoulders, making an effort to look at her and see her face in the darkness.

The thin and puny face of Cosette was vaguely outlined in the livid light of the sky.

"What is your name?" said the man.

"Cosette."

30

It seemed as if the man had an electric shock. He looked at her again, then letting go of her shoulders, took up the bucket, and walked on. A moment after, he asked: "Little girl, where do you live?"

"At Montfermeil, if you know it."

35

"It is there that we are going?"

"Yes, monsieur."

He made another pause, then he began: "Who is it that has sent you out into the woods after water at this time of night?"

"Madame Thénardier."

5 The man resumed with a tone of voice which he tried to render indifferent, but in which there was nevertheless a singular tremor: "What does she do, your Madame Thénardier?"

"She is my mistress," said the child. "She keeps the
10 tavern."

"The tavern," said the man. "Well, I am going there to lodge to-night. Show me the way."

"We are going there," said the child.

The man walked very fast. Cosette followed him without
15 difficulty. She felt fatigue no more. From time to time, she raised her eyes towards this man with a sort of tranquillity and inexpressible confidence. She had never been taught to turn towards Providence and to pray. However, she felt in her bosom something that resembled hope and joy, and
20 which rose towards heaven.

As they drew near the tavern, Cosette timidly touched his arm: "Monsieur?"

"What, my child?"

"Here we are close by the house. Will you let me take the
25 bucket now? Because, if madame sees that anybody brought it for me, she will beat me."

The man gave her the bucket. A moment after they were at the door of the chop-house. The door opened. The Thénardiess appeared with a candle in her hand.

30 "Madame," said Cosette, trembling, "there is a gentleman who is coming to lodge."

The Thénardiess very quickly replaced her fierce air by her amiable grimace, a change at sight peculiar to innkeepers, and looked for the new-comer with eager eyes.

35 "Is it monsieur?" said she.

"Yes, madame," answered the man, touching his hat.

Rich travellers are not so polite. This gesture and the sight of the stranger's costume, and baggage which the Thénardiess passed in review at a glance made the amiable grimace

disappear and the fierce air reappear. She added dryly: "Ah! my brave man, I am very sorry, but I have no room."

"Put me where you will," said the man, "in the garret, in the stable. I will pay as if I had a room."

5

"Forty sous."

"Forty sous. Well."

"In advance."

Meanwhile the man, after leaving his stick and bundle on a bench, had seated himself at a table on which Cosette had been quick to place a bottle of wine and a glass. The pedlar, who had asked for the bucket of water, had gone himself to carry it to his horse. Cosette had resumed her place under the kitchen table and her knitting. The man, who hardly touched his lips to the wine he had turned out, was contemplating the child with a strange attention.

Cosette was ugly. Happy, she might, perhaps, have been pretty. Thin and pale, she was nearly eight years old, but one would hardly have thought her six. Her large eyes, sunk in a sort of shadow, were almost put out by continual weeping. The corners of her mouth had that curve of habitual anguish, which is seen in the condemned and in the hopelessly sick. The light of the fire which was shining upon her, made her bones stand out and rendered her thinness fearfully visible. As she was always shivering, she had acquired the habit of drawing her knees together. Her whole dress was nothing but a rag, which would have excited pity in the summer, and which excited horror in the winter. She had on nothing but cotton, and that full of holes; not a rag of woollen. Her skin showed here and there, and black and blue spots could be distinguished, which indicated the places where the Thénardiess had touched her. Her naked legs were red and rough. The hollows under her collar bones would make one weep. The whole person of this child, her gait, her attitude, the sound of her voice, the intervals between one word and another, her looks, her silence, her least motion, expressed and uttered a single idea: fear.

The man did not take his eyes from Cosette. Suddenly, the Thénardiess exclaimed out: "Oh! I forgot! that bread!"

Cosette had entirely forgotten the bread. She had recourse to the expedient of children who are always terrified. She lied.

"Madame, the baker was shut."

5 "You ought to have knocked."

"I did knock, madame, but he didn't open."

"I'll find out to-morrow if that is true," said the Thénardiess, "and if you are lying you will lead a pretty dance. Meantime, give me back the fifteen-sous piece."

10 Cosette plunged her hand into her apron pocket, and turned white. The fifteen-sous piece was not there.

"Come," said the Thénardiess, "didn't you hear me?"

Cosette turned her pocket inside out; there was nothing there. What could have become of that money? The little

15 unfortunate could not utter a word. She was petrified.

"Have you lost it, the fifteen-sous piece?" screamed the Thénardiess, "or do you want to steal it from me?"

At the same time she reached her arm towards the cowhide hanging in the chimney corner.

20 Meanwhile the man in the yellow coat had been fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, without being noticed. Cosette was writhing with anguish in the chimney-corner, trying to gather up and hide her poor half-naked limbs. The Thénardiess raised her arm.

25 "I beg your pardon, madame," said the man, "but I just now saw something fall out of the pocket of that little girl's apron and roll away. That may be it."

At the same time he stooped down and appeared to search on the floor for an instant.

30 "Just so, here it is," said he, rising. And he handed a silver piece to the Thénardiess.

"Yes, that is it," said she.

That was not it, for it was a twenty-sous piece, but the Thénardiess found her profit in it. She put the piece in her

35 pocket, and contented herself with casting a ferocious look at the child. Cosette went back to what the Thénardiess called "her hole," and her large eye, fixed upon the unknown traveller, began to assume an expression that it had never known before. It was still only an artless astonishment, but

a sort of blind confidence was associated with it. A little later the Thénardiess sent her children and Cosette to bed.

Several hours passed away. The midnight mass was said, the revel was finished, the drinkers had gone, the house was closed, the room was deserted, the fire had gone out. The stranger still remained in the same place and in the same posture. From time to time he changed the elbow on which he rested. That was all. But he had not spoken a word since Cosette was gone. Finally, Thénardier took off his cap, approached softly, and ventured to say, "Is monsieur not going to repose?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "you are right. Where is your stable?"

"Monsieur," said Thénardier, with a smile, "I will conduct monsieur."

He took the candle, the man took his bundle and his staff, and Thénardier led him into a room on the first floor, which was very showy, furnished all in mahogany, with a high-post bedstead and red calico curtains. Something in the manner of this strange wayfarer had caused both the innkeeper and his wife to suspect that this man whom they took for a pauper was none other than the banker who sent them their remittances, in disguise. It was this suspicion that made Thénardier conduct his guest into his best chamber.

"What is this?" said the traveller.

"It is properly our bridal chamber; this is not open more than three or four times in a year."

"I should have liked the stable as well," said the man, bluntly.

Thénardier did not appear to hear this not very civil answer. He lighted two entirely new wax candles, which were displayed upon the mantel; a good fire was blazing in the fire-place.

When the traveller turned again the host had disappeared. Thénardier had discreetly taken himself out of the way without daring to say good-night, not desiring to treat with a disrespectful cordiality a man whom he proposed to skin royally in the morning.

The stranger sat down in an arm-chair, and remained some

time thinking. Then he drew off his shoes, took one of the two candles, blew out the other, pushed open the door, and went out of the room, looking about him as if he were searching for something. He passed through a hall, and came to the 5 stairway. There he heard a very soft little sound, which resembled the breathing of a child. Guided by this sound he came to a sort of triangular nook built under the stairs. There, among all sorts of old baskets and old rubbish, in the dust and among the cobwebs, there was a bed. It was placed 10 on the floor immediately on the tiles, and in it Cosette was sleeping.

An open door near Cosette's nook disclosed a large dark room. The stranger entered. At the further end, through a glass window, he perceived two little beds with very white 15 spreads. They were those of the two little daughters of the house. He was about to withdraw when his eyes fell upon the fireplace, one of those huge tavern fireplaces where there is always so little fire. In this one there was no fire, there were not even any ashes. What there was, however, attracted 20 the traveller's attention. It was two little children's shoes, of coquettish shape and of different sizes. The traveller remembered the graceful and immemorial custom of children putting their shoes in the fireplace on Christmas night, to wait there in the darkness in expectation of some shining 25 gift from their good fairy. The children Eponine and Azelma had taken good care not to forget this, and each had put one of her shoes in the fireplace.

The traveller bent over them. The fairy — that is to say the mother — had already made her visit, and shining in 30 each shoe was a beautiful new ten-sous piece.

The man rose up and was on the point of going away, when he perceived further along, by itself, in the darkest corner of the fireplace, another object. He looked, and recognised a shoe, a wooden shoe of the clumsiest sort, half broken and 5 covered with ashes and dried mud. It was Cosette's shoe. Cosette, with that touching confidence of childhood which can always be deceived without ever being discouraged, had also placed her shoe in the fireplace. There was nothing in this wooden shoe.

The stranger fumbled in his waistcoat, bent over, and dropped into Cosette's shoe a gold louis. Then he went back to his room with stealthy tread.

V. THE NEXT MORNING

EARLY the next morning after the stranger had paid his bill, he engaged Thénardier and his wife in conversation. 5 The innkeeper complained of the hardness of the times, of the difficulty he had in earning sufficient money to keep his family and little Cosette from starving or freezing to death. It was this that the guest had been leading to. All of a sudden he turned to Thénardier and asked :

10

"How much would you take in return for the little Lark?"

Thénardier was staggered, but quick as a flash he recovered himself, and answered, "Monsieur, I must have fifteen hundred francs."

The stranger took from his side-pocket an old black leather 15 pocket-book, opened it, and drew forth three bank bills which he placed upon the table. He then rested his large thumb on these bills, and said to the tavern-keeper. "Bring Cosette."

The Thénardiess at her husband's command went to get her, and an instant after the little girl entered the bar-room. 20

The stranger took the bundle he had brought and untied it. This bundle contained a little woollen frock, woollen stockings, and shoes — a complete dress for a girl of seven years. It was all in black.

"My child," said the man, "take this and go and dress 25 yourself quickly."

The day was breaking when those of the inhabitants of Montfermeil who were beginning to open their doors, saw pass on the road to Paris a poorly clad goodman leading a little girl dressed in mourning. It was the stranger and Cosette. No 30 one recognised the man; as Cosette was not now in tatters, few recognised her.

Cosette was going away. With whom? She was ignorant. Where? She knew not. All she understood was, that she was leaving behind the Thénardier chop-house. 35 Nobody had thought of bidding her good-by, nor had she of

bidding good-by to anybody. She went out from that house, hated and hating. Poor gentle being, whose heart had only been crushed hitherto.

5 Cosette walked seriously along, opening her large eyes, and looking at the sky. She had put her louis in the pocket of her new frock. From time to time she bent over and cast a glance at it, and then looked at the goodman. She felt somewhat as if she were near God.

The two had hardly been gone a quarter of an hour when the
10 innkeeper and his wife began to think they had let Cosette go too cheaply. At the wife's suggestion therefore, Thénardier started in pursuit of them. They had the start of him, but a child walks slowly, and he went rapidly. And then the country was well known to him. When he had passed the
15 ponds, and crossed obliquely the large meadow at the right, he perceived above a bush, the hat on which he had already built so many conjectures. It was the man's hat. The bushes were low. Thénardier perceived that the man and Cosette were seated there. The child could not be seen, she was so short.
20 Thénardier was not deceived. The man had sat down there to give Cosette a little rest. The chop-house keeper turned aside the bushes, and suddenly appeared before the eyes of those whom he sought.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said he, all out of breath; "but
25 here are your fifteen hundred francs."

So saying, he held out the three bank bills to the stranger.

The man raised his eyes: "What does that mean?"

Thénardier answered respectfully: "Monsieur, that means
that I take back Cosette."

30 Cosette shuddered, and hugged close to the goodman. He answered, looking Thénardier straight in the eye, and spacing his syllables.

"You — take — back — Cosette?"

"Yes, monsieur, I take her back. I tell you I have re-
35 flected. Indeed, I haven't the right to give her to you. This little girl is not mine. She belongs to her mother. Her mother has confided her to me; I can only give her up to her mother. You will tell me her mother is dead. Well. In that case, I can only give up the child to a person who

shall bring me a written order, signed by the mother, stating I should deliver the child to him. That is clear."

The man, without answering, felt in his pocket, and Thénardier saw the pocket-book containing the bank bills reappear. The tavern-keeper felt a thrill of joy. 5

Before opening the pocket-book, the traveller cast a look about him. The place was entirely deserted. There was not a soul either in the wood, or in the valley. The man opened the pocket-book, and drew from it, not the handful of bank-bills which Thénardier expected, but a little piece of 10 paper, which he unfolded and presented open to the innkeeper, saying: "You are right. Read that!"

Thénardier took the paper and read.

"Monsieur Thénardier :

You will deliver Cosette to the bearer. 15

He will settle all small debts.

FANTINE."

"You know that signature?" asked the man.

It was indeed the signature of Fantine. Thénardier recognised it. There was nothing to say. He felt doubly enraged : 20 enraged at being compelled to give up the bribe which he hoped for, and enraged at being beaten. The man added : "You can keep this paper as your receipt."

Thénardier retreated in good order.

"This signature is very well imitated," he grumbled be- 25 tween his teeth. "Well, so be it!"

Then he made a desperate effort. "Monsieur," said he, "it is all right. But you must settle 'all small debts.' There is a large amount due to me."

The man rose to his feet, and said: "Monsieur Thénardier, 30 in January the mother reckoned that she owed you a hundred and twenty francs; you sent her in February a memorandum of five hundred francs; you received three hundred francs at the end of February, and three hundred at the beginning of March. There has since elapsed nine months which, at 35 fifteen francs per month, the price agreed upon, amounts to a hundred and thirty-five francs. You had received a

hundred francs in advance. There remains thirty-five francs due you. I have just given you fifteen hundred francs."

Thénardier felt what the wolf feels the moment when he finds himself seized and crushed by the steel jaws of the trap. But he did what the wolf does, he gave a spring. Audacity had succeeded with him once already.

"Monsieur I-don't-know-your-name," said he resolutely, and putting aside this time all show of respect. "I shall take back Cosette or you must give me a thousand crowns."

10 The stranger said quietly: "Come, Cosette."

He took Cosette with his left hand, and with the right picked up his staff, which was on the ground. Thénardier noted the enormous size of the cudgel, and the solitude of the place. The man disappeared in the wood with the child, leaving the chop-house keeper motionless.

As they walked away, Thénardier observed his broad shoulders, a little rounded, and his big fists. Then his eyes fell back upon his own puny arms and thin hands. "I must have been a fool indeed," thought he, "not to have brought
20 my gun, as I was going on a hunt."

However, the innkeeper did not abandon the pursuit. "I must know where he goes," said he; and he began to follow them at a distance. There remained two things in his possession, one a bitter mockery, the piece of paper signed *Fantine*, and the other a consolation, the fifteen hundred francs.

The man was leading Cosette and was walking slowly, his head bent down, in an attitude of reflection and sadness. The winter had bereft the wood of foliage, so that Thénardier did not lose sight of them, though remaining at a considerable
30 distance behind. From time to time the man turned, and looked to see if he were followed. Suddenly he perceived Thénardier. He at once entered a coppice with Cosette, and both disappeared from sight. "The devil!" said Thénardier. And he redoubled his pace.

35 The density of the thicket compelled him to approach them. When the man reached the thickest part of the wood, he turned again. Thénardier had endeavoured to conceal himself in the branches, but he could not prevent the man from seeing him. The man cast an uneasy glance at him,

then shook his head, and resumed his journey. The innkeeper again took up the pursuit. They walked thus two or three hundred paces. Suddenly the man turned again. He perceived the innkeeper. This time he looked at him so forbiddingly that Thénardier judged it "unprofitable" to go further. Thénardier went home.

It has already been surmised who the mysterious stranger is. Jean Valjean was not dead. When he fell into the sea, or rather when he threw himself into it, he was, as we have seen, free from his irons. He swam under water to a ship¹⁰ at anchor to which a boat was fastened. He found means to conceal himself in this boat until evening. At night he betook himself again to the water, and reached land. There, as he did not lack for money, he could procure clothes. Then Jean Valjean, like all those joyless fugitives who are en-¹⁵ deavouring to throw off the track the spy of the law and social fatality, followed an obscure and wandering path to Paris.

His first care, on reaching Paris, had been to purchase a mourning dress for a little girl of eight years, then to procure lodgings. That done, he had gone to Montfermeil. He was²⁰ believed to be dead, and that thickened the obscurity which surrounded him. At Paris there fell into his hands a paper which chronicled the fact. He felt reassured, and almost as much at peace as if he really had been dead.

On the evening of the same day that Jean Valjean had²⁵ rescued Cosette from the clutches of the Thénardiess, he entered Paris again. He entered the city at night-fall, with the child. There he took a cabriolet,² which carried him as far as the esplanade of the Observatory. There he got out, paid the driver, took Cosette by the hand, and both walked through³⁰ the deserted streets towards the Boulevard de l'Hôpital.

The day had been strange and full of emotion for Cosette; they had eaten behind hedges bread and cheese bought at isolated chop-houses; they had often changed carriages, and had travelled short distances on foot. She did not complain;³⁵ but she was tired, and Jean Valjean perceived it by her pulling more heavily at his hand while walking. He took her in his arms, and Cosette laid her head on Jean Valjean's shoulder and went to sleep.

PART SECOND—IN PARIS

I. THE GORBEAU HOUSE

JEAN VALJEAN's lodgings were in a rickety old dwelling at 50-52 Boulevard de l'Hôpital, known as the Gorbeau house. There were three rooms up stairs, one of which he planned for Cosette, a second he reserved for himself, the third remained
5 tenantless. The old woman who acted as caretaker slept in the entry downstairs.

He took the still sleeping child, and laid her on the cot bed in her room, and sat down by the side. The dawn of the next day found Jean Valjean again near the bed of Cosette. He
10 waited there, motionless, to see her wake. Something new was entering his soul.

Jean Valjean had never loved anything. For twenty-five years he had been alone in the world. He had never been a father, lover, husband, or friend. At the galleys, he was cross,
15 sullen, abstinent, ignorant, and intractable. His sister and her children had left in his memory only a vague and distant impression, which had finally almost entirely vanished. He had made every exertion to find them again, and, not succeeding, had forgotten them. The other tender emotions of his
20 youth, if any such he had, were lost in an abyss.

When he saw Cosette, when he had taken her, carried her away, and rescued her, he felt his heart moved. All that he had of feeling and affection was aroused and vehemently attracted towards this child. He would approach the bed
25 where she slept, and would tremble there with delight; he felt inward yearnings, like a mother, and knew not what they were; for it is something very incomprehensible and very sweet, this grand and strange emotion of a heart in its first love. But, as he was fifty-five, and Cosette was but eight
30 years old, all that he might have felt of love in his entire life

melted into a sort of ineffable radiance. This was the second white vision he had seen. The bishop had caused the dawn of virtue on his horizon, Cosette evoked the dawn of love.

Jean Valjean was prudent enough never to go out in the daytime. Every evening, however, about twilight, he would walk for an hour or two, sometimes alone, often with Cosette, selecting the most unfrequented side alleys of the boulevards and going into the churches at nightfall. They lived frugally, always with a little fire in the stove, but like people in embarrassed circumstances.

He still wore his yellow coat, his black pantaloons, and his old hat. On the street he was taken for a beggar. It sometimes happened that kind-hearted dames, in passing, would turn, and hand him a penny. Jean Valjean accepted the penny and bowed humbly. It chanced, sometimes, also, that he would meet some wretched creature begging alms, and then, glancing about him to be sure that no one was looking, he would stealthily approach the beggar, slip a piece of money, often silver, into his hand, and walk rapidly away. This had its inconveniences. He began to be known in the quarter as *the beggar who gives alms*.

The old landlady, a crabbed creature, fully possessed with that keen observation as to all that concerned her neighbours, watched Jean Valjean closely without exciting his suspicion. One morning this old female spy saw Jean Valjean go, with an appearance which seemed peculiar to the old busybody, into one of the uninhabited apartments of the building. She followed him with the steps of an old cat, and could see him without herself being seen, through the chink of the door directly opposite. Jean Valjean had, doubtless for greater caution, turned his back towards the door in question. The old woman saw him fumble in his pocket, and take from it a needle case, scissors, and thread, and then proceed to rip open the lining of one lapel of his coat and take from under it a piece of yellowish paper, which he unfolded. The beldame remarked with dismay, that it was a bank bill for a thousand francs.

A moment afterwards, Jean Valjean accosted her, and asked her to get this thousand-franc bill changed for him.

adding that it was the half-yearly interest on his property which he had received on the previous day. "Where?" thought the old woman. He did not go out until six o'clock, and the government treasury is certainly not open at that hour. The old woman got the note changed, all the while forming her conjectures. Some days afterwards, it chanced that Jean Valjean, in his shirt-sleeves, was sawing wood in the entry. The old woman was in his room doing the chamberwork. She was alone. Cosette was intent upon the wood he was sawing. The old woman saw the coat hanging on a nail, and examined it. The lining had been sewed over. She felt it carefully and thought she could detect in the lapels and in the padding, thicknesses of paper. Other thousand-franc bills beyond a doubt!

She noticed, besides, that there were all sorts of things in the pockets. Not only were there the needles, scissors, and thread, which she had already seen, but a large pocket-book, a very big knife, and, worst symptom of all, several wigs of different colours. Every pocket of this coat had the appearance of containing something to be provided with against sudden emergencies. Thus, the occupants of the old building reached the closing days of winter.

There was, in the neighbourhood, a mendicant who sat crouching over the edge of a condemned public well near by, and to whom Jean Valjean often gave alms. He never passed this man without giving him a few pennies. Sometimes he spoke to him. Those who were envious of this poor creature said he was in the pay of the police. He was an old man of seventy-five, who was always mumbling prayers.

One evening, as Jean Valjean was passing that way, unaccompanied by Cosette, he noticed the beggar sitting in his usual place, under the street lamp which had just been lighted. The man, according to custom, seemed to be praying and was bent over. Jean Valjean walked up to him, and put a piece of money in his hand, as usual. The beggar suddenly raised his eyes, gazed intently at Jean Valjean, and then quickly dropped his head. This movement was like a flash; Jean Valjean shuddered; it seemed to him that he had just seen, by the light of the street-lamp, not the calm, sanctimonious

face of the aged beggar, but a terrible and well-known countenance. He experienced the sensation one would feel on finding himself suddenly face to face, in the gloom, with a tiger. He recoiled, horror-stricken and petrified, daring neither to breathe nor to speak, to stay nor to fly, but gazing 5 upon the beggar who had once more bent down his head, with its tattered covering, and seemed to be no longer conscious of his presence. At this singular moment, an instinct, perhaps the mysterious instinct of self-preservation, prevented Jean Valjean from uttering a word. Jean Valjean went home 10 anxious and ill at ease.

Some days after, it might have been eight o'clock in the evening, he was in his room, giving Cosette her spelling lesson, which the child was repeating in a loud voice, when he heard the door of the building open and close again. He sent 15 Cosette to bed, telling her in a suppressed voice to lie down very quietly. As he kissed her forehead, the footsteps stopped. Jean Valjean remained silent and motionless, his back turned towards the door, still seated on his chair from which he had not moved, and holding his breath in the darkness. After a 20 considerable interval, not hearing anything more, he threw himself on his bed without undressing, but could not shut his eyes that night.

At daybreak, as he was sinking into slumber from fatigue, he was aroused again by the same footstep which had 25 ascended the stairs, on the preceding night. He started from his bed and placed his eye to the keyhole, hoping to get a glimpse of the person, whoever it might be, who had made his way into the building in the night-time. It was a man who passed by Jean Valjean's room without stopping. The hall 30 was still too dark for him to make out his features; but, when the man reached the stairs, a ray of light from without made his figure stand out like a profile, and Jean Valjean had a full view of his back. The man was tall, wore a long frock-coat, and had a cudgel under his arm. It was the redoubtable 35 form of Javert.

All that day Jean Valjean remained in the house. When evening came, he made a roll of a hundred francs he had in a drawer and put it into his pocket. At dusk, he went to the

street-door and looked carefully up and down the boulevard. No one was to be seen. The boulevard seemed to be utterly deserted. It is true that there might have been some one hidden behind a tree.

5 He went upstairs again. "Come," said he to Cosette. He took her by the hand and they both went out.

II. THE FLIGHT

JEAN VALJEAN had immediately left the boulevard and began to thread the streets, making as many turns as he could, returning sometimes upon his track to make sure that he
10 was not followed. The moon was full. Jean Valjean was not sorry for that, for he could glide along the houses and the walls on the dark side and observe the light side.

Cosette walked without asking any questions. The sufferings of the last six years of her life had introduced something
15 of the passive into her nature. Besides — and this is a remark to which we shall have more than one occasion to return — she had become familiar, without being fully conscious of them, with the peculiarities of her good friend and the eccentricities of destiny. And then, she felt safe, being with him.
20 Jean Valjean knew, no more than Cosette, where he was going, but he was determined not to enter Gorbeau House again. Like the animal hunted from his den, he was looking for a hole to hide in until he could find one to remain in.

As eleven o'clock struck, he crossed the Rue de Pontoise
25 in front of the Bureau of Police. Some moments afterwards, the instinct of which we have already spoken made him turn his head. At this moment he saw distinctly, thanks to a lamp which revealed them, three men following him quite
30 near, pass one after another under this lamp on the dark side of the street. They stopped in the centre of the square and formed a group like people consulting. The man who seemed to be the leader turned and energetically pointed in the direction of Jean Valjean. At the instant when the leader turned, the moon shone full in his face. Jean Valjean recognised
35 Javert perfectly.

Uncertainty was at an end ; he took Cosette in his arms and

ran. The three men were at his heels in a moment, and for about a quarter of an hour the pursued and the pursuers tore through the deserted streets. But the superhuman strength of Jean Valjean, burdened though he was with Cosette, began to tell; he gained on Javert and his assistants, 5 and at a dark corner, ran up a narrow alley unobserved. For a moment he thought he was safe, but quickly he discovered that there was no opening at the other end, and turned back.

Javert meanwhile, having lost the scent, stationed one of 10 his men at the entrance of the alley ordering him to communicate if possible with headquarters, through some chance passer-by, asking the prefect of police to send a platoon of gens d'armes to the spot. Javert knew that the alley was closed at the other end, and hoped Jean Valjean had run in 15 there, but he was too old a hand to take chances, and did not want to run the risk of losing his prey by stopping to make a search.

Jean Valjean became desperate. He tried the doors along the alley, but found them locked and barred; he looked 20 up at the walls, they were too high to be scaled. At the further end, however, he came to a sharp corner above which he saw a lime tree.

Among other resources, thanks to his numerous escapes from the galleys at Toulon, he had, it will be remembered, 24 become master of that incredible art of raising himself, in the right angle of a wall, if need be to the height of a sixth story; an art without ladders or props, by mere muscular strength, supporting himself by the back of his neck, his shoulders, his hips, and his knees, hardly making use of the 30 few projections of the stone.

Jean Valjean measured with his eyes the wall above which he saw the lime tree. It was about eighteen feet high. The angle that it made was filled in its lower part with a pile of masonry of triangular shape, about five feet high. From 35 its top the space to climb to get upon the wall was hardly more than fourteen feet. The wall was capped by a flat stone without any projection.

The difficulty was Cosette. Cosette did not know how to

scale a wall. Abandon her? Jean Valjean did not think of it. To carry her was impossible. The whole strength of a man is necessary to accomplish these strange ascents. He needed a cord. Jean Valjean had none. Truly at that
5 instant, if Jean Valjean had had a kingdom, he would have given it for a rope.°

All extreme situations have their flashes which sometimes make us blind, sometimes illuminate us. The despairing gaze of Jean Valjean encountered the lamp-post in the
10 cul-de-sac.° At this epoch there were no gas-lights in the streets of Paris. At nightfall they lighted the street lamps, which were placed at intervals, and were raised and lowered by means of a rope traversing the street from end to end, running through the grooves of posts. The reel on which this
15 rope was wound was inclosed below the lantern in a little iron box, the key of which was kept by the lamp-lighter, and the rope itself was protected by a casing of metal.

There was such a post in the alley, put there for the convenience of the people who lived along it. But this night,
20 thanks to the ample light afforded by the moon, it was not lit. Jean Valjean crossed at a bound, sprang the bolt of the little box with the point of his knife, and an instant after was back at the side of Cosette. He had a rope!

Meanwhile the hour, the place, the darkness, the pre-
25 occupation of Jean Valjean, his singular actions, his going to and fro, all this began to disturb Cosette. Any other child would have uttered loud cries long before. She contented herself with pulling Jean Valjean by the skirt of his coat. The sound of an approaching patrol was constantly becoming
30 more and more distinct.

"Father," said she, in a whisper, "I am afraid. Who is it that is coming?"

"Hush!" answered the unhappy man, "it is the Thénardiess."

35 Cosette shuddered. He added: "Don't say a word; I'll take care of her. If you cry, if you make any noise, the Thénardiess will hear you. She is coming to catch you."

Then, without any haste, but without doing anything a second time, with a firm and rapid decision, so much the more

remarkable at such a moment when the patrol and Javert might come upon him at any instant, he took off his cravat, passed it around Cosette's body under the arms, taking care that it should not hurt the child, attached this cravat to an end of the rope, took the other end of the rope in his teeth, took off his shoes and stockings and threw them over the wall, climbed upon the pile of masonry, and began to raise himself in the angle of the wall and the gable with as much solidity and certainty as if he had the rounds of a ladder under his heels and his elbows. Half a minute had not passed before he was on his knees on the wall.

Cosette watched him, stupefied, without saying a word. Jean Valjean's charge and the name of Thénardiess had made her dumb. All at once, she heard Jean Valjean's voice calling to her in a low whisper: "Put your back against the wall." 15

She obeyed.

"Don't speak, and don't be afraid," added Jean Valjean. And she felt herself lifted from the ground.

Before she had time to think where she was, she was at the top of the wall. Jean Valjean seized her, put her on his back, took her two little hands in his left hand, lay down flat and crawled along the top of the wall until he reached the lime-tree, and jumped to the ground. Whether from terror, or from courage, Cosette had not uttered a whisper.

III. IN THE GARDEN

JEAN VALJEAN found himself in a sort of garden, very large and of a singular appearance. It was oblong, with a row of large poplars at the further end, some tall forest trees in the corners, and a clear space in the center. There were here and there stone benches which seemed black with moss. The walks were bordered with sorry little shrubs perfectly straight. The grass covered half of them, and a green moss covered the rest. 25

On one side there was a small building in ruins, but some dismantled rooms could be distinguished in it, one of which was well filled, and appeared to serve as a shed. A larger building ran back on the alley, and presented upon this 35

garden two square façades.^o These inside façades were still more gloomy than those on the outside. All the windows were grated. No light was to be seen. On the upper stories there were shutters as in prisons. The shadow of one of these
5 façades was projected upon the other, and fell on the garden like an immense black pall.

No other house could be seen. The further end of the garden was lost in mist and in darkness. Still, he could make out walls intersecting, as if there were other cultivated
10 grounds beyond. Nothing can be imagined more wild and more solitary than this garden. There was no one there, which was very natural on account of the hour; but it did not seem as if the place were made for anybody to walk in, even in broad noon.

15 Jean Valjean's first care had been to find his shoes, and put them on; then he entered the shed with Cosette. Cosette trembled, and pressed closely to his side. They heard the tumultuous clamour of the patrol ransacking the cul-de-sac and the street, the clatter of their muskets against the stones,
20 the calls of Javert to the watchmen he had stationed, and his imprecations mingled with words which they could not distinguish. At the end of a quarter of an hour it seemed as though this stormy rumbling began to recede. Suddenly, in the midst of this deep calm, a new sound arose; a celestial,
25 divine, ineffable sound, as ravishing as the other was horrible. It was a hymn which came forth from the darkness, a bewildering mingling of prayer and harmony in the obscure and fearful silence of the night; voices of women, but voices with the pure accents of virgins, and artless accents of children;
30 those voices which are not of earth, and which resemble those that the new-born still hear, and the dying hear already. This song came from the gloomy building which overlooked the garden. At the moment when the uproar of the demons receded, one would have said, it was a choir of angels ap-
35 proaching in the darkness.

Cosette and Jean Valjean fell on their knees.

They knew not what it was; they knew not where they were; but they both felt, the man and the child, the penitent and the innocent, that they ought to be on their knees.

The chant ceased. Perhaps it had lasted a long time. Jean Valjean could not have told. Hours of ecstasy are never more than a moment. All had again relapsed into silence. There was nothing more in the street, nothing more in the garden. That which threatened, that which reassured, all had vanished. The wind rattled the dry grass on the top of the wall, which made a low, soft, and mournful noise.

The night wind indicated that it must be between one and two o'clock in the morning. Poor Cosette did not speak. She was still trembling.

"Are you sleepy?" said Jean Valjean.

"I am very cold," she answered.

A moment after she added: "Is she there yet?"

"Who?" said Jean Valjean.

"Madame Thénardier."

"Oh!" said he. "She has gone. Don't be afraid any longer." The child sighed as if a weight were lifted from her breast.

The ground was damp, the shed open on all sides, the wind freshened every moment. The goodman took off his coat and wrapped Cosette in it.

"Are you warmer, so?"

"Oh! yes, father!"

"Well, wait here a moment for me. I shall soon be back."

He went out of the ruin, and along by the large building, in search of some better shelter. He found doors, but they were all closed. All the windows of the ground-floor were barred. As he passed the interior angle of the building, he noticed several arched windows before him, where he perceived some light. He rose on tiptoe and looked in at one of these windows. They all opened into a large hall, paved with broad slabs, and intersected by arches and pillars, he could distinguish nothing but a slight glimmer in the deep obscurity. This glimmer came from a night-lamp burning in a corner. The hall was deserted; everything was motionless. However, by dint of looking, he thought he saw something, stretched out on the pavement, which appeared to be covered with a shroud, and which resembled a human form.

It was lying with the face downwards, the arms crossed, in the immobility of death.

Jean Valjean often said after, that although in the course of his life he had seen many funereal sights, never had he
5 seen anything more freezing and more terrible than this figure fulfilling some strange mystery, he knew not what, in that gloomy place, and thus dimly seen in the night. It was terrifying to suppose that it was perhaps dead, and still more terrifying to think that it might be alive.

10 He had the courage to press his forehead against the glass, and watch to see if the thing would move. He remained what seemed to him a long time in vain; the prostrate form made no movement. Suddenly he was seized with an inexpressible dismay, and he fled. He ran towards the shed without daring
15 to look behind him. He reached the ruin breathless. His knees gave way; a cold sweat oozed out from every pore.

Where was he? who would ever have imagined anything equal to this species of sepulchre in the midst of Paris? what was this strange house? A building full of nocturnal mys-
20 tery, calling to souls in the shade with the voice of angels, and, when they came, abruptly presenting to them this frightful vision — promising to open the radiant gate of heaven and opening the horrible door of the tomb. The cold, the anxiety, the agitation, the anguish of the night, were
25 giving him a veritable fever, and all his ideas were jostling in his brain. He went to Cosette. She was sleeping. The child had laid her head upon a stone and gone to sleep.

He sat down near her and looked at her. Little by little, as he beheld her, he grew calm, and regained possession of
30 his clearness of mind. He plainly perceived this truth, the basis of his life henceforth, that so long as she should be alive, so long as he should have her with him, he should need nothing except for her, and fear nothing save on her account. He did not even realise that he was very cold.

35 Meanwhile, through the reverie into which he had fallen, he had heard for some time a singular noise. It sounded like a little bell that some one was shaking. This noise was in the garden. It resembled the dimly heard tinkling of cow-bells in the pastures at night. This noise made Jean Valjean turn.

He looked, and saw that there was some one in the garden, stretching something upon the ground. This being appeared to limp.

Jean Valjean shuddered with the continual tremor of the outcast. To them everything is hostile and suspicious. He took the sleeping Cosette gently in his arms and carried her into the furthest corner of the shed behind a heap of old furniture that was out of use. Cosette did not stir. From there he watched the strange motions of the man. It seemed very singular, but the sound of the bell followed every movement of the man. When the man approached, the sound approached; when he moved away, the sound moved away; if he made some sudden motion, a trill accompanied the motion; when he stopped, the noise ceased. It seemed evident that the bell was fastened to this man; but then what could that mean? what was this man?

While he was revolving these questions, he touched Cosette's hands. They were icy. He called to her in a low voice, "Cosette!"

She did not open her eyes.

"Could she be dead?" said he, and he sprang up, shuddering from head to foot. He listened for her breathing; she was breathing, but with a respiration that appeared feeble and about to stop. How should he get her warm again? how rouse her? All else was banished from his thoughts. He rushed desperately out of the ruin. It was absolutely necessary that in less than a quarter of an hour Cosette should be in bed and before a fire.

He walked straight to the man whom he saw in the garden. He had taken in his hand the roll of money which was in his vest-pocket. This man had his head down, and did not see him coming. A few strides, Jean Valjean was at his side. Jean Valjean approached him, exclaiming: "A hundred francs!"

The man started and raised his eyes.

"A hundred francs for you," continued Jean Valjean, "if you will give me refuge to-night."

The moon shone full in Jean Valjean's bewildered face.

"What, it is you, Father Madeleine!" said the man.

This name, thus pronounced, at this dark hour, in this unknown place, by this unknown man, made Jean Valjean start back. He was ready for anything but that. The speaker was an old man, bent and lame, dressed much like a peasant, who had on his left knee a leather knee-cap from which hung a bell. His face was in the shade, and could not be distinguished. Meanwhile the goodman had taken off his cap, and was exclaiming, tremulously:

“How did you come here, Father Madeleine? How did you get in? And what has happened to you? You have no cravat, you have no hat, you have no coat? But how did you get in?”

“Who are you? and what is this house?” asked Jean Valjean.

“What!” exclaimed the old man, “you don’t remember me?”

“No,” said Jean Valjean. “And how does it happen that you know me?”

“You saved my life,” said the man. He turned, a ray of the moon lighted up his side face, and Jean Valjean recognised old Fauchelevent.

Jean Valjean, finding that he was known by this man, at least under his name of Madeleine, went no further with his precautions. He multiplied questions. Oddly enough their parts seemed reversed. It was he, the intruder, who put questions.

“And what is this bell you have on your knee?”

“That!” answered Fauchelevent, “that is so that they may keep away from me.”

“How! keep away from you?”

Old Fauchelevent winked in an indescribable manner.

“Ah! Bless me! there’s nothing but women in this house; plenty of young girls. It seems that I am dangerous to meet. The bell warns them. When I come they go away.”

“What is this house?”

“Why, you know very well, you got me this place here as gardener. It is the Convent of the Petit Picpus.”

Jean Valjean remembered. Chance, that is to say, Prov-

idence, had thrown him precisely into this convent, to which old Fauchelevant, crippled by his fall from his cart, had been admitted, upon his recommendation, two years before.

"But now," resumed Fauchelevant, "how did you manage to get in, Father Madeleine? You are a man, and no men^s come in here."

"But you are here."

"There is none but me."

"But," resumed Jean Valjean, "I must stay here."

He approached the old man, and said to him in a grave ¹⁰ voice: "Father Fauchelevant, I saved your life, and now you can do for me what I once did for you."

Fauchelevant grasped in his old wrinkled and trembling hands the robust hands of Jean Valjean, and it was some seconds before he could speak; at last he exclaimed: ¹⁵

"Oh! that would be a blessing of God if I could do something for you, in return for that! I save your life!"

A wonderful joy had, as ¹⁵ were, transfigured the old gardener. A radiance seemed to shine forth from his face.

"What do you want me to do?" he added. ²⁰

"I will explain. You have a room?"

"I have a solitary shanty, over there, behind the ruins of the old convent, in a corner that nobody ever sees. There are three rooms."

"Good," said Jean Valjean. "Now I ask of you two ²⁵ things. First, that you will not tell anybody what you know about me. Second, that you will not attempt to learn anything more."

"As you please. I know that you can do nothing dishonourable, and that you have always been a man of God." ³⁰

"Very well. But now come with me. We will go for the child."

"Ah!" said Fauchelevant, "there is a child!"

He said not a word more, but followed Jean Valjean as a dog follows his master. In half an hour Cosette, again be- ³⁵ come rosy before a good fire, was asleep in the old gardener's bed.

IV. A MAN IN A CONVENT

WHEN Cosette had been put to bed, Jean Valjean and Fauchelevent threw themselves each upon a bundle of straw. Before closing his eyes, Jean Valjean had said: "Henceforth I must remain here." These words were chasing one another through Fauchelevent's head the whole night. Jean Valjean, feeling that he was discovered and Javert was upon his track, knew full well that he and Cosette were lost should they return into the city. Since the new blast which had burst upon him, had thrown him into this cloister, Jean Valjean had but one thought, to remain there. Now, for one in his unfortunate position, this convent was at once the safest and the most dangerous place: the most dangerous, for, no man being allowed to enter, if he should be discovered, it was a flagrant crime, and Jean Valjean would take but one step from the convent to prison; the safest, for if he succeeded in getting permission to remain, who would come there to look for him? To live in an impossible place, that would be safety.

For his part, Fauchelevent was racking his brains. To him Monsieur Madeleine had preserved all his prestige. From some words that escaped from Jean Valjean, however, the gardener thought he might conclude that Monsieur Madeleine had probably failed on account of the hard times, and that he was pursued by his creditors; or it might be that he was compromised in some political affair and was concealing himself; which did not at all displease Fauchelevent, who, like many of our peasants of the north, had an old Bonapartist heart. He decided that he would save Monsieur Madeleine. But to have him remain in the convent, what a problem was that!

At daybreak, having dreamed enormously, old Fauchelevent opened his eyes, and saw Monsieur Madeleine, who, seated upon his bunch of straw, was looking at Cosette as she slept. Fauchelevent half arose, and said, "Now that you are here, how are you going to manage to come in? To begin with, you will not set foot outside of this room, neither the little girl nor you. One step in the garden, we are ruined."

"That is true."

"Monsieur Madeleine," resumed Fauchelevant, "you have arrived at a very good time; I mean to say very bad; there is one of these ladies dangerously sick. On that account they do not look this way much. She must be dying; that takes up their attention. For to-day we shall be quiet here; but I do not answer for to-morrow."

"However," observed Jean Valjean, "this shanty is under the corner of the wall; it is hidden by a sort of ruin; there are trees; they cannot see it from the convent."

"The nuns never come near it, but there are the little girls."

"What little girls?" asked Jean Valjean.

As Fauchelevant opened his mouth to explain the words he had just uttered, a single stroke of a bell was heard.

"The nun is dead," said he. "There is the knell." And he motioned to Jean Valjean to listen.

The bell sounded a second time. "It is the knell, Monsieur Madeleine. The bell will strike every minute, for twenty-four hours, until the body goes out of the church. You see they play. In their recreations, if a ball roll here, that is enough for them to come after it, in spite of the rules, and rummage all about here."

"Who?" asked Jean Valjean.

"The little girls."

"I understand, Father Fauchelevant. There are boarding scholars." And Jean Valjean thought within himself, "Here, then, Cosette can be educated, too."

Jean Valjean was studying more and more deeply. "The convent would save us," murmured he. Then he raised his voice: "Yes, the difficulty is in remaining."

"No," said Fauchelevant, "it is to get out."

Jean Valjean felt his blood run cold. "To get out?"

"Yes, Monsieur Madeleine, in order to come in, it is necessary that you should get out."

And, after waiting for a sound from the tolling bell to die away, Fauchelevant pursued: "It would not do to have you found here like this. Whence do you come? for me you have fallen from heaven, because I know you; but for the nuns, you must come in at the door."

Suddenly they heard a complicated ringing upon another bell.

"Oh!" said Fauchelevent, "that is the ring for the mothers!° They are going to the chapter.° They always hold a chapter when anybody dies. She died at daybreak. But cannot you go out the way you came in? Where did you come in?"

Jean Valjean became pale; the bare idea of climbing down again into that formidable street, made him shudder. Jean Valjean imagined all the police still swarming in the quarter, officers on the watch, sentries everywhere, frightful fists stretched out towards his collar, Javert, perhaps, at the corner of the square.

"Impossible," said he. "Father Fauchelevent, let it go that I fell from on high."

"Ah! I believe it," replied Fauchelevent. "God must have taken you into his hand, to have a close look at you, and then put you down. Only he meant to put you into a monastery;° he made a mistake. Hark! another ring; that is to warn the porter to go and notify the municipality,° so that they may go and notify the death-physician, so that he may come and see that there is really a dead woman. These good ladies do not like this visit very much. Your little one is asleep yet. What is her name?"

"Cosette."

"She is your girl? that is to say you should be her grandfather?"

"Yes."

"For her, to get out will be easy. I have my door, which opens into the court. I knock; the porter opens. I have my basket on my back; the little girl is inside; I go out. You will tell the little girl to keep very still. I will leave her as soon as I can, with a good old friend of mine, who is deaf, and who has a little bed. I will scream into the ear that she is my niece, and she must keep her for me till to-morrow. Then the little girl will come back with you; for I shall bring you back. But how are you going to manage to get out?"

Jean Valjean shook his head.

A third ring made a diversion. "That is the death-physi-

cian going away," said Fauchelevant. "He has looked, and said she is dead. When the inspector has visé^o the passport for paradise, the undertaker sends a coffin. After which, I nail it up. The bearers come and take her, and whip-up, driver. That is the way they go to heaven. They bring in a box with nothing in it, they carry it away with something inside. That is what an interment is."

A ray of the rising sun beamed upon the face of the sleeping Cosette, who half-opened her mouth dreamily, seeming like an angel drinking in the light. Jean Valjean was looking at her. He no longer heard Fauchelevant. Not being heard is no reason for silence. The brave old gardener quietly continued his garrulous rehearsal.

"The grave is at the Vaugirard cemetery. I have a friend there — Father Mestienne, the gravedigger. The nuns here have the privilege of being carried to that cemetery at night-fall."

A fourth time the bell rang out. Fauchelevant quickly took down the knee-piece and bell from the nail, and buckled it on his knee.

"This time, it is for me. The mother prioress^o wants me."

In less than ten minutes, Father Fauchelevant, whose bell put the nuns to flight as he went along, rapped softly at a door, and a gentle voice answered, "Come in."

This door was that of the parlour allotted to the gardener, for use when it was necessary to communicate with him. The prioress, seated in the only chair in the parlour, was waiting for Fauchelevant. The gardener made a timid bow, and stopped at the threshold of the cell. The prioress, who was saying her rosary,^o raised her eyes and said: "I wish to speak to you."

"And I, for my part," said Fauchelevant, with a boldness at which he was alarmed himself, "I have something to say to the most reverend mother."

The prioress looked at him. "A petition? What is it?"

The goodman, with the assurance of one who feels that he is appreciated, began before the reverend prioress a rustic harangue, quite diffuse and very profound. He spoke at length of his age, his infirmities, of the weight of years hence-

forth doubly heavy upon him, of the growing demands of his work, of the size of the garden, and finally ended with this: that he had a brother — a brother not young — that if it was desired, this brother could come and live with him and help
 5 him; that he was an excellent gardener; that the community would get good services from him, better than his own; that, otherwise, if his brother were not admitted as he, the oldest, felt that he was broken down, and unequal to the labour, he would be obliged to leave, though with much regret; and
 10 that his brother had a little girl that he would bring with him, who would be reared under God in the house, and who, perhaps, — who knows? — would some day become a nun.

When he had finished, the prioress stopped the sliding of her rosary through her fingers, and said: "Can you, between
 15 now and night, procure a strong iron bar?"

"For what work?"

"To be used as a lever?"

"Yes, reverend mother," answered Fauchelevent.

The prioress, without adding a word, arose, and went into
 20 the next room, which was the hall of the chapter. Fauchelevent remained alone.

V. MOTHER INNOCENT

ABOUT a quarter of an hour elapsed. The prioress returned and resumed her seat. There was silence. The prioress, after a quivering of the under-lip which resembled hesitation,
 25 spoke.

"You know that a mother died this morning. It is Mother Crucifixion. The mothers have carried her into the room of the dead, which opens into the church."

"I know."

30 "We must obey the dead. To be buried in the vault under the altar of the chapel, not to go into profane ground,^o to remain in death where she prayed in life; this was the last request of Mother Crucifixion. She has asked it, that is to say, commanded it."

35 "But it is forbidden."

"Forbidden by men, but not by God."

"If it should come to be known?"

"We have confidence in you. The chapter has assembled. The mothers have decided that Mother Crucifixion should be, according to her desire, buried in her coffin under our altar. The right of the convent to burial cannot be doubted by anybody. We live in times of terrible confusion. People are ignorant of what they ought to know, and know those things of which they ought to be ignorant. They are gross and impious. Despite the laws we will do with our dead as we please. Is it settled?"

19

"It is settled, reverend mother."

"It is understood, you will close the coffin. The sisters will carry it into the chapel. The office for the dead ° will be said. Then they will return. Between eleven o'clock and midnight, you will come with your iron bar. All will be done with the greatest secrecy. There will be in the chapel only the four mother choristers, Mother Ascension, and you. About three-quarters of an hour before midnight; do not forget."

"Reverend mother?"

"What?"

20

"If you should ever have any other work like this, my brother is very strong."

"You will do it as quickly as possible. Now I think of it, we will take a whole hour. It is not too much. Be at the high-altar ° with the iron bar at eleven o'clock. The office commences at midnight. It must all be finished a good quarter of an hour before."

"I will do everything to prove my zeal for the community. This is the arrangement. I shall nail up the coffin. At eleven o'clock precisely I will be in the chapel. The mother choristers will be there. Mother Ascension will be there. Two men would be better, but no matter. I shall have my lever. We shall open the vault, let down the coffin, and close the vault again. After which, there will be no trace of anything. The government will suspect nothing. Reverend mother, is this all?"

"No."

"What more is there, then?"

"There is still the empty coffin."

"Reverend mother, I will put some earth into the coffin. That will have the effect of a body. I nail up the coffin in the lower room in the church, and nobody can come in there except me, and I will cover the coffin with the pall."

5 The face of the prioress, till then dark and anxious, became again serene. She made him the sign of a superior dismissing an inferior. Fauchelevant moved towards the door. As he was going out, the prioress gently raised her voice.

10 "Father Fauchelevant, I am satisfied with you; to-morrow after the burial, bring your brother to me, and tell him to bring his daughter."

VI. THE EMPTY COFFIN

FAUCHELEVENT was perplexed. It took him nearly a quarter of an hour to get back to the shanty in the garden. Cosette was awake. Jean Valjean had seated her near the
15 fire. At the moment when Fauchelevant entered, Jean Valjean was showing her the gardener's basket hanging on the wall and saying to her: "Listen, my little Cosette. We must go away from this house, but we shall come back, and we shall be very well off here. The good man here will carry you
20 out on his back inside there. You will wait for me at a lady's. I shall come and find you. Above all, if you do not want the Thénardiess to take you back, obey and say nothing."

Cosette nodded her head with a serious look.

At the sound of Fauchelevant opening the door, Jean Val-
25 jean turned. "Well?"

"All is arranged, and nothing is," said Fauchelevant. "I have permission to bring you in; but before bringing you in, it is necessary to get you out. For the little girl, it is easy enough."

30 And, after an anxious silence, Fauchelevant exclaimed: "But why not go out the way you came in?"

Jean Valjean, as before, merely answered, "Impossible."

Fauchelevant, talking more to himself than to Jean Valjean, grumbled: "There is another thing that torments me. I
35 said I would put in some earth. But I think that earth inside, instead of a body, will not be like it; that will not do, it

will shake about; it will move. The men will feel it. You understand, Father Madeleine, the government will find it out. But how are you going to get out? For all this must be done to-morrow. To-morrow I am to bring you in. The prioress expects you."

Then he explained to Jean Valjean that this was a reward for a service that he, Fauchelevent, was rendering to the community. That it was a part of his duties to assist in burials, that he nailed up the coffins, and attended the gravedigger at the cemetery. That the nun who died that morning had requested to be buried in the coffin which she had used as a bed, and interred in the vault under the altar of the chapel. That this was forbidden by the regulations of the police, but that she was one of those departed ones to whom nothing is refused. That the prioress and mothers intended to carry out the will of the deceased. That he, Fauchelevent, would nail up the coffin in the cell, raise the stone in the chapel, and let down the body into the vault. And that, in return for this, the prioress would admit his brother into the house as gardener and his niece as boarder. That his brother was M. Madeleine, and that his niece was Cosette. But that he could not bring M. Madeleine from the outside, if M. Madeleine were not outside. That that was the first difficulty. And then that he had another difficulty; the empty coffin.

"What is the empty coffin?" asked Jean Valjean.

"The coffin from the administration. A nun dies. The government sends a coffin. The next day it sends a hearse and some bearers to take the coffin and carry it to the cemetery. The bearers will come and take up the coffin; there will be nothing in it."

"Put somebody in it."

"A dead body? I have none."

"A living body."

"What living body?"

"Me," said Jean Valjean.

Fauchelevent, who had taken a seat, sprang up. "You!"

"Why not? The question is, how to get out without being seen. This is the means. Where is this coffin?"

"Down in what is called the dead-room."

"Could you, to-night, when all are asleep in the convent, hide me in that room?"

"No. But I can hide you in a little dark closet which opens into the dead-room where I keep my burial tools, and of which I have the care and the key."

"At what hour will the hearse come after the coffin to-morrow?"

"About three o'clock in the afternoon. The burial takes place at the Vaugirard cemetery, a little before night. It is not very near."

"I shall remain hidden in your tool-closet all night and all the morning. You can come and nail me up in the coffin at two o'clock."

Fauchelevant started back.

"Father Fauchelevant, I must decide either to be taken here, or to be willing to go out in the hearse."

Fauchelevant was of a hesitating nature. However, Jean Valjean's coolness won him over in spite of himself. He grumbled: "It is true, there is no other way."

Jean Valjean resumed: "The only thing that I am anxious about, is what will be done at the cemetery."

"That is just what does not embarrass me," exclaimed Fauchelevant. "If you are sure of getting yourself out of the coffin, I am sure of getting you out of the grave. The gravedigger is a drunkard and a friend of mine. He is Father Mestienne, an old son of the old vine. The gravedigger puts the dead in the grave, and I put the gravedigger in my pocket. I will tell you what will take place. We shall arrive a little before dusk, three-quarters of an hour before the cemetery gates are closed. The hearse will go to the grave. I shall follow; that is my business. I will have a hammer, a chisel, and some pincers in my pocket. The hearse stops, the bearers tie a rope around your coffin and let you down. The priest says the prayers, makes the sign of the cross, sprinkles the holy water, and is off. I remain alone with Father Mestienne. He is my friend, I tell you. One of two things; either he will be drunk, or he will not be drunk. If he is not drunk, I say to him: 'Come and take a drink before the wine-shop is shut.' I get him away, I fuddle him; Father Mestienne is not long in getting

fuddled, he is always half way. I lay him under the table, I take his card from him to return to the cemetery with, and I come back without him. You will have only me to deal with. If he is drunk, I say to him, 'Be off, I'll do your work.' He goes away, and I pull you out of the hole." 5

Jean Valjean extended his hand. "It is settled, Father Fauchelevant. All will go well."

"Provided nothing goes amiss," thought Fauchelevant. "How terrible that would be!"

VII. SPADESFUL OF EARTH

NEXT day, as the sun was declining, the scattered passers on the boulevards took off their hats at the passage of an old-fashioned hearse. In this hearse there was a coffin covered with a white cloth, upon which was displayed a large black cross. A draped carriage, in which might be seen a priest and a choir-boy followed. Two bearers in grey uniform 15 with black trimmings walked on the right and left of the hearse. In the rear came an old man dressed like a labourer, who limped. The procession moved towards the Vaugirard cemetery. Sticking out of the man's pocket were the handle of a hammer, the blade of a chisel, and the double handles of 20 a pair of pincers.

The Vaugirard cemetery had its peculiar usages. The nuns of the Petit Picpus had obtained the right to be buried in a corner apart and at night, this ground having formerly belonged to their community. The gravediggers, having 25 thus to work in the cemetery in the evening in summer, and at night in winter, were subject to a peculiar discipline. The gates of the cemeteries of Paris closed at that epoch at sunset, and, this being a measure of municipal order, the Vaugirard cemetery was subject to it like the rest. The 30 gratings therefore inexorably turned upon their hinges the instant the sun disappeared behind the dome of the Invalides.° If any gravedigger, at that moment, was belated in the cemetery, his only resource for getting out was his gravedigger's card, given him by the administration of funeral ceremonies. 3. A sort of letter-box was arranged in the shutter of the gate-

keeper's window. The gravedigger dropped his card into this box, the gate-keeper heard it fall, pulled the string, and the door opened. If the gravedigger did not have his card, he gave his name; the gate-keeper got up, went to identify the gravedigger, and open the door with the key; the gravedigger went out, but paid fifteen francs fine.

The burial of Mother Crucifixion in the vault under the altar, the departure of Cosette, the introduction of Jean Valjean into the dead-room, all had been carried out without obstruction, and nothing had gone wrong. Fauchelevant limped behind the hearse, very well satisfied. His two plots, one with the nuns, the other with M. Madeleine, one for the convent, the other against it, had succeeded equally well. Fauchelevant had now no doubt of success. What remained to be done was nothing. Within two years he had fuddled the gravedigger ten times. Father Mestienne was pay for him. He did what he liked with him. He got him drunk at will and at his fancy. Fauchelevant's security was complete.

Suddenly the hearse stopped; they were at the gate. It was necessary to exhibit the burial permit. The undertaker whispered with the porter of the cemetery. During this colloquy, which always causes a delay of a minute or two, somebody, an unknown man, came and placed himself behind the hearse at Fauchelevant's side. He was a working-man, who wore a vest with large pockets, and had a pick under his arm. Fauchelevant looked at this unknown man.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The man answered: "The gravedigger."

Should a man survive a cannon-shot through his breast, he would present the appearance that Fauchelevant did.

"The gravedigger!"

"Yes."

"The gravedigger is Father Mestienne."

"He is dead. My name is Gribier."

Fauchelevant grew pale; he stared at Gribier.

He was a long, thin, livid man, perfectly funereal. Finally Fauchelevant burst out:

"So he is dead, old Mestienne! I am sorry for it; he was

a jolly fellow. But you too, you are a jolly fellow. We will go and take a drink together, right away."

The man answered: "I never drink."

The hearse had started, and was rolling along the main avenue of the cemetery.

"Are we not going to make each other's acquaintance?"⁵ stammered Fauchelevent.

"It is made. You are a peasant, I am a Parisian."

"We are not acquainted as long as we have not drunk together. He who empties his glass empties his heart. Come¹⁰ and drink with me. You can't refuse."

"Business first. Peasant, I have seven youngsters that I must feed. As they must eat, I must not drink."

The hearse turned a huge cypress, left the main path, took a little one, entered upon the grounds, and was lost in a¹⁵ thicket. This indicated the immediate proximity of the grave. Fauchelevent slackened his pace, but could not slacken that of the hearse. Great drops of sweat were falling from his forehead.

The hearse stopped. The choir-boy got out of the mourning carriage, then the priest. One of the forward wheels of the hearse mounted on a little heap of earth, beyond which was seen an open grave.

From within the coffin Jean Valjean had been able to follow, and he had followed, all the phases of the fearful drama²⁵ which he was playing with Death. Soon after Fauchelevent had finished nailing down the upper board, Jean Valjean had felt himself carried out, then wheeled along. By a dull sound, he had divined that they were crossing the bridge of Austerlitz. At the first stop he had comprehended that they were entering³⁰ the cemetery; at the second stop he had said: "Here is the grave."

He felt that hands hastily seized the coffin, then came a harsh scraping upon the boards; he concluded that that was a rope which they were tying around the coffin to let it down³⁵ into the excavation. Then he felt a kind of dizziness. He returned fully to himself on feeling that he was horizontal and motionless. He had touched the bottom.

He felt a certain chill. A voice arose above him, icy and

solemn. He heard pass away, some Latin words which he did not understand, pronounced so slowly that he could catch them one after another. He heard upon the board which covered him something like the gentle patter of a few drops of rain. It was probably the holy water.

He thought: "This will soon be finished. A little more patience. The priest is going away. Fauchelevent will take Mestienne away to drink. They will leave me. Then Fauchelevent will come back alone, and I shall get out. That will take a good hour."

The deep voice resumed.

"Requiescat in pace." °

And the child's voice said:

"Amen."

15 Jean Valjean, intently listening, perceived something like receding steps.

"Now they go," thought he. "I am alone."

All at once he heard a sound above his head which seemed to him like a clap of thunder. It was a spadeful of earth 20 falling upon the coffin. A second spadeful of earth fell. One of the holes by which he breathed was stopped up. A third spadeful of earth fell. Then a fourth. — There are things stronger than the strongest man. Jean Valjean lost consciousness.

VIII. FAUCHELEVENT'S WITS AT THE TEST

25 WHEN the hearse had departed and the priest and the choir-boy had got into the carriage, and were gone, Fauchelevent, who had never taken his eyes off the gravedigger, saw him stoop, and grasp his spade, which was standing upright in the heap of earth. He threw a spadeful of earth upon the coffin. 30 The coffin gave back a hollow sound. Fauchelevent felt himself stagger, and nearly fell into the grave. The gravedigger took up another spadeful of earth. Fauchelevent seized him by the arm.

"Comrade," he said, "I am the gravedigger of the convent, 35 and have come to help you. It's a job we can do at night. Let us take a drink first"

"Good rustic," said the gravedigger, "if you insist, I consent. We'll have a drink, but after my work, never before it." And he tossed his spade again.

Fauchelevant had reached that point where a man knows no longer what he is saying.

"Oh! come on, and take a glass, since I'm the one to pay,"⁵ he again repeated.

"When we've put the child to bed," said the gravedigger.

He tossed in the third spadeful; then, plunging his spade into the earth, he added: "You see, now, it's going to be cold to-night, and the dead one would cry out after us, if we were to plant her there without good covering."

At this moment, in the act of filling his spade, the gravedigger stooped low, and the pocket of his vest gaped open.¹⁵ The sun was not yet hidden behind the horizon, and there was still light enough to distinguish something white in the gaping pocket.

All the lightning which the eye of a Picardy ° peasant can contain flashed into the pupils of Fauchelevant. A new idea¹⁵ had struck him. Without the gravedigger, who was occupied with his spadeful of earth, perceiving him, he slipped his hand from behind into the pocket, and took from him the white object it contained.

The gravedigger flung into the grave the fourth spadeful.²⁵ Just as he was turning to take the fifth, Fauchelevant, looking at him with imperturbable calmness, asked: "By the way, my friend, have you your card?"

The gravedigger stopped. "What card?" and he felt in his pocket. Having rummaged one pocket, he tried another.³⁰

"No!" said he, "no! I haven't got my card. I must have forgotten it."

"Fifteen francs fine!" said Fauchelevant.

The gravedigger dropped his spade. Fauchelevant's³⁵ turn had come.

"Come, come, recruit, never despair; there's nothing to kill oneself about. I am an old hand, and you a new one. I know all the tricks of the business. One thing is clear —

the sun is setting — and the graveyard will be closed in five minutes. Five minutes is not time enough for you to fill the grave. But you have time. Where do you live?"

"Just by the *barrière*. Fifteen minutes' walk. Number 5 87 Rue de Vaugirard."

"You have time to get out at once. Once outside of the gate, you scamper home, get your card, come back, and the gatekeeper will let you in again. Having your card, there's nothing to pay. Then you can bury your dead man. I'll 10 stay here, and watch him while you're gone, to see that he doesn't run away."

"I owe you my life, peasant!"

"Be off, then, quick!" said Fauchelevent.

The gravedigger, overcome with gratitude, started at a 15 run. When the gravedigger had disappeared through the bushes, Fauchelevent listened until his footsteps died away, and then, bending over the grave, called out in a low voice, "Father Madeleine!"

No answer. Fauchelevent shuddered. He dropped rather 20 than clambered down into the grave, threw himself upon the head of the coffin, and cried out, "Are you there?"

Silence in the coffin. Fauchelevent, no longer able to breathe for the shiver that was on him, took his cold chisel and hammer, and wrenched off the top board. The face of 25 Jean Valjean could be seen in the twilight, his eyes closed and his cheeks colourless. Fauchelevent's hair stood erect with alarm; he rose to his feet, and then tottered with his back against the side of the grave, ready to sink down upon the coffin. He looked upon Jean Valjean.

30 Jean Valjean lay there pallid and motionless. Fauchelevent murmured in a voice low as a whisper, "He is dead!"

Then straightening himself, and crossing his arms so violently that his clenched fists sounded against his shoulders, he exclaimed: "This is the way I have saved him!"

35 At a distance, through the trees, a harsh grating sound was heard. It was the gate of the cemetery closing. Fauchelevent again bent over Jean Valjean, but suddenly started back with all the recoil that was possible in a grave. Jean Valjean's eyes were open, and gazing at him.

"I was falling asleep," said Jean Valjean. And he rose to a sitting posture.

Jean Valjean had merely swooned. The open air had revived him. Joy is the reflex of terror. Fauchelevant had nearly as much difficulty as Jean Valjean in coming to himself. 5

"I am cold," said Jean Valjean.

These words recalled Fauchelevant completely to the real state of affairs, which were urgent. "Let us get away from here at once," said Fauchelevant.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a flask 10 with which he was provided. The flask completed what the open air had begun. Jean Valjean took a swallow of brandy, and felt thoroughly restored. He got out of the coffin, and assisted Fauchelevant to nail down the lid again. Three minutes afterwards, they were out of the grave. 15

After this, Fauchelevant was calm enough. He took his time. The cemetery was closed. There was no fear of the return of Gribier the gravedigger. That recruit was at home, hunting up his card, and rather unlikely to find it. Without his card, he could not get back into the cemetery. 20

Fauchelevant took the spade and Jean Valjean the pick, and together they buried the empty coffin. When the grave was filled, Fauchelevant said to Jean Valjean:

"Come, let us go."

Night was coming on rapidly. They went out by the 25 avenues the hearse had followed. When they reached the closed gate and the porter's lodge, Fauchelevant, who had the gravedigger's card in his hand, dropped it into the box, the porter drew the cord, the gate opened, and they went through. They passed the Barrière Vaugirard in the easiest 30 way in the world. In the neighbourhood of a graveyard, a pick and spade are two passports.

The Rue de Vaugirard was deserted. Fauchelevant went in at number 87, ascended to the topmost flight, guided by the instinct which always leads the poor to the garret, and 35 knocked, in the dark, at the door of a little attic room. A voice called, "Come in!"

It was Gribier's voice. Fauchelevant pushed open the door. The lodging of the gravedigger was, like all these

shelters of the needy, an unfurnished but much littered loft. It was plain that the gravedigger had been looking wildly for his card. He had a desperate appearance.

But Fauchelevent was in too great a hurry for the end of his 5 adventure, to notice this gloomy side of his triumph. As he came in, he said: "I've brought your spade and pick."

Gribier looked at him with stupefaction.

"What, is it you, peasant?"

"And, to-morrow morning, you will find your card with 10 the gatekeeper of the cemetery." And he set down the pick and the spade on the floor.

"What does all this mean?" asked Gribier.

"Why, it means that you let your card drop out of your pocket; that I found it on the ground when you had gone; 15 that I buried the corpse; that I filled in the grave; that I finished your job; that the porter will give you your card, and that you will not have to pay the fifteen francs. That's what it means, recruit!"

"Thanks, villager!" exclaimed Gribier, in amazement.

20 "The next time I will treat."

IX. BACK TO THE CONVENT

AN hour later, in the depth of night, two men and a child stood in front of No. 62, Petite Rue Picpus. It was Fauchelevent, Jean Valjean, and Cosette. The two men had gone to look for Cosette at the shop of the fruiteress of the Rue de 25 Chemin Vert, where Fauchelevent had left her on the preceding evening. Cosette had passed the twenty-four hours wondering what it all meant and trembling in silence. Fear is mute. Besides, no one ever keeps a secret so well as a child. But when, after those mournful four-and-twenty 30 hours, she again saw Jean Valjean, she uttered such a cry of joy that any thoughtful person hearing her would have divined in it an escape from some yawning gulf.

Fauchelevent belonged to the convent and knew all the pass-words. Every door opened before him. Thus was that 35 doubly fearful problem solved of getting out and getting in again.

The porter, who had his instructions, opened the little side door which served to communicate between the court and the garden, and admitted all three. From that point they went to the private inner parlour, where Fauchelevent had, on the previous evening, received the orders of the prioress. The prioress, rosary in hand, was awaiting them. A mother, with her veil down, stood near her. A modest taper lighted up the parlour.

The prioress scrutinised Jean Valjean. Nothing scans so carefully as a downcast eye. She looked at Cosette attentively, and then said, aside to the mother, "She will be homely."

The two mothers talked together very low for a few minutes in a corner of the parlour, and then the prioress turned and said: "Father Fauchelevent, you will have another knee-cap and bell. We need two, now."

So, next morning, Jean Valjean was regularly installed; he had the leather knee-cap and the bell; henceforth he had his commission. His name was Ultimus Fauchelevent.

The strongest recommendation for Cosette's admission had been the remark of the prioress: *She will be homely*. The prioress having uttered this prediction, immediately took Cosette into her friendship and gave her a place in the school building as a charity pupil.

Cosette, in becoming a pupil at the convent, had to assume the dress of the school girls. Jean Valjean succeeded in having the garments which she laid aside, given to him. It was the same mourning suit he had carried for her to put on when she left the Thénardiens. It was not much worn. Jean Valjean rolled up these garments, as well as the woollen stockings and shoes, with much camphor and other aromatic substances of which there is such an abundance in convents, and packed them in a small valise which he managed to procure. He put this valise in a chair near his bed, and always kept the key of it in his pocket.

"Father," Cosette one day asked him, "what is that box there that smells so good?"

Father Fauchelevent was recompensed for his good deed; in the first place it made him happy, and then he had less

work to do, as it was divided. Finally, as he was very fond of tobacco, he found the presence of M. Madeleine advantageous in another point of view. He took three times as much tobacco as before, and that too in a manner infinitely more voluptuous, since M. Madeleine paid for it.

If those holy women had possessed aught of the discrimination of Javert, they might have remarked, in course of time, that when there was any little errand to run outside, on account of the garden, it was always the elder Fauchelevent, old, infirm, and lame as he was, who went, and never the other; but, whether it be that eyes continually fixed upon God cannot play the spy, or whether they were too constantly employed in watching one another, they noticed nothing. However, Jean Valjean was well satisfied to keep quiet and still. Javert watched the quarter for a good long month.

The convent was to Jean Valjean like an island surrounded by wide waters. These four walls were, henceforth, the world to him. Within them he could see enough of the sky to be calm, and enough of Cosette to be happy. A very pleasant life began again for him.

Jean Valjean worked every day in the garden, and was very useful there. He had formerly been a pruner, and now found it quite in his way to be a gardener. He knew all kinds of receipts and secrets of field-work. These he turned to account. Nearly all the orchard trees were wild stock, he grafted them and made them bear excellent fruit.

Cosette was allowed to come every day, and pass an hour with him. As the sisters were melancholy, and he was kind, the child compared him with them, and worshipped him. Every day, at the hour appointed, she would hurry to the little building. When she entered the old place, she filled it with Paradise. Jean Valjean basked in her presence and felt his own happiness increase by reason of the happiness he conferred on Cosette. The delight we inspire in others has this enchanting peculiarity that, far from being diminished like every other reflection, it returns to us more radiant than ever. At the hours of recreation, Jean Valjean from a distance watched her playing and romping, and he could distinguish her laughter from the laughter of the rest. For, now, Cosette laughed.

Even Cosette's countenance had, in a measure, changed. The gloomy cast had disappeared. Laughter is sunshine; it chases winter from the human face.

X. PEACE

WHEN the recreation was over and Cosette went in, Jean Valjean watched the windows of her schoolroom, and at 5 night, would rise from his bed to take a look at the windows of the room in which she slept.

God has his own ways. The convent contributed, like Cosette, to confirm and complete, in Jean Valjean, the work of the bishop. It cannot be denied that one of virtue's phases 10 ends in pride. Therein is a bridge built by the Evil One. Jean Valjean was, perhaps, without knowing it, near that very phase of virtue, and that very bridge, when Providence flung him into the convent of the Petit Picpus. So long as he compared himself only with the bishop, he found himself 15 unworthy and remained humble; but, for some time past, he had been comparing himself with the rest of men, and pride was springing up in him. Who knows? He might have finished by going gradually back to hate.

The convent stopped him on this descent. It was the 20 second place of captivity he had seen. In his youth, in what had been for him the commencement of life, and, later, quite recently too, he had seen another, a frightful place, a terrible place, the severities of which had always seemed to him to be the iniquity of public justice and the crime of the law. 25 Now, after having seen the galleys, he saw the cloister,^o and reflecting that he had been an inmate of the galleys, and that he now was, so to speak, a spectator of the cloister, he anxiously compared them in his meditations with anxiety.

Sometimes he would lean upon his spade and descend slowly 30 along the endless rounds of reverie. He recalled his former companions, and how wretched they were. They rose at dawn and toiled until night. Scarcely allowed to sleep, they lay on camp-beds, and were permitted to have mattresses but two inches thick, in halls which were warmed only during 35 the most inclement months. They were attired in hideous

red sacks, and had given to them, as a favour, a pair of canvas pantaloons in the heats of midsummer, and a square of woollen stuff to throw over their shoulders, during the bitterest frosts of winter. They had no wine to drink, no meat for food.

5 They lived without names, distinguished solely by numbers, and reduced, as it were, to ciphers, lowering their eyes, lowering their voices, with their hair cropped close, under the rod, and plunged in shame.

Then, his thoughts reverted to the beings before his eyes.
10 These beings, also, lived with their hair cut close, their eyes bent down, their voices hushed, not in shame indeed, but amid the scoffs of the world; not with their backs bruised by the jailer's staff, but with their shoulders lacerated by self-inflicted penance. Their names, too, had perished from
15 among men, and they now existed under austere designations alone. They never ate meat and never drank wine; they often remained until evening without food. They were attired not in red sacks, but in black habits of woollen, heavy in summer, light in winter, unable to increase or diminish
20 them. They dwelt not in dormitories warmed only in the bitterest frosts of winter, but in cells where fire was never kindled. They slept not on mattresses two inches thick, but upon straw. Moreover, they were not even allowed to sleep, for, every night, after a day of labour, they were, when
25 whelmed beneath the weight of the first sleep, at the moment when they were just beginning to slumber, and, with difficulty to collect a little warmth, required to waken, rise and assemble for prayers in an icy-cold and gloomy chapel, with their knees on the stone pavement. On certain days, each one
30 of these beings, in her turn, had to remain twelve hours in succession kneeling upon the flags, or prostrate on her face, with her arms crossed.

The others were men, these were women. What had these men done? They had robbed, ravished, plundered, killed,
35 assassinated. They were highwaymen, forgers, poisoners, murderers. What had these women done? They had done nothing.

On one side foul miasma,^o on the other, ineffable perfume. On the one side, a moral pestilence, watched day and night,

held in subjection at the cannon's mouth, and slowly consuming its infected victims; on the other, a chaste kindling of every soul together on the same hearthstone. There, utter gloom; here, the shadow, but a shadow full of light, and the light full of glowing radiations.

What resulted from the first? One vast curse, the gnashing of teeth, hatred, desperate depravity, a cry of rage against human society, a sarcasm against heaven.

What issued from the second? Benediction and love. And, in these two places, so alike and yet so different, these two species of beings so dissimilar were performing the same work of expiation. Jean Valjean thoroughly comprehended the expiation of the first; personal expiation, expiation for oneself. But he did not understand that of the others, of these blameless, spotless creatures, and he asked himself with a tremor: "Expiation for what?" A voice responded in his conscience: "The most divine of all human generosity, expiation for others."

He had before his eyes the sublime summit of self-denial, the loftiest possible height of virtue; innocence forgiving men their sins and expiating them in their stead; servitude endured, torture accepted, chastisement and misery invoked by souls that had not sinned in order that these might not fall upon souls which had; the love of humanity losing itself in the love of God, but remaining there, distinct and suppliant; sweet, feeble beings supporting all the torments of those who are punished, yet retaining the smile of those who are rewarded. And then he remembered that he had dared to complain.

Often, in the middle of the night, he would rise from his bed to listen to the grateful anthem of these innocent beings thus overwhelmed with austerities, and he felt the blood run cold in his veins as he reflected that they who were justly punished never raised their voices towards heaven excepting to blaspheme, and that he, wretch that he was, had uplifted his clenched fist against God.

When he thought of these things, all that was in him gave way before this mystery of sublimity. In these meditations, pride vanished. He reverted again and again to himself; he

felt his own pitiful unworthiness, and often wept. All that had occurred in his existence, for the last six months, led him back towards the holy injunctions of the bishop; Cosette through love, the convent through humility.

5 Sometimes, in the evening, about dusk, at the hour when the garden was solitary, he was seen kneeling, in the middle of the walk that ran along the chapel, before the window through which he had looked, on the night of his first arrival, turned towards the spot where he knew that the sister who was per-
10 forming the reparation was prostrate in prayer. Thus he prayed kneeling before this sister. It seemed as though he dared not kneel directly before God.

Everything around him, this quiet garden, these balmy flowers, these children, shouting with joy, these meek and
15 simple women, this silent cloister, gradually entered into all his being, and, little by little, his soul subsided into silence like this cloister, into fragrance like these flowers, into peace like this garden, into simplicity like these women, into joy like these children. And then he reflected that two houses of
20 God had received him in succession at the two critical moments of his life, the first when every door was closed and human society repelled him; the second, when human society again howled upon his track, and the galleys once more gaped for him; and that, had it not been for the first, he should have
25 fallen back into crime, and, had it not been for the second, into punishment. His whole heart melted in gratitude, and he loved more and more.

Several years passed thus. Cosette was growing.

MARIUS

BOOK III -- MARIUS

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PART FIRST—THE GRANDFATHER AND THE GRANDSON

I. LITTLE GAVROCHE

ABOUT eight or nine years after the events narrated in the second part of this story, there was seen, on the Boulevard du Temple, a little boy of eleven or twelve years of age, who would have realised with considerable accuracy the ideal of the gamin,^o if, with the laughter of his youth upon his lips, ⁵ his heart had not been absolutely dark and empty. This child was well muffled up in a man's pair of pantaloons, but he had not got them from his father, and in a woman's chemise, **which** was not an inheritance from his mother. Strangers had clothed him in these rags out of charity. Still, he had a father ¹⁰ and a mother. But his father never thought of him, and his mother did not love him. He was one of those children so deserving of pity from all, who have fathers and mothers, and yet are orphans. His parents had thrown him out into life with a kick.

He was a boisterous, nimble, wide-awake, roguish urchin, with an air at once vivacious and sickly. He went, came, sang, ~~played~~ pitch and toss, scraped the gutters, stole a little, but he did it gaily, laughed when people called him an errand-boy, and got angry when they called him a ragamuffin. He ²⁰ had no shelter, no food, no fire, no love, but he was light-hearted because he was free.

It happened sometimes, every two or three months, that he would say to himself: "Come, I'll go and see my mother!" Then he would leave the Boulevard, go down along the quays, ²⁵ cross the bridges, walk as far as the Salpêtrière,^o and arrive -- where? Precisely at that double number, 50-52, which is known to the reader, the Gorbeau^o building.

At the period referred to, the tenement No. 50-52, usually empty, was, for a wonder, tenanted. The landlady of the time of Jean Valjean was dead, and had been replaced by another exactly like her. The new old woman was called
5 Madame Burgon.

Among those who lived in the building, the wretchedest of all were a family of four persons, father, mother, and two daughters nearly grown, all four lodging in the garret room. This family at first sight presented nothing very peculiar but
10 its extreme destitution; the father, in renting the room, had given his name as Jondrette. Some time after his moving in, this Jondrette said to the old woman, "Mother ° So and So, if anybody should come and ask for a Pole or an Italian or, perhaps, a Spaniard, that is for me."

15 Now, this family was the family of our sprightly little bare-footed urchin. When he came there, he found distress and what is sadder still, no smile; a cold hearthstone and cold hearts. When he came in, they would ask: "Where have you come from?" He would answer: "From the street."
20 When he was going away they would ask him: "Where are you going to?" He would answer: "Into the street."

The child felt no suffering from this mode of existence, and bore no ill-will to anybody. He did not know how a father and mother ought to be. But yet his mother loved his sisters.
25 On the Boulevard du Temple this boy went by the name of little Gavroche. Why was his name Gavroche? Probably because his father's name was Jondrette.

The room occupied by the Jondrettes in the Gorbeau tenement was the last at the end of the hall. The adjoining cell
30 was tenanted by a very poor young man who was called Monsieur Marius.

We must now go back a few years and introduce the reader to several characters who play an important part in our narrative.

II. THE GRAND BOURGEOIS °

35 In the Marais ° there lived in 1817 a fine old man named M. Gillenormand. He was one of those men who have become

curiosities. He was a peculiar old man, and very truly a man of another age — the genuine bourgeois of the eighteenth century, a very perfect specimen. He had passed his ninetyeth year, walked erect, spoke in a loud voice, saw clearly, drank hard, ate, slept, and snored. He had every one of his thirty-two teeth. He wore glasses only when reading. He did not belong, as we see, to that sickly variety of octogenarians ° who, like M. de Voltaire, ° are dying all their life; it was not a milk and water longevity; this jovial old man was always in good health. He was hasty, easily angered. He 10 got into a rage on all occasions, most frequently when most unreasonable. When anybody contradicted him he raised his cane; he beat his servants as in the time of Louis XIV. ° He had an unmarried daughter over fifty years old, whom he belaboured severely when he was angry, and whom he would 15 gladly have horsewhipped. She seemed to him about eight years old. He cuffed his domestics vigorously.

He lived at Rue des Filles de Calvaire, No. 6. The house was his own. He occupied an ancient and ample apartment on the first story, between the street and the gardens, covered 20 to the ceiling with fine tapestry. ° Long, full curtains hung at the windows, and made great, magnificent broken folds. The garden, which was immediately beneath his windows, was connected with the angle between them by means of a staircase of twelve or fifteen steps, which the old man ascended 25 and descended very blithely. In addition to a library adjoining his room, he had a boudoir ° which he thought very much of, a gay retreat, hung with magnificent straw-coloured tapestry, covered with fleur de lys and with figures from the galleries of Louis XIV. M. Gillenormand had inherited this 30 from a severe maternal great-aunt, who died at the age of a hundred. His manners held a medium between the courtier which he had never been, and the counsellor which he might have been. He was gay, and kind when he wished to be. In his youth, he had been the most disagreeable husband and 35 the most charming lover in the world. This old man had had two wives. The first had presented him with a daughter, who had remained unmarried, and the second, another daughter, who died when about thirty years old, and who had married

for love, or luck, or otherwise, a soldier of fortune, who had served in the armies of the republic and the empire, had won the cross ° at Austerlitz, ° and been made colonel at Waterloo. "This is the disgrace of my family," said the old bourgeois.

5 As to the two daughters, they were born ten years apart. In their youth they resembled each other very little; and in character as well as in countenance, were as far from being sisters as possible. The younger was a cheerful soul, attracted towards everything that is bright, busy with flowers, poetry, and music, carried away into the glories of space, enthusiastic, ethereal, affianced from childhood in the ideal to a dim heroic figure. The elder had also her chimera, ° in the azure depth she saw a contractor, some good, coarse commissary, very rich, a husband splendidly stupid, a million-made man, or even a prefect; receptions at the prefecture, an usher of the ante-chamber, with the chain on his neck, official balls, harangues at the mayor's, to be "*Madame la préfete*," ° this whirled in her imagination. The two sisters wandered thus, each in her own fancy, when they were young girls. Both 20 had wings, one like an angel, the other like a goose.

No ambition is fully realised, here below at least. No paradise becomes terrestrial at the period in which we live. The younger had married the man of her dreams, but she was dead. The elder was not married. She was called *Mademoiselle Gillenormand the elder*. 25

Mademoiselle Gillenormand the elder was immodestly modest. She had one frightful reminiscence in her life: one day a man had seen her garter. Age had only increased this pitiless modesty. She multiplied hooks and pins where nobody thought of looking. The peculiarity of prudery is to multiply sentinels, in proportion as the fortress is less threatened. However, explain who can these ancient mysteries of innocence, she allowed herself to be kissed without displeasure, by an officer of lancers ° who was her grand- 35 nephew and whose name was Théodule.

We must say that in growing old, Mademoiselle Gillenormand had rather gained than lost. This is the case with passive natures. She had never been peevish, which is a relative goodness; and then, years wear off angles, and the

softening of time had come upon her. She was sad with an obscure sadness of which she had not the secret herself. There was in her whole person the stupor of a life ended but never commenced.

She kept her father's house. Monsieur Gillenormand had 5 his daughter with him as we have seen Monseigneur Bienvenu had his sister with him. These households of an old man and an old maid are not rare, and always have the touching aspect of two feeblenesses leaning upon each other.

There was besides in the house, between this old maid and 10 this old man, a child, a little boy, always trembling and mute before M. Gillenormand. M. Gillenormand never spoke to this child but with stern voice, and sometimes with uplifted cane. But he idolised him. It was his grandson. We shall see this child again.

15

III. ONE OF THE RED SPECTRES OF THAT TIME

WHOEVER, at that day, had passed through the little city of Vernon, and walked over the beautiful monumental bridge, would have noticed, as his glance fell from the top of the parapet, a man of about fifty, with a leather cap on his head, dressed in pantaloons and waistcoat of coarse grey cloth, to 10 which something yellow was stitched which had been a red ribbon, shod in wooden shoes, browned by the sun, his face almost black and his hair almost white, a large scar upon his forehead extending down his cheek, bent, bowed down, older than his years, walking nearly every day with a spade and a 15 pruning knife in his hand, in one of those walled inclosures full of flowers. He lived there solitary and alone, in silence and in poverty, with a woman who was neither young nor old, neither beautiful nor ugly, neither peasant nor bourgeois, who waited upon him. The square of earth which he called his 20 garden was celebrated in the town for the beauty of the flowers which he cultivated in it. Flowers were his occupation.

By dint of labour, perseverance, attention, and pails of water, he had succeeded in creating after the Creator, and had invented certain tulips and dahlias which seemed to have been 25 forgotten by Nature. By break of day in summer, he was

in his walks, digging, pruning, weeding, watering, walking in the midst of his flowers with an air of kindness, sadness, and gentleness, sometimes dreamy and motionless for whole hours, listening to the song of a bird in a tree, the prattling of a child in a house, or oftener with his eyes fixed on some drop of dew at the end of a spear of grass, of which the sun was making a carbuncle. His table was very frugal, and he drank more milk than wine. An urchin would make him yield, his servant scolded him. He was timid, so much so as to seem unsociable, he rarely went out, and saw nobody but the poor who rapped at his window, and his curé, Abbé Mabeuf, a good old man. Still, if any of the inhabitants of the city or strangers, whoever they might be, curious to see his tulips and roses, knocked at his little house, he opened his door with a smile. This man was called by M. Gillenormand, *The Brigand of the Loire*.

Whoever, at the same time, had read the military memoirs, the biographies, the *Moniteur*,° and the bulletins of the Grand Army,° would have been struck by a name which appears rather often, the name of George Pontmercy. When quite young, this George Pontmercy was a soldier in the regiment of Saintonge.° The revolution broke out. Pontmercy fought at Spire, at Worms, at Neustadt, at Turkheim, at Alzey, at Mayence, where he was one of the two hundred who formed Houchard's° rear-guard. He with eleven others held their ground behind the old rampart of Andernach, and only fell back upon the bulk of the army when the hostile cannon had effected a breach from the top of the parapet° to the slope of the glacis.° He was under Kleber° at Marchiennes, and at the battle of Mont Palissel, where he had his arm broken by a musket-ball. Then he passed to the Italian frontier, and he was one of the thirty grenadiers° who defended the Col di Tende with Joubert.° Joubert was made Adjutant-General, and Pontmercy Second-Lieutenant. Pontmercy was by the side of Berthier° in the midst of the storm of balls on that day of Lodi of which Bonaparte said: "Berthier was cannoneer, cavalier, and grenadier." He saw his old general, Joubert, fall at Novi, at the moment when, with uplifted sword, he was crying: "Forward!" He

distinguished himself at Austerlitz in that wonderful march in echelon ° under the enemy's fire. When the cavalry of the Russian Imperial Guard crushed a battalion of the 4th of the Line, Pontmercy was one of those who revenged the repulse, and overthrew the Guard. The emperor gave him the cross. 5 Pontmercy successively saw Wurmser ° made prisoner in Mantua, Melas ° in Alexandria, and Mack ° in Ulm. He was in the eighth corps of the Grand Army, which Mortier ° commanded, and which took Hamburg. Then he passed into the 55th of the Line, which was the old Flanders regiment. 10 At Eylau, he was in the churchyard where the heroic captain Louis Hugo, uncle of the author of this book, sustained alone with his company of eighty-three men, for two hours, the whole effort of the enemy's army. Pontmercy was one of the three who came out of that churchyard alive. He was at 15 Friedland. Then he saw Moscow, then the Beresina, then Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Washau, Leipsic, and the defiles of Glenhausen, then Montmirail, Chateau-Thierry, Craon, the banks of the Marne, the banks of the Aisne, and the formidable position at Laon. At Arnay le Duc, a captain, 20 he sabred ten cossacks, ° and saved, not his general, but his corporal. He was wounded on that occasion, and twenty-seven splinters were extracted from his left arm alone. Eight days before the capitulation of Paris, he exchanged with a comrade, and entered the cavalry. He had what was called 25 under the old régime *the double-hand*, that is to say equal skill in managing, as a soldier, the sabre or the musket, as an officer, a squadron or a battalion. It is this skill, perfected by military education, which gives rise to certain special arms, the dragoons, ° for instance, who are both cavalry and 30 infantry. He accompanied Napoleon to the island of Elba. ° At Waterloo he led a squadron of cuirassiers. ° He it was who took the colours from the Lunenburg battalion. He carried the colours to the emperor's feet. He was covered with blood. He had received, in seizing the colours, a sabre 35 stroke across his face. The emperor, well pleased, cried to him: "*You are a Colonel, you are a Baron, ° you are an Officer of the Legion of Honour ° !*" Pontmercy answered: "*Sire, I thank you for my widow.*" An hour afterwards, he fell

wounded again. Now who was this George Pontmercy? He was that very Brigand of the Loire.

After Waterloo, Pontmercy succeeded in regaining the army, and was passed along from ambulance to ambulance to the 5 cantonments ° of the Loire.

The Restoration ° put him on half-pay, then sent him to a residence, that is to say under surveillance at Vernon. The king, Louis XVIII., ° ignoring all that had been done in the Hundred Days, ° recognised neither his position of officer of the 10 Legion of Honour, nor his rank of colonel, nor his title of baron. He, on his part, neglected no opportunity to sign himself *Colonel Baron Pontmercy*. He had only one old blue coat, and he never went out without putting on the rosette ° of an officer of the Legion of Honour. The *procureur du roi* ° 15 notified him that he would be prosecuted for illegally wearing this decoration. When this notice was given to him by a friendly intermediary, Pontmercy answered with a bitter smile. Then he went out every day for a week with his rosette. Nobody dared to disturb him. One morning, he 20 met the *procureur du roi* in one of the streets of Vernon, went up to him and said: "Monsieur *procureur du roi*, am I allowed to wear my scar?"

He had nothing but his very scanty half-pay as chief of squadron. He hired the smallest house he could find in 25 Vernon; he lived there alone. Under the empire, between two wars, he had found time to marry Mademoiselle Gillenormand. The old bourgeois, who really felt outraged, consented with a sigh, saying: "The greatest families are forced to it." In 1815, Madame Pontmercy, an admirable woman in every 30 respect, noble and rare, and worthy of her husband, died, leaving a child. This child would have been the colonel's joy in his solitude; but the grandfather had imperiously demanded his grandson, declaring that, unless he were given up to him, he would disinherit him. The father yielded for 35 the sake of the little boy, and not being able to have his child, he set about loving flowers.

He had moreover given up everything, making no movement nor conspiring with others. He divided his thoughts between the innocent things he was doing, and the grand

things he had done. He passed his time hoping for a pink or remembering Austerlitz.

M. Gillenormand had no intercourse with his son-in-law. The colonel was to him "a bandit," and he was to the colonel "a blockhead." M. Gillenormand never spoke of the colonel, 5 unless sometimes to make mocking allusions to "*his barony*." It was expressly understood that Pontmercy should never endeavour to see his son or speak to him, under pain of the boy being turned away, and disinherited. To the Gillenormands, Pontmercy was pestiferous. They intended to bring 10 up the child to their liking. The colonel did wrong perhaps to accept these conditions, but he submitted to them, thinking that he was doing right, and sacrificing himself alone.

The inheritance from the grandfather Gillenormand was a small affair, but the inheritance from Mlle. Gillenormand the 15 elder was considerable. This aunt, who had remained single, was very rich from the maternal side, and the son of her sister was her natural heir. The child, whose name was Marius, knew that he had a father, but nothing more. Nobody spoke a word to him about him. However, in the society into which 20 his grandfather took him, the whisperings, the hints, the winks, enlightened the little boy's mind at length; he finally comprehended something of it, and as he naturally imbibed, by a sort of infiltration and slow penetration, the ideas and opinions which formed, so to say, the air he breathed, he 25 came little by little to think of his father only with shame and with a closed heart.

While he was thus growing up, every two or three months the colonel would escape, come furtively to Paris like a fugitive from justice breaking his ban, and go to Saint Sulpice, 30 at the hour when Aunt Gillenormand took Marius to mass. There, trembling lest the aunt should turn round, concealed behind a pillar, motionless, not daring to breathe, he saw his child. The scarred veteran was afraid of the old maid. From this, in fact, came his connection with the curé of 35 Vernon, Abbé Mabeuf.

This worthy priest was the brother of a warden of Saint Sulpice, who had several times noticed this man gazing upon his child, and the scar on his cheek, and the big tears in his

eyes. This man, who had so really the appearance of a man, and who wept like a woman, had attracted the warden's attention. This face remained in his memory. One day, having gone to Vernon to see his brother, he met Colonel Pontmercy on the bridge, and recognised the man of Saint Sulpice. The warden spoke of it to the curé, and the two, under some pretext, made the colonel a visit. This visit led to others. The colonel, who at first was very reserved, finally unbosomed himself, and the curé and the warden came to know the whole story, and how Pontmercy was sacrificing his own happiness to the future of his child. The result was that the curé felt a veneration and tenderness for him, and the colonel, on his part, felt an affection for the curé. And, moreover, when it happens that both are sincere and good, nothing will mix and amalgamate more easily than an old priest and an old soldier. In reality, they are the same kind of man. One has devoted himself to his country upon earth, the other to his country in heaven; there is no other difference.

Twice a year Marius wrote filial letters to his father, which his aunt dictated. This was all that M. Gillenormand allowed; and the father answered with very tender letters, which the grandfather thrust into his pocket without reading.

Marius Pontmercy went, like all children, through various studies. When he left the hands of Aunt Gillenormand, his grandfather entrusted him to a worthy professor, of the purest classic innocence. This young, unfolding soul passed from a prude to a pedant.^o Marius had his years at college, then he entered the law-school. He was royalist, fanatical, and austere. He had little love for his grandfather, whose gaiety and cynicism^o wounded him, and the place of his father was a dark void. For the rest, he was an ardent but cool lad, noble, generous, proud, religious, lofty; honourable even to harshness, pure even to unsociableness.

IV. THE ONLY VISIT

IN 1827, Marius had just attained his eighteenth year. On coming in one evening, he saw his grandfather with a letter in his hand.

"Marius," said M. Gillenormand, "you will set out to-morrow for Vernon."

"What for?" said Marius.

"To see your father."

Marius shuddered. He had thought of everything but this, that a day might come, when he would have to see his father. Nothing could have been more unlooked for, more surprising, and, we must say, more disagreeable. Marius, besides his feelings of political antipathy, was convinced that his father, the sabrer, as M. Gillenormand called him in his gentler moments, did not love him; that was clear, since he had abandoned him and left him to others. Feeling that he was not loved at all, he had no love.

He was so astounded that he did not question M. Gillenormand. The grandfather continued: "It appears that he is sick. He asks for you."

And after a moment of silence he added: "Start to-morrow morning. I think there is a conveyance which starts at six o'clock and arrives at night. Take it. He says the case is urgent."

The next day at dusk, Marius arrived at Vernon. Candles were just beginning to be lighted. He asked the first person he met for *the house of Monsieur Pontmercy*. For in his feelings he agreed with the Restoration, and he, too, recognised his father neither as baron nor as colonel. The house was pointed out to him. He rang; a woman came and opened the door with a small lamp in her hand.

"Monsieur Pontmercy?" said Marius.

The woman remained motionless.

"Is it here?" asked Marius.

The woman gave an affirmative nod of the head.

"Can I speak with him?"

The woman gave a negative sign.

"But I am his son!" resumed Marius. "He expects me."

"He expects you no longer," said the woman. Then he perceived that she was in tears.

She pointed to the door of a low room; he entered. In this room, which was lighted by a tallow candle on the mantel, there were three men, one of them standing, one on his knees,

and one stripped to his shirt and lying at full length upon the floor. The one upon the floor was the colonel. The two others were a physician and a priest who was praying.

The colonel had been three days before attacked with a fever. At the beginning of the sickness, having a presentiment of ill, he had written to Monsieur Gillenormand to ask for his son. He had grown worse. On the very evening of Marius' arrival at Vernon, the colonel had had a fit of delirium; he sprang out of his bed in spite of the servant, crying:
10 "My son has not come! I am going to meet him!" Then he had gone out of his room and fallen upon the floor of the hall. He had but just died. The doctor and the curé had been sent for. The doctor had come too late, the curé had come too late. The son also had come too late.

15 By the dim light of the candle, they could distinguish upon the cheek of the pale and prostrate colonel a big tear which had fallen from his death-stricken eye. The eye was glazed, but the tear was not dry. This tear was for his son's delay.

Marius looked upon this man, whom he saw for the first
20 time, and for the last — this venerable and manly face, these open eyes which saw not, this white hair, these robust limbs upon which he distinguished here and there brown lines which were sabre-cuts, and a species of red stars which were bullet-holes. He looked upon that gigantic scar which imprinted
25 heroism upon this face on which God had impressed goodness. He thought that this man was his father and that this man was dead, and he remained unmoved. The sorrow which he experienced was the sorrow which he would have felt before any other man whom he might have seen stretched out in death.

30 Mourning, bitter mourning was in that room. The servant was lamenting by herself in a corner, the curé was praying, and his sobs were heard; the doctor was wiping his eyes; the corpse itself wept. This doctor, this priest, and this woman, looked at Marius through their affliction without saying a
35 word; it was he who was the stranger. Marius, too little moved, felt ashamed and embarrassed at his attitude. At the same time he felt something like remorse, and he despised himself for acting thus. But was it his fault? He did not love his father, indeed!

The colonel left nothing. The sale of his furniture hardly paid for his burial. The servant found a scrap of paper which she handed to Marius. It contained this, in the handwriting of the colonel :

"*For my Son.* — The emperor made me a baron upon the battle-field of Waterloo. Since the Restoration contests this title which I have bought with my blood, my son will take it and bear it. I need not say that he will be worthy of it." On the back, the colonel had added: "At this same battle of Waterloo, a sergeant saved my life. This man's name is Thénardier. Not long ago, I believe he was keeping a little tavern in a village in the suburbs of Paris, at Chelles or at Montfermeil. If my son meets him, he will do Thénardier all the service he can."

Not from duty towards his father, but on account of that vague respect for death which is always so imperious in the heart of man, Marius took this paper and pressed it.

No trace remained of the colonel. Monsieur Gillenormand had his sword and uniform sold to a second-hand dealer. The neighbours stripped the garden and carried off the rare flowers. The other plants became briery and scraggy, and died.

Marius remained only forty-eight hours at Vernon. After the burial, he returned to Paris and went back to his law, thinking no more of his father than if he had never lived. In two days the colonel had been buried, and in three days forgotten. Marius wore crape on his hat. That was all.

V. THE UTILITY OF GOING TO MASS, TO BECOME REVOLUTIONARY

MARIUS had preserved the religious habits of his childhood. One Sunday he had gone to hear mass at Saint Sulpice, at this same chapel of the Virgin to which his aunt took him when he was a little boy, and being that day more absent-minded and dreamy than usual, he took his place behind a pillar and knelt down, without noticing it, before a chair, on the back of which this name was written: *Monsieur Mabeuf, church-warden*. The mass had hardly commenced when an old man presented himself and said to Marius: "Monsieur, this is my place."

Marius moved away readily, and the old man took his chair. After mass, Marius remained absorbed in thought a few steps distant; the old man approached him again and said: "I beg your pardon, monsieur, for having disturbed you a little while ago, and for disturbing you again now; but you must have thought me impertinent, and I must explain myself."

"Monsieur," said Marius, "it is unnecessary."

"Yes!" resumed the old man; "I do not wish you to have
10 a bad opinion of me. You see I think a great deal of that place. It seems to me that the mass is better there. Why? I will tell you. To that place I have seen for ten years, regularly, every two or three months, a poor, brave father come, who had no other opportunity and no other way of
15 seeing his child, being prevented through some family arrangements. He came at the hour when he knew his son was brought to mass. The little one never suspected that his father was here. He did not even know, perhaps, that he had a father, the innocent boy! The father, for his part, kept behind a
20 pillar, so that nobody should see him. He looked at his child, and wept. This poor man worshipped this little boy. I saw that. This place has become sanctified, as it were, for me, and I have acquired the habit of coming here to hear mass. I prefer it to the bench, where I have a right to be as a warden.
25 I was even acquainted slightly with this unfortunate gentleman. He had a father-in-law, a rich aunt, relatives, I do not remember exactly, who threatened to disinherit the child if he, the father, should see him. He had sacrificed himself that his son might some day be rich and happy. They were
30 separated by political opinions. I approve of political opinions, but there are people who do not know where to stop. Bless me! because a man was at Waterloo he is not a monster; a father is not separated from his child for that. He was one of Bonaparte's colonels. He is dead, I believe. He lived at
35 Vernon, where my brother is curé, and his name is something like Pontmarc, or Montpercy. He had a handsome sabre cut."

"Pontmercy," said Marius, turning pale.

"Exactly; Pontmercy. Did you know him?"

"Monsieur," said Marius, "he was my father."

The old churchwarden clasped his hands, and exclaimed: "Ah! you are the child! Yes, that is it; he ought to be a man now. Well! poor child, you can say that you had a father who loved you well."

Marius offered his arm to the old man, and walked with him to his house. Next day he said to Monsieur Gillenormand: "We have arranged a hunting party with a few friends. Will you permit me to be absent for three days?"

"Four," answered the grandfather; "go; amuse yourself." And, with a wink he whispered to his daughter, "Some love affair!"

Where Marius went we shall see a little further on. Marius was absent three days, then he returned to Paris, went straight to the library of the law-school, and asked for the file of the *Moniteur*.

He read the *Moniteur*; he read all the histories of the republic and the empire; all the memoirs, journals, bulletins, proclamations; he devoured everything. The first time he met his father's name in the bulletins of the grand army he had a fever for a whole week. He went to see the generals under whom George Pontmercy had served. The churchwarden, Mabeuf, whom he had gone to see again, gave him an account of the life at Vernon, the colonel's retreat, his flowers and his solitude. Marius came to understand fully this rare, sublime, and gentle man, this sort of lion-lamb, who was his father.

In the meantime, engrossed in this study, which took up all his time, as well as all his thoughts, he hardly saw the Gillenormands more. At the hours of meals he appeared; then when they looked for him, he was gone. The aunt grumbled. The grandfather smiled. Sometimes the old man added: "The devil! I thought that it was some gallantry. It seems to be a passion." It was a passion, indeed. Marius was on the way to adoration for his father.

At the same time an extraordinary change took place in his ideas. This history on which he had now cast his eyes, startled him. The republic, the empire, had been to him, till then, nothing but monstrous words. The republic, a

guillotine ° in a twilight; the empire, a sabre in the night. He had looked into them, and there, where he expected to find only a chaos of darkness, he had seen, with a sort of astounding surprise, mingled with fear and joy, stars shining, Mirabeau, °
 5 Vergniaud, ° Saint-Just, ° Robespierre, ° Camille Desmoulins, ° Danton, ° and a sun rising, Napoleon. He knew not where he was. He recoiled blinded by the splendours. Little by little, the astonishment passed away, he accustomed himself to this radiance; he looked upon acts without dizziness, he
 10 examined personages without error; the revolution and the empire set themselves in luminous perspective before his straining eyes; he saw each of these two groups of events and men arrange themselves into two enormous facts: the republic into the sovereignty of the civic right restored to the masses,
 15 the empire into the sovereignty of the French idea imposed upon Europe; he saw spring out of the revolution the grand figure of the people, and out of the empire the grand figure of France. He declared to himself that all that had been good.

He perceived then that up to that time he had comprehended his country no more than he had his father. He had
 20 known neither one nor the other, and he had had a sort of voluntary night over his eyes. He now saw, and on the one hand he admired, on the other he worshipped.

He was full of regret and remorse, and he thought with
 25 despair that all he had in his soul he could say now only to a tomb. Oh! if his father were living, if he had had him still, if God in his mercy and in his goodness had permitted that his father might be still alive, how he would have run, how he would have plunged headlong, how he would have cried to his
 30 father: "Father! I am here! it is I! my heart is the same as yours! I am your son!" How he would have embraced his white head, wet his hair with tears, gazed upon his scar, pressed his hands, worshipped his garments, kissed his feet! Oh! why had this father died so soon, before the adolescence,
 35 before the justice, before the love of his son! At the same time he became more truly serious, more truly grave, surer of his faith and his thought. Gleams of the true came at every instant to complete his reasoning. He felt a sort of natural aggrandisement which these two new things, his father

and his country, brought to him. When he thought of his former opinions, which were only of yesterday, but which seemed so ancient to him already, he became indignant at himself. From the rehabilitation of his father he had naturally passed to the rehabilitation of Napoleon. 5

On reading his history, especially in studying it in documents and materials, the veil which covered Napoleon from Marius' eyes gradually fell away. He perceived something immense, and suspected that he had been deceiving himself up to that moment about Bonaparte as well as about every- 10 thing else; each day he saw more clearly; and he began to mount slowly, step by step, in the beginning almost with regret, afterwards with rapture, and as if drawn by an irresistible fascination, at first the sombre stages, then the dimly lighted stages, finally the luminous and splendid stages of 15 enthusiasm.

One night he was alone in his little room next the roof. His candle was lighted; he was reading, leaning on his table by the open window. All manner of reveries came over him from the expanse of space and mingled with his thought. 20 He was reading the bulletins of the Grand Army, those heroic lines written on the battle-field; he saw there at intervals his father's name, the emperor's name everywhere; the whole of the grand empire appeared before him; he felt as if a tide were swelling and rising within him; it seemed to him at 25 moments that his father was passing by him like a breath, and whispering in his ear; gradually he grew wandering; he thought he heard the drums, the cannon, the trumpets, the measured tread of the battalions, the dull and distant gallop of the cavalry; from time to time he lifted his eyes to the sky 30 and saw the colossal constellations shining in the limitless abysses, then they fell back upon the book, and saw there other colossal things moving about confusedly. His heart was full. He was transported, trembling, breathless; suddenly, without himself knowing what moved him, or what he was obeying, 35 he arose, stretched his arms out of the window, gazed fixedly into the gloom, the silence, the darkling infinite, the eternal immensity, and cried: "Vive l'empereur!" °

From that moment it was all over; the Corsican Ogre ° —

the usurper — the tyrant — the tiger — Buonaparté ° — all this vanished, and gave place in his mind to a suffused and brilliant radiance in which shone out from an inaccessible height the pale marble phantom of Cæsar. The emperor had
 5 been to his father only the beloved captain, whom one admires, and for whom one devotes himself; to Marius he was something more. He was the predestined constructor of the French group, succeeding the Roman group in the mastery of the world. He was the stupendous architect of a downfall,
 10 the successor of Charlemagne, ° of Louis XI., ° of Henry IV., ° of Richelieu, ° of Louis XIV., ° and of the Committee of Public Safety, ° having doubtless his blemishes, his faults, and even his crimes; but august in his faults, brilliant in his blemishes, mighty in his crimes.

15 He was the man foreordained to force all nations to say: "*The Grand Nation.*" He was better still; he was the very incarnation of France, conquering Europe by the sword which he held, and the world by the light which he shed. Marius saw in Bonaparte the flashing spectre which will
 20 always rise upon the frontier, and which will guard the future. Despot, but dictator; despot resulting from a republic and summing up a revolution. Napoleon became to him the people-man, as Jesus is the God-man.

All these revolutions were accomplished in him without a
 25 suspicion of it in his family. When, in this mysterious labour, he had entirely cast off his old Bourbon ° skin, when he had shed the aristocrat, and the royalist, when he was fully revolutionary, thoroughly democratic, and almost republican, he went to an engraver, and ordered a hundred cards bearing
 30 this name: *Baron Marius Pontmercy*. However, as he knew nobody, and could not leave his cards at anybody's door, he put them in his pocket.

By another natural consequence, in proportion as he drew nearer to his father, his memory, and the things for which the
 35 colonel had fought for twenty-five years, he drew off from his grandfather. For a long time M. Gillenormand's capriciousness had been disagreeable to him. There was already between them all the distaste of a serious young man for a frivolous old man. Above all, Marius felt inexpressibly

revolted when he thought that M. Gillenormand had pitilessly torn him from the colonel, thus depriving the father of the child, and the child of the father. Through affection and veneration for his father, Marius had almost reached aversion for his grandfather.

Nothing of this, however, was betrayed externally. Only he was more and more frigid; laconic ° at meals, and scarcely ever in the house. When his aunt scolded him for it, he was very mild, and gave as an excuse his studies, courts, examinations, dissertations. The grandfather did not change his infallible diagnosis: "In love? I understand it."

Marius was absent from time to time. "Where can he go to?" asked the aunt.

On one of these journeys, which were always very short, he went to Montfermeil in obedience to the injunction which his father had left him, and sought for the former sergeant of Waterloo, the innkeeper Thénardier. Thénardier had failed, the inn was closed, and nobody knew what had become of him. While making these researches, Marius was away from the house four days. "Decidedly," said the grandfather, "he is going astray."

They thought they noticed that he wore something upon his breast and under his shirt, hung from his neck by a black ribbon.

VI. SOME PETTICOAT

WE have spoken of a lancer. He was a grand-nephew of M. Gillenormand's on the paternal side, who passed his life away from his family, and far from all domestic hearths in garrison. Lieutenant Théodule Gillenormand fulfilled all the conditions required for what is called a handsome officer. He had the waist of a girl, a way of trailing the victorious sabre, and a curling mustache. He came to Paris very rarely, so rarely that Marius had never seen him. The two cousins knew each other only by name. Théodule was the favourite of Aunt Gillenormand, who preferred him because she did not see him.

One morning, Mlle. Gillenormand the elder had retired to

her room as much excited as her placidity allowed. Marius had asked his grandfather again for permission to make a short journey, adding that he intended to set out that evening. "Go!" the grandfather had answered, and M. Gillenormand had added aside, lifting his eyebrows to the top of his forehead: "He is getting to be an old offender." Mlle. Gillenormand had returned to her room very much perplexed.

She imagined some more or less illicit affair of the heart, a woman in the shadow, a rendezvous, a mystery, and she would not have been sorry to thrust her spectacles into it. She had been sitting in her chair for some hours when the door opened. Mlle. Gillenormand raised her eyes; Lieutenant Théodule was before her making the regulation bow. She uttered a cry of pleasure. You may be old, you may be a prude, you may be a bigot, you may be his aunt, but it is always pleasant to see a lancer enter your room.

"You here, Théodule!" exclaimed she.

"On my way, aunt." He embraced her. Aunt Gillenormand went to her secretary, and opened it.

"You stay with us at least all the week?"

"Aunt, I leave this evening. The heart says yes, but my orders say no. Our station is changed; we were at Melun, we are sent to Gaillon. To go from the old station to the new, we must pass through Paris. I said; I am going to go and see my aunt."

"Take this for your pains."

She put ten louis into his hand. Théodule embraced her a second time.

"Do you make the journey on horseback with your regiment?" she asked.

"No, aunt, I wanted to see you. I have a special permit. My servant takes my horse; I go by the diligence. And, speaking of that, my cousin, Marius Pontmercy, is travelling also. On my arrival, I went to the diligence to secure my place in the coupé,° a traveller had already secured a place on the impériale,° I saw his name on the book, Marius Pontmercy."

Here, an event occurred in the life of Mademoiselle Gillenormand the elder; she had an idea. "Are you sure that your cousin does not know you?"

"Yes. I have seen him; but he has never deigned to notice me."

"Listen, Théodule."

"Yes."

"Well, Marius is often away. We want to know what is ^s at the bottom of it."

Théodule answered with the calmness of a man of bronze: "Some petticoat."

"That is clear," exclaimed the aunt. "Do us a kindness. Follow Marius a little way. He does not know you, it will be ¹⁰ easy for you. Since there is a lass, try to see the lass. You can write us the account. It will amuse grandfather."

Théodule had no excessive taste for this sort of watching; but he was much affected by the ten louis, and he thought he saw a possible succession of them. He accepted the com- ¹⁵ mission.

Marius, on the evening which followed this dialogue, mounted the diligence without suspecting that he was watched. As to the watchman, the first thing that he did, was to fall asleep.

At daybreak, the driver of the diligence shouted: "Vernon! Vernon relay! passengers for Vernon?" And Lieutenant ²⁰ Théodule awoke.

"Good," growled he, half asleep, "here I get off."

Then, his memory clearing up by degrees, an effect of ²⁵ awakening, he remembered his aunt, the ten louis, and the account he was to render of Marius' acts and deeds. It made him laugh. "Perhaps, he has left the coach. What the devil shall I write to her, the good old woman?"

At this moment a pair of black pantaloons getting down ³⁰ from the impériale, appeared before the window of the coupé. It was Marius.

A little peasant girl, beside the coach, among the horses and postillions, ^o was offering flowers to the passengers. "Flowers for your ladies," cried she. ³⁵

Marius approached her and bought the most beautiful flowers in her basket.

"Now," said Théodule leaping down from the coach, "there is something that interests me. It ought to be a mighty

pretty woman for so fine a bouquet. I would like to see her."

And, no longer now by command, but from personal curiosity, he began to follow Marius.

5 Marius paid no attention to Théodule. Some elegant women got out of the diligence; he did not look at them. He seemed to see nothing about him.

"Is he in love?" thought Théodule.

Marius walked towards the church.

10 "All right," said Théodule to himself. "These rendezvous^o which are spiced with a bit of mass are the best of all."

Arriving at the church, Marius did not go in, but went behind the building.

15 "The rendezvous is outside," said Théodule. "Let us see the lass." And he advanced on tiptoe towards the corner which Marius had turned. On reaching it, he stopped, astounded.

20 Marius, his face hid in his hands, was kneeling in the grass, upon a grave. He had scattered his bouquet. At the end of the grave, at an elevation which marked the head, there was a black wooden cross, with this name in white letters: COLONEL BARON PONTMERCY. He heard Marius sobbing. The lass was a tomb.

VII. MARBLE AGAINST GRANITE

It was here that Marius had come the first time that he 25 absented himself from Paris.

Lieutenant Théodule was absolutely disconcerted by this unexpected encounter with a sepulchre; he experienced a disagreeable and singular sensation which he was incapable of analysing, and which was made up of respect for a tomb mingled with respect for a colonel. He retreated, leaving Marius 30 alone in the churchyard, and there was something of discipline in this retreat. Death appeared to him with huge epaulets, and he gave him almost a military salute. Not knowing what to write to his aunt, he decided to write nothing at all; 35 and probably nothing would have resulted from the discovery made by Théodule in regard to Marius' amours, had not, by

one of those mysterious arrangements so frequently accidental, the scene at Vernon been almost immediately followed by a sort of counter-blow at Paris.

Marius returned from Vernon early in the morning of the third day, was set down at his grandfather's, and, fatigued 5 by the two nights passed in the diligence, feeling the need of making up for his lack of sleep by an hour at the swimming school, ran quickly up to his room, took only time enough to lay off his travelling coat and the black ribbon which he wore about his neck, and went away to the bath. 10

M. Gillenormand, who had risen early, had heard him come in, and hastened as fast as he could with his old legs, to climb to the top of the stairs where Marius' room was, that he might embrace him, and find out something about where he came from. 15

But the youth had taken less time to go down than the octogenarian to go up, and when Grandfather Gillenormand entered the garret room, Marius was no longer there. The bed was not disturbed, and upon the bed were displayed without distrust the coat and the black ribbon. "I like that better," 20 said M. Gillenormand. And a moment afterwards he entered the parlour where Mademoiselle Gillenormand the elder was already seated, embroidering.

The entrance was triumphal. M. Gillenormand held in one hand the coat and in the other the neck ribbon, and cried: 25 "Victory! We are going to penetrate the mystery! we shall know the end of the end, here we are with the romance even. I have the portrait." In fact, a black leather box, much like to a medallion, was fastened to the ribbon. The old man took this box and looked at it some time without opening it. 30

"Let us see, father," said the old maid.

The box opened by pressing a spring. They found nothing in it but a piece of paper carefully folded.

"*From the same to the same,*" said M. Gillenormand, bursting with laughter. "I know what that is. A love-letter!" 35

"Ah! then let us read it!" said the aunt.

And she put on her spectacles. They unfolded the paper and read this: "*For my son.* — The emperor made me a baron upon the battle-field of Waterloo. Since the restoration con-

tests this title which I have bought with my blood, my son will take it and bear it. I need not say that he will be worthy of it."

The feelings of the father and daughter cannot be described. 5 They felt chilled as by the breath of a death's head. They did not exchange a word. M. Gillenormand, however, said in a low voice, and as if talking to himself: "It is the handwriting of that sabrer."

The aunt examined the paper, turned it on all sides, then put 10 it back in the box. Just at that moment, a little oblong package, wrapped in blue paper, fell from a pocket of the coat. Mademoiselle Gillenormand picked it up and unfolded the blue paper. It was Marius' hundred cards. She passed one of them to M. Gillenormand, who read: *Baron Marius Pont-* 15 *mercy.*

The old man rang, the maid came. M. Gillenormand took the ribbon, the box, and the coat, threw them all on the floor in the middle of the parlour, and said: "Take away those things."

20 A full hour passed in complete silence. The old man and the old maid sat with their backs turned to one another, and were probably, each on their side, thinking over the same things.

A few minutes afterwards, Marius made his appearance. He came in. Even before crossing the threshold of the parlour, he perceived his grandfather holding one of his cards in 25 his hand. On seeing him, he exclaimed with his crushing air of sneering, bourgeois superiority:

"Stop! stop! you are a baron now. I present you my compliments. What does this mean?"

30 Marius coloured slightly, and answered: "It means that I am my father's son."

M. Gillenormand checked his laugh, and said harshly: "Your father; I am your father."

"My father," resumed Marius with downcast eyes and stern 35 manner, "was a humble and heroic man, who served the republic and France gloriously, who was great in the greatest history that men have ever made, who lived a quarter of a century in the camp, by day under grape ° and under balls, by night in the snow, in the mud, and in the rain, who captured

colours, who received twenty wounds, who died forgotten and abandoned, and who had but one fault; that was in loving too dearly two ingrates, his country and me."

This was more than M. Gillenormand could listen to. At the word, *Republic*, he rose, or rather, sprang to his feet. 5 Every one of the words which Marius had pronounced, had produced an effect upon the old royalist's face. From dark he had become red, from red purple, and from purple glowing. "Marius!" exclaimed he, "I don't know what your father was! I don't want to know! I know nothing about him and 10 I don't know him! but what I do know is, that there were never any but miserable wretches among all that rabble! that they were all beggars, assassins, thieves! I say all! I know nobody! I say all! do you hear, Marius? Look you, indeed, you are as much a baron as my slipper! they were all 15 bandits who served Robespierre! all brigands who served B-u-o-naparté! all traitors who betrayed, betrayed, betrayed! their legitimate king! all cowards who ran from the Prussians and English at Waterloo! That is what I know. If your father is among them I don't know him, I am sorry for it, so 20 much the worse, your servant!"

In his turn, Marius now became the coal, and M. Gillenormand the bellows. Marius shuddered in every limb, he knew not what to do, his head burned. He could not allow such things to be said before him unanswered. But what could he 25 do? His father had been trodden under foot and stamped upon in his presence, but by whom? by his grandfather. How should he avenge the one without outraging the other? It was impossible for him to insult his grandfather, and it was equally impossible for him not to avenge his father. On one 30 hand a sacred tomb, on the other white hairs. He was for a few moments dizzy and staggering with all this whirlwind in his head; then he raised his eyes, looked straight at his grandfather, and cried in a thundering voice: "Down with the Bourbons!"

The old man, scarlet as he was, suddenly became whiter than his hair. He bent towards his daughter, who was enduring the shock with the stupor of an aged sheep, and said to her with a smile that was almost calm: "A baron like 35

Monsieur and a bourgeois like me cannot remain under the same roof."

And all at once straightening up, trembling, terrible, his forehead swelling with the fearful radiance of anger, he stretched his arm towards Marius and cried to him, "Be off."

Marius left the house.

The next day, M. Gillenormand said to his daughter: "You will send sixty pistoles ° every six months to this blood-drinker, and never speak of him to me again."

20 Marius, for his part, departed in indignation. A circumstance, which we must mention, had aggravated his exasperation still more. In hurriedly carrying away, at the old man's command, Marius' things to his room, Nicolette, the maid, had, without perceiving it, dropped, probably on the garret
15 stairs, which were dark, the black leather medallion which contained the paper written by the colonel. Neither the paper nor the medallion could be found. Marius was convinced that "Monsieur Gillenormand" — from that day forth he never named him otherwise — had thrown his father's will
20 into the fire. He knew by heart the few lines written by the colonel, and consequently nothing was lost. But the paper, the writing, that sacred relic, all that was his heart itself, what had been done with it?

Marius went away without saying where he was going, and
25 without knowing where he was going, with thirty francs, his watch, and a few clothes in a carpet bag. He hired a cabriolet by the hour, jumped in, and drove at random towards the Latin quarter.

What was Marius to do?

PART SECOND—THE FRIENDS OF THE A B C

I. A GROUP WHICH ALMOST BECAME HISTORIC

At that period, apparently indifferent, something of a revolutionary thrill was vaguely felt. Each one took the step forward which was before him. Royalists became liberals, liberals became democrats. Other groups of minds were more serious. They fathomed principle; they attached themselves 5 to right. They longed for the absolute.

At that time there were not yet in France any of those underlying organisations like the German Tugendbund ° and the Italian Carbonari, ° but here and there obscure excavations were branching out. There was in Paris, among other affilia- 10 tions of this kind, the Society of the Friends of the A B C.

Who were the Friends of the A B C? A society having as its aim, in appearance, the education of children; in reality, the elevation of men. They declared themselves the Friends of the A B C. The *abaissé* [the abased] were the people. The 15 Friends of the A B C were not numerous, it was a secret society in the embryonic state. They met in Paris, at two places, in a wine shop called *Corinth*, which will be referred to hereafter, and near the Pantheon in a little coffee-house on the Place Saint Michel, called *Le Café Musain*. The first of 20 these two places of rendezvous was near the working-men, the second near the students.

The ordinary conventicles ° of the Friends of the A B C were held in a back room of the Café Musain. They smoked, drank, played, and laughed there. They talked very loud 25 about everything, and in whispers about something else. On the wall was nailed, an indication sufficient to awaken the suspicion of a police officer, an old map of France under the republic.

Most of the Friends of the A B C were students, in thorough understanding with a few working-men. The names of the principal ones are as follows, they belong to a certain extent to history: Enjolras, Combeferre, Courfeyrac, Laigle. These 5 young men constituted a sort of family among themselves, by force of friendship. All except Laigle were from the South. It was a remarkable group.

Enjolras, whom we have named first, the reason why will be seen by-and-by, was an only son and was rich. Enjolras was 10 a charming young man, who was capable of being terrible. He was angelically beautiful. You would have said, to see the thoughtful reflection of his eye, that he had already, in some preceding existence, passed through the revolutionary apocalypse.^o He had the tradition of it like an eye-witness. 15 He knew all the little details of the grand thing, a pontifical and warrior nature, strange in a youth. He was officiating and militant; from the immediate point of view, a soldier of democracy; above the movement of the time, a priest of the ideal. He had a deep eye, lids a little red, thick under lip, 20 easily becoming disdainful, and a high forehead. He was severe in his pleasures. Before everything but the republic, he chastely dropped his eyes. He was the marble lover of liberty.

Beside Enjolras who represented the logic of the revolution, 25 Combeferre represented its philosophy. Between the logic of the revolution and its philosophy, there is this difference — that its logic could conclude with war, while its philosophy could only end in peace. Combeferre completed and corrected Enjolras. He was lower and broader. His desire was to in- 30 stil into all minds the broad principles of general ideas; he said: "Revolution, but civilization;" and about the steep mountain he spread the vast blue horizon. Hence, in all Combeferre's views, there was something attainable and practicable. Enjolras was a chief; Combeferre was a guide. You 35 would have preferred to fight with the one and march with the other.

We might almost, in what concerns Courfeyrac, stop here, and content ourselves with saying as to the remainder: Courfeyrac, see Tholomyès.

Only Courfeyrac was a brave fellow. Beneath the apparent similarities of the exterior mind, there was great dissimilarity between Tholomyès and him. The latent man which existed in each, was in the first altogether different from what it was in the second. There was in Tholomyès an attorney, and in Courfeyrac a paladin.^o Enjolras was the chief, Combeferre was the guide, Courfeyrac was the centre.

In this conclave of young heads there was one bald member, Laigle. His comrades, for the sake of brevity, called him Bossuet.^o Bossuet was a cheery fellow who was unlucky.¹⁰ His specialty was to succeed in nothing. On the other hand, he laughed at everything. At twenty-five he was bald. His father had died owning a house and some land; but he, the son, had found nothing more urgent than to lose this house and land in a bad speculation. He had nothing left. He¹⁵ had considerable knowledge and wit, but he always miscarried. Everything failed him, everything deceived him; whatever he built up fell upon him. Bossuet was slowly making his way towards the legal profession.

All these young men, diverse as they were, and of whom, as a whole, we ought only to speak seriously, had the same religion: Progress.

On a certain afternoon, which had, as we shall see, some coincidence with events before related, Laigle was leaning lazily back against the doorway of the Café Musain. He was²⁵ thinking, without melancholy, of a little mishap which had befallen him the day before at the law school, and which modified his personal plans for the future — plans which were, moreover, rather indefinite.

Reverie does not hinder a cabriolet from going by, nor the dreamer from noticing the cabriolet. Laigle, whose eyes were wandering in a sort of general stroll, perceived a vehicle turning into the square, moving at a walk, as if undecided. What did this cabriolet want? why was it moving at a walk? Laigle looked at it. There was inside, beside the driver, a³⁵ young man, and before the young man, a large carpet-bag. The bag exhibited to the passers this name, written in big black letters upon a card sewed to the cloth: MARIUS PONT-MERCY.

This name changed Laigle's attitude. He straightened up and addressed the young man in the cabriolet: "Monsieur Marius Pontmercy?"

The cabriolet, thus called upon, stopped. The young man, who also seemed to be profoundly musing, raised his eyes. "Well?" said he.

"You are Monsieur Marius Pontmercy?"

"Certainly."

"I was looking for you," said Laigle.

10 "How is that?" inquired Marius. He had just left his grandfather's, and he had before him a face which he saw for the first time. "I do not know you."

"Nor I either. I do not know you," answered Laigle.

Marius thought he had met a buffoon. He was not in a 15 pleasant humour just at that moment. He knit his brows.

"You were not at school yesterday," said Laigle.

"It is possible."

"It is certain."

"You are a student?" inquired Marius.

20 "Yes, Monsieur. Like you. The day before yesterday I happened to go into the school. You know, one sometimes has such notions. The professor was about to call the roll. If you miss the third call, they erase your name." Marius began to listen.

25 "It was Blondeau who was calling the roll. Suddenly, Blondeau calls '*Marius Pontmercy*'; nobody answers. Blondeau, full of hope, repeats louder: '*Marius Pontmercy?*' And he seizes his pen. I said to myself rapidly: 'Here is a brave fellow who is going to be erased. He is an honourable idler 30 who loafs, who likes to rusticate, let us save him.' At that moment Blondeau dipped his pen, black with erasures, into the ink, cast his tawny eye over the room, and repeated for the third time: '*Marius Pontmercy!*' I answered: '*Present!*' In that way you were not erased."

35 "Monsieur!—" said Marius.

"And I was," added Laigle.

"I do not understand you," said Marius.

Laigle resumed: "Nothing more simple. I was near the chair to answer, and near the door to escape. The professor

was looking at me with a certain fixedness. Suddenly, Blondeau leaps to the letter L. L is my letter, and my name is Laigle. Monsieur, the Blondeau re-echoes this fine name and cries: '*Laigle!*' I answer: '*Present!*' Then Blondeau looks at me with the gentleness of a tiger, smiles, and says: 'If you are Pontmercy, you are not Laigle.' A phrase which is uncomplimentary to you, but which brought me only to grief. So saying, he erases me."

Marius exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am mortified —"

"Young man," said Laigle, "let this be a lesson to you. In 10 future, be punctual."

"I really must give a thousand excuses."

"Never expose yourself again to having your neighbour erased."

"I am very sorry."

Laigle burst out laughing. "And I, in raptures; I was on the brink of being a lawyer. This rupture saves me. I renounce the triumphs of the bar. I shall not defend the widow, and I shall not attack the orphan. Here is my erasure obtained. It is to you that I owe it, Monsieur Pontmercy. I 20 intend to pay you a solemn visit of thanks. Where do you live?"

"In this cabriolet," said Marius.

"A sign of opulence," replied Laigle calmly. "I congratulate you. You have here rent of nine thousand francs a 25 year."

Just then Courfeyrac came out of the café. Marius smiled sadly. "I have been paying this rent for two hours, and I hope to get out of it; but, it is the usual story, I do not know where to go."

"Monsieur," said Courfeyrac, "come home with me." 30

"I should have priority," observed Laigle, "but I have no home."

"Silence, Bossuet," replied Courfeyrac.

Courfeyrac got into the cabriolet. "Driver," said he, 35 "Hôtel de la Place Saint Jacques."

And that same evening, Marius was installed in a room at the Hôtel de la Place Saint Jacques, side by side with Courfeyrac.

II. THE ASTONISHMENTS OF MARIUS

In a few days, Marius was the friend of Courfeyrac. Youth is the season of prompt weldings and rapid cicatrisations. Marius, in Courfeyrac's presence, breathed freely, a new thing for him. Courfeyrac asked him no questions. He did not even think of it. At that age, the countenance tells all at once. One morning, however, Courfeyrac abruptly put this question to him.

"By the way, have you any political opinions?"

"What do you mean?" said Marius, almost offended at the question.

"What are you?"

"Bonapartist democrat."

"Grey shade of quiet mouse colour," said Courfeyrac.

The next day, Courfeyrac introduced Marius to the Café Musain. Then he whispered in his ear with a smile: "I must give you your admission into the revolution." And he took him into the room of the Friends of the A B C. He presented him to the other members, saying in an undertone this simple word which Marius did not understand, "A pupil."

Marius had fallen into a mental wasps' nest. Still, although silent and serious, he was not the less winged, nor the less armed. Marius, up to this time solitary and inclined to soliloquy and privacy by habit and by taste, was a little bewildered at this flock of young men about him. All these different progressives attacked him at once, and perplexed him. The tumultuous sweep and sway of all these minds at liberty and at work set his ideas in a whirl. On abandoning his grandfather's opinions for his father's, he had thought himself settled; he now suspected, with anxiety, and without daring to confess it to himself, that he was not. The angle under which he saw all things was beginning to change anew.

Of the conversations among these young men which Marius listened to, and in which he sometimes took part, one shocked him severely. Bossuet had suddenly ended some apostrophe to Combeferre with this date: "The 18th of June, 1815; Waterloo."

At this name, Waterloo, Marius, who was leaning on a table

with a glass of water by him, took his hand away from under his chin, and began to look earnestly about the room.

"Heavens," exclaimed Courfeyrac, "that number 18 is strange, and striking to me. It is the fatal number of Bonaparte. Put Louis before and Brumaire ° behind, you have the whole destiny of the man, with this expressive peculiarity, that the beginning is hard pressed by the end."

Enjolras, till now dumb, broke the silence, and thus addressed Courfeyrac:

"You mean the crime by the expiation?" This word, *crime*, exceeded the limits of the endurance of Marius, already much excited by the abrupt evocation of Waterloo. He rose, he walked slowly towards the map of France spread out upon the wall, at the bottom of which could be seen an island in a separate compartment; he laid his finger upon this compartment and said: "Corsica. A little island which has made France truly great."

This was a breath of freezing air. All were silent. They felt that now something was to be said. Enjolras, whose blue eye was not fixed upon anybody, and seemed staring into space, answered without looking at Marius: "France needs no Corsica to be great. France is great because she is France."

Marius felt no desire to retreat; he turned towards Enjolras, and his voice rang with a vibration which came from the quivering of his nerves: "God forbid that I should lessen France! but it is not lessening her to join her with Napoleon. I am a new-comer among you, but I confess that you astound me. Where are we? who are we? who are you? who am I? I thought you were young men. Where is your enthusiasm then? and what do you do with it? whom do you admire, if you do not admire the emperor? and what more must you have? If you do not like that great man, what great men would you have? He was everything. He was complete. He saw everything; he knew everything; which did not prevent him from laughing a goodman's laugh by the cradle of his little child; and all at once, startled Europe listened, armies set themselves in march, parks of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats stretched over the rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane, cries, trumpets, a trembling of thrones every-

where, the frontiers of the kingdoms oscillated upon the map, the sound of a superhuman blade was heard leaping from its sheath, men saw him, standing erect in the horizon with a flame in his hands and a resplendence in his eyes, unfolding
 5 in the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard,° and he was the archangel of war !”

All were silent, and Enjolras bowed his head. Marius, almost without taking breath, continued with a burst of enthusiasm : “ Be just, my friends ! to be the empire of such an em-
 10 peror, what a splendid destiny for a people, when that people is France, and when it adds its genius to the genius of such a man ! To appear and to reign, to march and to triumph, to have every capital for a magazine, to take his grenadiers and make kings of them, to decree the downfall of dynasties, to
 15 transfigure Europe so that men feel, when you threaten, that you lay your hand on the hilt of the sword of God ; to follow, in a single man, Hannibal,° Cæsar,° and Charlemagne, to be the people of one who mingles with your every dawn the glorious announcement of a battle gained, to be awakened in the
 20 morning by the cannon of the Invalides, to hurl into the vault of day mighty words which blaze for ever, Marengo,° Arcola,° Austerlitz, Jena,° Wagram° ! to call forth at every moment constellations of victories in the zenith of the centuries, to make the French Empire, the successor of the Roman Empire,
 25 to be the grand nation ; and to bring forth the grand army, to send your legions flying over the whole earth as a mountain sends its eagles upon all sides, to vanquish, to rule, to thunder-strike, to be in Europe a kind of gilded people through much glory, to sound through history a trumpet call, to conquer the
 30 world twice, by conquest and by resplendence, this is sublime, and what can be more grand ? ”

“ To be free,” said Combeferre.

Marius in his turn bowed his head : these cold and simple words had pierced his epic effusion like a blade of steel, and he
 35 felt it vanish within him. When he raised his eyes, Combeferre was there no longer. He had gone out, and all, except Enjolras, had followed him. The room was empty. Enjolras, remaining alone with Marius, was looking at him seriously. Marius, meanwhile, having rallied his ideas a little, did not

consider himself beaten, when suddenly they heard somebody singing as he was going downstairs. It was Combeferre, and what he was singing is this :

“ If Cæsar had given me
 Glory and war, 5
 And if I must abandon
 The love of my mother,
 I would say to great Cæsar .
 Take thy sceptre and car,
 I prefer my mother, ah me ! 10
 I prefer my mother.”

The wild and tender accent with which Combeferre sang, gave to this stanza a strange grandeur. Marius, thoughtful and with his eyes directed to the ceiling, repeated almost mechanically, “My mother —” 15

At this moment, he felt Enjolras’ hand on his shoulder. “Citizen,” said Enjolras to him, “my mother is the republic.”

III. RES ANGUSTA°

THAT evening left Marius in a profound agitation, with a sorrowful darkness in his soul. He had but just attained a faith; could he so soon reject it? He decided within himself 20 that he could not. He declared to himself that he would not doubt, and he began to doubt in spite of himself. To be between two religions, one which you have not yet abandoned, and another which you have not yet adopted, is insupportable. Whatever might be his desire to stop where he was, and to hold 25 fast there, he was irresistibly compelled to continue, to advance, to examine, to think, to go forward. His dejection increased with every reflection which occurred to him. He was on good terms neither with his grandfather nor with his friends; rash towards the former, backward towards the others; and 30 he felt doubly isolated, from old age, and also from youth. He went no more to the Café Musain.

In this trouble in which his mind was plunged he scarcely gave a thought to certain serious phases of existence. The realities of life do not allow themselves to be forgotten. They 35 came and jogged his memory sharply.

One morning, the keeper of the house entered Marius' room and said to him: "Monsieur Courfeyrac is responsible for you?"

"Yes."

5 "But I am in need of money."

"Ask Courfeyrac to come and speak with me," said Marius.

Courfeyrac came; the host left them. Marius related to him what he had not thought of telling him before, that he was, so to speak, alone in the world, without any relatives.

10 "Have you any money?"

"Fifteen francs."

"Do you wish me to lend you some?"

"Never."

"Have you any clothes?"

15 "What you see."

"Have you any jewellery?"

"A watch, gold, here it is."

"I know a dealer in clothing who will take your overcoat and one pair of trousers."

20 "That is good."

"You will then have but one pair of trousers, one waistcoat, one hat, and one coat."

"And my boots, that will be enough."

"I know a watchmaker who will buy your watch."

25 "That is good."

"No, it is not good. What will you do afterwards?"

"What I must. Anything honourable at least."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime I will eat my coats and my watch."

30 The clothes dealer was sent for. He gave twenty francs for the clothes. They went to the watchmaker. He gave forty-five francs for the watch.

"That is not bad," said Marius to Courfeyrac, on returning to the house; "with my fifteen francs, this makes eighty 35 francs."

"The hotel bill?" observed Courfeyrac.

"Ah! I forgot," said Marius.

The host presented his bill. It amounted to seventy francs.

"I have ten francs left," said Marius.

Meanwhile Aunt Gillenormand, who was really a kind person on sad occasions, had finally unearthed Marius' lodgings. One morning when Marius came home from the school, he found a letter from his aunt, and *sixty pistoles*, that is to say, six hundred francs in gold, in a sealed box.

Marius sent the thirty louis back to his aunt, with a respectful letter, in which he told her that he had the means of living, and that he could provide henceforth for all his necessities. At that time he had three francs left.

The aunt did not inform the grandfather of this refusal, lest she should exasperate him. Marius left the Place Saint Jacques Hôtel, unwilling to contract debt.

Life became stern to Marius. To eat his coats and his watch was nothing. He chewed that inexpressible thing which is called *the cud of bitterness*. A horrible thing, which includes days without bread, nights without sleep, evenings without a candle, a hearth without a fire, weeks without labour, a future without hope, a coat out at the elbows, the door found shut against you at night because you have not paid your rent. Marius learned how one swallows down all these things and how they are often the only things that one has to swallow. Wonderful and terrible trial, from which the feeble come out infamous, from which the strong come out sublime. Crucible into which destiny casts a man whenever she desires a scoundrel or a demi-god. Through all this, he procured admission to the bar. He was reputed to occupy Courfeyrac's room, which was decent, and where a certain number of law books made up the library required by the rules.

When Marius had become a lawyer, he informed his grandfather of it, in a letter which was frigid, but full of submission and respect. M. Gillenormand took the letter with trembling hands, read it, and threw it, torn in pieces, into the basket.

It is with misery as with everything else. It gradually becomes endurable. By dint of hard work, courage, perseverance, and will, he had succeeded in earning by his labour about seven hundred francs a year. He had learned German and English. He made out prospectuses, translated from the *icurnals*, compiled biographies, net result, year in and year out, seven hundred francs. He lived on this.

Marius occupied, at an annual rent of thirty francs, a wretched little room in the Gorbeau tenement, with no fireplace, in which there was no more furniture than was indispensable. He ate frugally and spent nothing for pleasures and luxuries, and so succeeded even in saving a little each year. He occasionally lent ten francs to a friend. Courfeyrac borrowed sixty francs of him once.

For Marius to arrive at this flourishing condition had required years. Hard years, and difficult ones; those to get through, these to climb. Marius had never given up for a single day. He had undergone everything, in the shape of privation; he had done everything, except get into debt. He gave himself this credit, that he had never owed a sou to anybody. Rather than borrow, he did not eat. He had had many days of fasting. Feeling that all extremes meet, and that if we do not take care, abasement of fortune may lead to baseness of soul, he watched jealously over his pride. In all his trials he felt encouraged and sometimes even upborne by a secret force within. The soul helps the body, and at certain moments uplifts it.

By the side of his father's name, another name was engraven upon Marius' heart, the name of Thénardier. Marius, in his enthusiastic yet serious nature, surrounded with a sort of halo the man to whom, as he thought, he owed his father's life, that brave sergeant who had saved the colonel in the midst of the balls and bullets of Waterloo. He never separated the memory of this man from the memory of his father, and he associated them in his veneration. The idea of the misfortune into which he knew that Thénardier had fallen and been engulfed, intensified his feeling of gratitude. Marius had learned at Montfermeil of the ruin and bankruptcy of the unlucky innkeeper. Since then, he had made untold effort to get track of him, and to endeavour to find him, in that dark abyss of misery in which Thénardier had disappeared. For three years he had been devoted to this, spending in these explorations what little money he could spare. Nobody could give him any news of Thénardier. His creditors had sought for him, also, with less love than Marius, but with as much zeal, and had not been able to put their hands on him. Marius

blamed and almost hated himself for not succeeding in his researches. This was the only debt which the colonel had left him, and Marius made it a point of honour to pay it. Indeed, to find Thénardier, Marius would have given one of his arms, and to save him from his wretchedness, all his blood. To see 5 Thénardier, to render some service to Thénardier, this was the sweetest and most magnificent dream of Marius.

Marius was now twenty years old. It was three years since he had left his grandfather. They remained on the same terms on both sides, without attempting a reconciliation, and 10 without seeking to meet.

To tell the truth, Marius was mistaken as to his grandfather's heart. He imagined that M. Gillenormand had never loved him, and that this crusty and harsh yet smiling old man, who swore, screamed, stormed, and lifted his cane, felt for 15 him at most only the affection of the old men of comedy. Marius was deceived. There are fathers who do not love their children; there is no grandfather who does not adore his grandson. In reality, we have said, M. Gillenormand worshipped Marius. He worshipped him in his own way, with an 20 accompaniment of cuffs, and even of blows; but, when the child was gone, he felt a dark void in his heart.

As for the aunt, she thought too little to love very much. Marius was now nothing to her but a sort of dim, dark outline; and she finally busied herself a good deal less about him than 25 with the cat or the paroquet which she probably had.

While the old man was regretting, Marius was rejoicing. As with all good hearts, suffering had taken away his bitterness. He thought of M. Gillenormand only with kindness, but he had determined to receive nothing more from the man *who had* 30 *been cruel to his father*. Marius had two friends, one young, Courfeyrac, and one old, M. Mabeuf. He inclined towards the old one. First he was indebted to him for the revolution through which he had gone; he was indebted to him for having known and loved his father. 35

It was Marius' delight to take long walks alone on the outer boulevards, or in the Champ de Mars, or in the less frequented walks of the Luxembourg. It was in one of these walks that he had discovered the Gorbeau tenement, and its isolation

and cheapness being an attraction to him, he had taken a room in it. He was only known in it by the name of Monsieur Marius.

5 Towards the middle of the year, 1831, the old woman who waited upon Marius told him that his neighbours, the wretched Jondrette family, were to be turned into the street. Marius, who passed almost all his days out of doors, hardly knew that he had any neighbours.

“Why are they turned out?” said he.

10 “Because they do not pay their rent; they owe for two terms.”

“How much is that?”

“Twenty francs,” said the old woman.

Marius had thirty francs in reserve in a drawer.

15 “Here,” said he, to the old woman, “there are twenty-five francs. Pay for these poor people, give them five francs and do not tell them that it is from me.”

PART THIRD—THE CONJUNCTION OF TWO STARS

I. A MAN AND A GIRL

MARIUS was now a fine-looking young man, of medium height, with heavy jet black hair, a high intelligent brow, large and passionate nostrils, a frank and calm expression. His manners were reserved, cold, polished, far from free. But as his mouth was very pleasant, his lips the reddest and his teeth the whitest in the world, his smile corrected the severity of his physiognomy.

At the time of his most wretched poverty, he noticed that girls turned when he passed, and with a deathly feeling in his heart he fled or hid himself. He thought they looked at him on account of his old clothes, and that they were laughing at him; the truth is, that they looked at him because of his graceful appearance. This wordless misunderstanding between him and the pretty girls he met, had rendered him hostile to society. He attached himself to none, for the excellent reason that he fled before all.

There were, however, in all the immensity of creation, two women from whom Marius never fled, and whom he did not at all avoid. Indeed he would have been very much astonished had anybody told him that they were women. One was the old woman with the beard, who swept his room, the other was a little girl that he saw very often, and that he never looked at.

For more than a year Marius had noticed in a retired walk of the Luxembourg, a man, and a girl quite young, nearly always sitting side by side, on the same seat, near the Rue de l'Ouest. Whenever that chance which controls the promenades of men

whose eye is turned within, led Marius to this walk, and it was almost every day, he found this couple there. The man might be sixty years old; he seemed sad and serious; his whole person presented the robust but wearied appearance of a soldier retired from active service. Had he worn a decoration, Marius would have said: it is an old officer. His expression was kind, but it did not invite approach, and he never returned a look. He wore a blue coat and a broad-brimmed hat, a black cravat, and Quaker linen. His hair was perfectly white.

10 The first time the young girl that accompanied him sat down on a seat which they seemed to have adopted, she looked like a girl of about thirteen or fourteen. She wore the dress peculiar to the convent school-girl, an ill-fitting garment of coarse black. They appeared to be father and daughter.

15 For two or three days Marius scrutinised this old man, who was not yet an aged man, and this little girl, not yet a woman; then he paid no more attention to them. For their part they did not even seem to see him.

Marius had acquired a sort of mechanical habit of promenading on this walk. He would generally reach the walk at the end opposite their seat, promenade the whole length of it, passing before them, then return to the end by which he entered, and so on. He performed this turn five or six times in his promenade, and this promenade five or six times a week,

25 but they and he had never come to exchange bows. Courfeyrac had noticed them at some time or other and had named the daughter *Mademoiselle Lanoire* [Black] and the father *Monsieur Leblanc* [White]. Marius too found it convenient to call this unknown gentleman M. Leblanc.

30 The second year it so happened that Marius broke off this habit of going to the Luxembourg, without really knowing why, and there were nearly six months during which he did not set foot in his walk. At last he went back there again one day; it was a serene summer morning, Marius was as

35 happy as one always is when the weather is fine.

He went straight to his walk, and as soon as he reached it, he saw, still on the same seat, this well known pair. When he came near them, however, he saw that it was indeed the same man, but it seemed to him that it was no longer the same

girl. The woman whom he now saw was a noble, beautiful creature, with all the most bewitching outlines of woman, at the precise moment at which they are yet combined with all the most charming graces of childhood, — that pure and fleeting moment which can only be translated by these two words : *sweet fifteen*.

When Marius passed near her, he could not see her eyes, which were always cast down. He saw only her long chestnut lashes, eloquent of mystery and modesty. But that did not prevent the beautiful girl from smiling as she listened to the white-haired man who was speaking to her, and nothing was so transporting as this maidenly smile with these downcast eyes.

At the first instant Marius thought it was another daughter of the same man, a sister doubtless of her whom he had seen before. But when the invariable habit of his promenade led him for the second time near the seat, and he had looked at her attentively, he recognised that she was the same. In six months the little girl had become a young woman; that was all.

One day the air was mild, the Luxembourg was flooded with sunshine and shadow, the sky was as clear as if the angels had washed it in the morning, Marius had opened his whole soul to nature. He passed near this seat, the young girl raised her eyes, their glances met. But what was there now in the glance of the young girl? Marius could not have told. It was a strange flash.

She cast down her eyes, and he continued on his way. What he had seen was not the simple, artless eye of a child; it was a mysterious abyss, half-opened, then suddenly closed. There is a time when every young girl looks thus. Woe to him upon whom she looks !

It is rare that deep reverie is not born of this glance wherever it may fall. All that is pure, and all that is vestal, is concentrated in this celestial and mortal glance, which more than the most studied ogling of the coquette, has the magic power of suddenly forcing into bloom in the depths of a heart, this flower of the shade, full of perfumes and poisons, which is called love.

II. COMMENCEMENT OF A GREAT DISTEMPER

THE next day, at the usual hour, Marius took from his closet his new coat, his new pantaloons, his new hat, and his new boots; he dressed himself in this panoply complete, put on his gloves, and went to the Luxembourg. When he entered the walk he saw M. Leblanc and the young girl at the other end on their seat.

He approached them, but then he stood silent and motionless. For the first time in fifteen months, he said to himself, that this gentleman, who sat there every day with his daughter, had undoubtedly noticed him, and probably thought his assiduity very strange. He remained thus for some minutes with his head down, then he turned abruptly away from the seat, away from Monsieur Leblanc and his daughter, and went home.

The next day he was there again. He approached as near as he could, seeming to be reading a book.

Thus a fortnight rolled away. Marius went to the Luxembourg, no longer to promenade, but to sit down, always in the same place. Once there he did not stir.

We must, however, suppose that M. Leblanc perceived something of this at last, for often when Marius came, he would rise and begin to promenade. He had left their accustomed place, and had taken the seat at the other end of the walk, near the Gladiator,^o to see whether Marius would follow them. Marius did not understand it, and committed that blunder. The father began to be less punctual, sometimes he came alone. Then Marius did not stay. Another blunder.

Marius took no note of these symptoms. His love grew. He dreamed of her every night. And then there came to him a good fortune for which he had not even hoped. One night, at dusk, he found on the seat, which M. Leblanc and his daughter had just left, a handkerchief, marked with the letters U. F. Marius knew nothing of this beautiful girl, neither her family, nor her name, nor her dwelling; these two letters were the first thing he had caught of her. I was evidently her first name. Ursula, thought he. He kissed the handkerchief, put it over his heart, in the day-time, and at night went to sleep with it on his lips.

This handkerchief belonged to the old gentleman, who had simply let it fall from his pocket.

Marius had committed one blunder in falling into the snare of the seat by the Gladiator. He had committed a second by not remaining at the Luxembourg when Monsieur Leblanc came there alone. He committed a third, a monstrous one. He followed "Ursula." She lived in the Rue de l'Ouest, in the least frequented part of it, in a new three-story house, of modest appearance. From that moment Marius added to his happiness in seeing her at the Luxembourg, the happiness of following her home.

His hunger increased. He knew her name, her first name, at least, the charming name, the real name of a woman; he knew where she lived; he desired to know who she was. One night after he had followed them home, and seen them disappear, he entered after them, and said boldly to the porter: "Is it the gentleman on the first floor who has just come in?"

"No," answered the porter. "It is the gentleman on the third."

Another fact. This success made Marius still bolder.

"And what is this gentleman?"

"He lives on his income, monsieur. A very kind man, who does a great deal of good among the poor, though not rich."

"What is his name?" continued Marius.

The porter raised his head, and said: "Is monsieur a detective?"

Marius retired, much abashed, but still in great transports. He was getting on.

Next day Monsieur Leblanc and his daughter made but a short visit to the Luxembourg; they went away while it was yet broad daylight. Marius followed them into the Rue de l'Ouest, as was his custom. On reaching the door, Monsieur Leblanc passed his daughter in, and then stopped, and before entering himself, turned and looked steadily at Marius. The day after that they did not come to the Luxembourg.

At nightfall Marius went to the Rue de l'Ouest, and saw a light in the windows of the third story. He walked beneath these windows until the light was put out. He passed a week in this way. Monsieur Leblanc and his daughter appeared

at the Luxembourg no more. Marius made melancholy conjectures; he dared not watch the house during the day. He limited himself to going at night to gaze upon the reddish light of the windows. At times he saw shadows moving, and
5 his heart beat high.

On the eighth day when he reached the house, there was no light in the windows. "What!" said he, "the lamp is not yet lighted. But yet it is dark. Or they have gone out?" He waited till ten o'clock, till midnight, till one o'clock in the
10 morning. No light appeared in the third story windows, and nobody entered the house. He went away very gloomy.

On the morrow he found nobody at the Luxembourg, he waited; at dusk he went to the house. No light in the windows; the blinds were closed; the third story was entirely
15 dark. Marius knocked at the door; went in and said to the porter: "The gentleman of the third floor?"

"Moved," answered the porter.

Marius tottered, and said feebly: "Where does he live now?"

20 "I don't know." And the porter, looking up, recognised Marius.

III. THE PACKET

MARIUS still lived in the Gorbeau tenement. He paid no attention to anybody there. At this time, there were no occupants remaining in the house but himself and those Jondrettes
25 whose rent he had once paid, without having ever spoken, however, either to the father, or to the mother, or to the daughters. The other tenants had moved away or died, or had been turned out for not paying their rent.

One day, in the course of the winter, the sun shone a little
30 in the afternoon. Marius went slowly up the boulevard. He was walking thoughtfully, with his head down.

Suddenly he felt that he was elbowed in the dusk; he turned, and saw two young girls in rags, one tall and slender, the other a little shorter, passing rapidly by, breathless, frightened, and
35 apparently in flight; they had met him, had not seen him, and had jostled him in passing. Marius could see in the twilight

their livid faces, their tattered skirts, and their naked feet. As they ran they were talking to each other in low slang, and Marius understood that the girls had escaped from the clutches of the police. They plunged in under the trees of the boulevard behind him, and for a few seconds made a kind of dim whiteness in the obscurity.

Marius stopped for a moment. He was about to resume his course when he perceived a little greyish packet on the ground at his feet. He stooped down and picked it up. It was a sort of envelope which appeared to contain papers. He retraced his steps, he called, he did not find them; he concluded they were already beyond hearing, put the packet in his pocket, and went to dinner.

In the evening, as he was undressing to go to bed, he happened to feel in his coat-pocket the packet which he had picked up on the boulevard. He had forgotten it. He thought it might be well to open it, and that the packet might perhaps contain the address of the young girls, if, in reality, it belonged to them, or at all events the information necessary to restore it to the person who had lost it.

He opened the envelope. It was unsealed and contained four letters, also unsealed. The addresses were upon them. All four exhaled an odour of wretched tobacco. Marius read them through; they were addressed to different individuals, one for instance, *to the beneficent gentleman of the Church Saint Jacques du Haut Pas.* All begged for money; but, strangely enough, these letters were all four written in the same hand. What was the conclusion from that, unless that they came from the same person?

After reading these four letters, Marius did not find himself much wiser than before. To endeavour to unriddle this little mystery was a useless labour. Nothing, however, indicated that these letters belonged to the girls whom Marius had met on the boulevard. After all, they were but waste paper evidently without value. Marius put them back into the envelope, threw it into a corner, and went to bed.

About seven o'clock in the morning, he had got up and breakfasted, and was trying to set about his work when there was a gentle rap at his door. "Come in," said Marius.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur ——"

It was a hollow, rasping voice, the voice of an old man, roughened by brandy and by liquors. Marius turned quickly and saw a young girl.

5 Marius arose and gazed with a kind of astonishment upon this being. The most touching thing about it was that this young girl had not come into the world to be ugly. In her early childhood, she must have even been pretty. The grace of her youth was still struggling against the hideous old age
10 brought on by debauchery and poverty. A remnant of beauty was dying out upon this face of sixteen, like the pale sun which is extinguished by frightful clouds at the dawn of a winter's day.

The face was not absolutely unknown to Marius. He thought he remembered having seen it somewhere. "What
15 do you wish, mademoiselle?" asked he.

The young girl answered: "Here is a letter for you, Monsieur Marius."

She called Marius by his name; he could not doubt that her business was with him; but what was this girl? how did she
20 know his name? Without waiting for an invitation, she entered, resolutely, looking at the whole room and the unmade bed with a sort of assurance which chilled the heart. She was barefooted. Great holes in her skirt revealed her long limbs and her sharp knees. She was shivering. She had really in
25 her hand a letter which she presented to Marius.

Marius, in opening this letter, noticed that the enormously large wafer was still wet. The message could not have come far. He read:

"My amiable neighbour, young man !

30 "I have learned your kindness towards me, that you paid my rent six months ago. I bless you, young man. My eldest daughter will tell you that we have been without a morsel of bread for two days, four persons, and my spouse sick. I think I may hope that your generous heart will soften at this
35 exposure, by deigning to lavish upon me some light gift.

"JONDRLETTE.

"P.S. My daughter will await your orders, dear Monsieur Marius."

This letter, in the midst of the obscure accident which had occupied Marius' thoughts since the previous evening, was a candle in a cave. Everything was suddenly cleared up. This letter came from the same source as the other four. It was the same writing, the same paper, the same odour of tobacco. 5

During the now rather long time that Marius had lived in the tenement, he had had, as we have said, but very few opportunities to see, or even catch a glimpse of his very poor neighbours. His mind was elsewhere, and where the mind is, thither the eyes are directed. He must have met the Jondrettes in the passage and on the stairs, more than once, but to him they were only shadows. He had taken so little notice that on the previous evening he had brushed against the Jondrette girls upon the boulevard without recognising them; and it was with great difficulty that this girl, who had just 15 come into his room, had awakened in him, beneath his disgust and pity, a vague remembrance of having met with her elsewhere.

Now he saw everything clearly. He understood that the occupation of his neighbour Jondrette in his distress was to 20 work upon the sympathies of benevolent persons; that he procured their addresses, and that he wrote under assumed names letters to people whom he deemed rich and compassionate, which his daughters carried, at their risk and peril; for this father was one who risked his daughters; he was playing a 25 game with destiny, and he put them into the stake. Marius understood, to judge by their flight in the evening, by their breathlessness, by their terror, that probably these unfortunate things were carrying on also some of the secret trades of darkness, and that from all this the result was, in the midst 30 of human society constituted as it is, two miserable beings who were neither children, nor girls, nor women, a species of impure yet innocent monsters produced by misery.

Meantime, while Marius fixed upon her an astonished and sorrowful look, the young girl was walking to and fro in the 35 room with the boldness of a spectre. She moved the chairs, she disarranged the toilet articles on the bureau, she felt of Marius' clothes, she searched over what there was in the corners. Marius was reflecting, and let her go on.

She went to the table. "Ah!" said she, "books!"

A light flashed through her glassy eye. She resumed, and her tone expressed that happiness of being able to boast of something, to which no human creature is insensible: "I can
5 read, I can."

She hastily caught up the book which lay open on the table, and read fluently: "The General received the order to take five battalions of his brigade and carry the chateau of Hougomont, which is in the middle of the plain of Waterloo —"

10 She stopped: "Ah, Waterloo! I know that. It is a battle in old times. My father was there; my father served in the armies."

She put down the book, took up a pen, and exclaimed: "And I can write, too!"

15 She dipped the pen in the ink, and wrote upon a sheet of blank paper which was on the middle of the table: "*The Cognes are here.*" [The police are here.]

Then she looked at Marius, put on a strange manner, and said to him: "Do you know, Monsieur Marius, that you are a
20 very pretty boy?"

She went to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder: "You pay no attention to me, but I know you, Monsieur Marius. I meet you here on the stairs."

Her voice tried to be very soft, but succeeded only in being
25 very low. Marius drew back quietly.

"Mademoiselle," said he, with his cold gravity, "I have here a packet, which is yours, I think. Permit me to return it to you." And he handed her the envelope, which contained the four letters.

30 She clapped her hands and exclaimed: "We have looked everywhere!" Then she snatched the packet.

Meanwhile, after a thorough exploration of his pockets, Marius had at last got together five francs and sixteen sous. This was at the time all that he had in the world. "That
35 is enough for my dinner to-day," thought he, "to-morrow we will see." He took the sixteen sous, and gave the five francs to the young girl. She took the piece eagerly.

"Good," said she, "there is some sunshine!"

She made a low bow to Marius, then a familiar wave of the

hand, and moved towards the door, saying: "Good morning, monsieur. I am going to find my old man."

Then she went out.

IV. THE JUDAS OF PROVIDENCE

For five years Marius had lived in poverty, in privation, in distress even, but he perceived that he had never known real misery. Real misery he had just seen. This young girl was to Marius a sort of messenger from the night. She revealed to him an entire and hideous aspect of the darkness.

Marius almost reproached himself with the fact that he had been so absorbed in his reveries and passion that he had not until now cast a glance upon his neighbours. Paying their rent was a mechanical impulse; everybody would have had that impulse; but he, Marius, should have done better. What! a mere wall separated him from these abandoned beings, who lived by groping in the night without the pale of the living; he came in contact with them, he was in some sort the last link of the human race which they touched, he heard them live or rather breathe beside him, and he took no notice of them! Every day at every moment, he heard them through the wall, walking, going, coming, talking, and he did not lend his ear! and in these words there were groans, and he did not even listen, his thoughts were elsewhere, upon dreams, upon impossible glimmerings, upon loves in the sky, upon infatuations; and all the while human beings, his brothers in Jesus Christ, his brothers in the people, were suffering death agonies beside him! agonising uselessly; he even caused a portion of their suffering, and aggravated it. For had they had another neighbour, a more observant neighbour, an ordinary and charitable man, it was clear that their poverty would have been noticed, their signals of distress would have been seen, and long ago perhaps they would have been gathered up and saved! Undoubtedly they seemed very depraved, very corrupt, very vile, very hateful, even, but those are rare who fall without becoming degraded. There is a point, moreover, at which the unfortunate and the infamous are associated and confounded in a single word, a fatal word, *Les Misérables*; whose fault is

it? And then, is it not when the fall is lowest that charity ought to be greatest?

While he thus preached to himself, for there were times when Marius, like all truly honest hearts, was his own monitor, he looked at the wall which separated him from the Jondrettes, as if he could send his pitying glance through that partition to warn those unfortunate beings. The wall was a thin layer of plaster, upheld by laths and joists, through which, as we have just seen, voices and words could be distinguished perfectly. None but the dreamer, Marius, would not have perceived this before. There was no paper hung on this wall, either on the side of the Jondrettes, or on Marius' side; its coarse construction was bare to the eye. Almost unconsciously, Marius examined this partition. Suddenly he arose; he noticed towards the top, near the ceiling, a triangular hole, where three laths left a space between them. The plaster which should have stopped this hole was gone, and by getting upon the bureau he could see through that hole into the Jondrettes' garret. Pity has and should have its curiosity. This hole was a kind of Judas. It is lawful to look upon misfortune like a betrayer for the sake of relieving it. "Let us see what these people are," thought Marius, "and to what they are reduced." He climbed upon the bureau, put his eye to the crevice, and looked.

What Marius saw was a hole. Marius was poor and his room was poorly furnished, but even as his poverty was noble, his garret was clean. The den into which his eyes were at that moment directed, was abject, filthy, gloomy, unclean. All the furniture was a straw chair, a rickety table, a few old broken dishes, and in two of the corners two indescribable pallets; all the light came from a dormer window of four panes, curtained with spiders' webs. Just enough light came through that loophole to make a man's face appear like the face of a phantom. The walls had a leprous look, and were covered with seams and scars like a face disfigured by some horrible malady; a putrid moisture oozed from them. Obscene pictures could be discovered upon them coarsely sketched in charcoal.

The room which Marius occupied had a broken brick pavement; this one was neither paved nor floored; the inmates

walked immediately upon the old plastering of the ruinous tenement which had grown black under their feet. However, this room had a fireplace; so it rented for forty francs a year. In the fireplace there was a little of everything, a kettle, some broken boards, rags hanging on nails, a birdcage, some ashes, 5 and even a little fire. Two embers were smoking sullenly.

The size of this garret added still more to its horror. It had projections, angles, black holes, recesses under the roof, bays, and promontories. Beyond, were hideous, unfathomable corners, which seemed as if they must be full of spiders as 10 big as one's fist.

One of the pallets was near the door, the other near the window. Each had one end next the chimney and both were opposite Marius. In a corner near the opening through which Marius was looking, hanging upon the wall in a black wooden 15 frame, was a coloured engraving at the bottom of which was written in large letters: THE DREAM.

By the table, upon which Marius saw a pen, ink, and paper, was seated a man of about sixty, small, thin, haggard, with a keen, cruel, and restless air. This man had a long grey 20 beard. He was dressed in a woman's chemise, which showed his shaggy breast and his naked arms bristling with grey hairs. Below this chemise, were a pair of muddy pantaloons and boots from which the toes stuck out. He had a pipe in his mouth, and was smoking. There was no more bread in the 25 den, but there was tobacco. He was writing, probably some such letter as those which Marius had read.

A big woman, who might have been forty years old or a hundred, was squatting near the fireplace, upon her bare feet. She also was dressed only in a chemise and a knit skirt patched 30 with pieces of old cloth. A coarse apron covered half the skirt. Although this woman was bent and drawn up into herself, it could be seen that she was very tall. She was a kind of giantess by the side of her husband. She had hideous hair, light red sprinkled with grey, that she pushed back from 35 time to time with her huge shining hands, which had flat nails.

Upon one of the pallets Marius could discern a sort of slender little wan girl seated, with her feet hanging down, having the appearance neither of listening, nor of seeing, nor of living.

The younger sister, doubtless, of the one who had come to his room.

Nothing indicated the performance of any labour in this room; not a loom, not a wheel, not a tool. In one corner were a few scraps of iron of an equivocal appearance. It was that gloomy idleness which follows despair, and which precedes the death-agony.

V. STRATEGY AND TACTICS

MARIUS, with a heavy heart, was about to get down from the sort of observatory which he had extemporised, when a sound attracted his attention, and induced him to remain in his place. The door of the garret was hastily opened. The eldest daughter appeared upon the threshold. She came in, pushed the door to behind her, stopped to take breath, then cried with an expression of joy and triumph: "He is coming!"

The father turned his eyes, the woman turned her head, the younger sister did not stir.

"Who?" asked the father.

"The philanthropist. I went into the church, he was at his usual place, I made a curtesy to him, and I gave him the letter, he read it and said to me: 'Where do you live, my child?' I said: 'Monsieur, I will show you.' He said to me: 'No, give me your address; my daughter has some purchases to make, I am going to take a carriage and I will get to your house as soon as you do.' I gave him the address.

When I told him the house, he appeared surprised and hesitated an instant, then he said: 'It is all the same, I will go.' When mass was over, I saw him leave the church with his daughter. I saw them get into a fiacre.° And I told him plainly, the last door at the end of the hall on the right."

"And how do you know that he will come?"

"I just saw the fiacre coming. That is what made me run."

The man sprang up. There was a sort of illumination on his face. "Wife!" cried he, "you hear. Here is the philanthropist. Put out the fire."

The astounded woman did not stir. The father, with the agility of a mountebank, caught a broken pot which stood on

the mantel and threw some water upon the embers. He seized the chair, and with a kick he ruined the seat. He turned towards the younger girl, who was on the pallet near the window, and cried in a thundering voice: "Quick! off the bed! break a pane of glass!" 5

The child, with a sort of terrified obedience, rose upon tip-toe, and struck her fist into a pane. The glass broke and fell with a crash.

"Good," said the father.

The mother, who had not yet said a word, got up and asked: 10
"Dear, what is it you want to do?"

"Get into bed," answered the man.

His tone admitted of no deliberation. The mother obeyed, and threw herself heavily upon one of the pallets.

Meanwhile a sob was heard in a corner. "What is that?" 15
cried the father.

The younger daughter, without coming out of the darkness into which she had shrunk, showed her bleeding fist. In breaking the glass she had cut herself; she had gone to her mother's bed, and she was weeping in silence. 20

"So much the better!" said the man. "I knew she would."

Then tearing the chemise which he had on, he made a bandage with which he hastily wrapped up the little girl's bleeding wrist.

An icy wind whistled at the window and came into the room. 25
The mist from without entered and spread about like a whitish wadding picked apart by invisible fingers. Through the broken pane the falling snow was seen.

The father cast a glance about him as if to assure himself that he had forgotten nothing. Then rising and standing with 30
his back to the chimney: "Now," said he, "we can receive the philanthropist."

Just then there was a light rap at the door, the man rushed forward and opened it, exclaiming with many low bows and smiles of adoration: "Come in, monsieur! deign to come in, 35
my noble benefactor, as well as your charming young lady."

A man of mature age and a young girl appeared at the door of the garret. Marius had not left his place. What he felt at that moment escapes human language. It was She.

Marius could hardly discern her through the luminous vapour which suddenly spread over his eyes. It was that sweet absent being, that star which had been his light for six months, it was that eye, that brow, that mouth, that beautiful
5 vanished face which had produced night when it went away. The vision was reappearing. She stepped into the room and laid a large package on the table. It contained two coverlids and an overcoat.

For some moments, Jondrette had been looking at the
10 philanthropist in a strange manner. Even while speaking, he seemed to scrutinise him closely as if he were trying to recall some reminiscence. Suddenly, taking advantage of a moment when the new-comers were anxiously questioning the smaller girl about her mutilated hand, he passed over to his wife and
15 said to her quickly and in a very low tone: "Notice that man!"

Then turning towards M. Leblanc, he said: "To-morrow is the 4th of February, the fatal day, the last delay that my
20 landlord will give me; if I do not pay him this evening, to-morrow my eldest daughter, myself, my spouse with her fever, my child with her wound, we shall all four be turned out of doors, and driven off into the street. You see, monsieur, I owe four quarters a year! that is sixty francs."

Jondrette lied. Four quarters would have made but forty
25 francs, and he could not have owed for four, since it was not six months since Marius had paid for two.

M. Leblanc took five francs from his pocket and threw them on the table. "Monsieur," said he, "I have only these five
30 francs with me; but I am going to take my daughter home, and I will return this evening; is it not this evening that you have to pay?"

Jondrette's face lighted up with a strange expression. He answered quickly: "Yes, my noble monsieur. At eight
o'clock, I must be at my landlord's."

35 "I will be here at six o'clock, and I will bring you the sixty francs."

"My benefactor!" cried Jondrette, distractedly. And he added in an undertone: "Take a good look at him, wife!"

M. Leblanc took the arm of the beautiful young girl, and

turned towards the door: "Till this evening, my friends," said he.

"Six o'clock," said Jondrette.

"Six o'clock precisely."

And they went out all three, Jondrette preceding the two 5 strangers.

Marius had lost nothing of all this scene, and yet in reality he had seen nothing of it. His eyes had remained fixed upon the young girl, his heart had, so to speak, seized upon her and enveloped her entirely, from her first step into the garret. 10

When they went out, he had but one thought, to follow her, not to give up her track, not to leave her without knowing where she lived, not to lose her again, at least, after having so miraculously found her! He leaped down from the bureau and took his hat. As he was putting his hand on the bolt, and 15 was just going out, he reflected and stopped. The hall was long, the stairs steep, Jondrette a great talker, M. Leblanc doubtless had not yet got into his carriage; if he should turn round in the passage, or on the stairs, or on the doorstep, and perceive him, Marius, in that house, he would certainly be 20 alarmed and would find means to escape him anew, and it would be all over at once. Marius was perplexed. At last he took the risk and went out of his room.

There was nobody in the hall. He ran to the stairs; there was nobody on the stairs. He hurried down, and reached the 25 boulevard in time to see a fiacre turn the corner and return into the city. Just at this moment, marvelous and unheard-of good fortune, Marius saw a public cab passing along the boulevard, empty. There was but one course to take, to get into this cab, and follow the fiacre. That was sure, effectual, 30 and without danger. Marius made a sign to the driver to stop.

Marius had no cravat, he had on his old working coat, and his shirt was torn.

"Pay in advance," said the driver.

Marius remembered that he had only sixteen sous with 35 him, and that was not enough. He might have thought that M. Leblanc had promised to return in the evening, and that he had only to take better care to follow him then; but in his wrapt contemplation he had hardly understood it.

Just as he went up the stairs, he noticed on the other side of the boulevard, Jondrette talking to a man of dangerous appearance. These two men quietly talking while the snow was whirling about them in its fall made a picture which a policeman certainly would have observed, but which Marius hardly noticed. Nevertheless, however mournful was the subject of his reflections, he could not help saying to himself that this man with whom Jondrette was talking resembled a certain Panchaud, alias ° Printanier, whom Courfeyrac had once pointed out to him, and who passed in the quarter for a very dangerous night-wanderer.

VI. OFFERS OF SERVICE BY MISERY TO GRIEF

MARIUS mounted the stairs of the old tenement with slow steps; just as he was going into his cell, he perceived in the hall behind him the elder Jondrette girl, who was following him. This girl was odious to his sight; it was she who had his five francs, it was too late to ask her for them, the cab was there no longer, the fiacre was far away. Moreover she would not give them back to him. As to questioning her about the address of the people who had just come, that was useless; it was plain that she did not know, since the letter was addressed to the *beneficent gentleman of the Church Saint Jacques du Haut Pas*. Marius went into his room and pushed to his door behind him.

It did not close; he turned and saw a hand holding the door partly open. "What is it?" he asked; "who is there?"

It was the Jondrette girl.

"Is it you?" said Marius almost harshly, "you again? What do you want of me?"

She seemed thoughtful and did not look at him. She had lost the assurance which she had had in the morning. She did not come in, but stopped in the dusky hall, where Marius perceived her through the half-open door.

"Come now," said Marius. "What is it you want of me?"

She raised her mournful eyes, in which a sort of confused light seemed to shine dimly, and said to him: "Monsieur Marius, you look sad. You were good this morning. Be so

again now. You gave me something to eat, tell me now what ails you. Can I serve you in anything? I do not ask your secrets, you need not tell them to me, but yet I may be useful. When it is necessary to carry letters, go into houses, inquire from door to door, find out an address, follow somebody, I do 5 it. Make use of me."

An idea came into Marius' mind. He approached the girl.

"You brought this old gentleman here with his daughter."

"Yes."

"Do you know their address?"

10

"No."

"Find it for me."

The girl's eyes, which had been gloomy, had become joyful; they now became dark.

"Do you know them?"

15

"No."

"That is to say," said she hastily, "you do not know her, but you want to know her."

"Can you do it?" said Marius.

"You shall have the beautiful young lady's address."

20

There was again, in these words *the beautiful young lady*, an expression which made Marius uneasy. She looked steadily at him.

"What will you give me?"

"Anything you wish!"

25

"Anything I wish?"

"Yes."

"You shall have the address."

She looked down, and then with a hasty movement closed the door.

30

Marius was alone. He dropped into a chair, with his head and both elbows on the bed, swallowed up in thoughts which he could not grasp. Suddenly he was violently awakened from his reverie. He heard the loud, harsh voice of Jondrette pronounce these words for him, full of the strangest inter- 35 est: "I tell you that I am sure of it, and that I recognised him!"

Of whom was Jondrette talking? he had recognised whom? M. Leblanc? the father of "his Ursula"? Was Marius just

about to get in this sudden and unexpected way all the information the lack of which made his life obscure to himself?

He sprang, rather than mounted, upon the bureau, and resumed his place near the little aperture in the partition. He again saw the interior of the Jondrette den.

Nothing had changed in the appearance of the room except that two new coverlids were thrown over the two beds. Jondrette had evidently just come in. He had not yet recovered his regular breathing. His eyes had an extraordinary look.

10 "It was eight years ago! but I recognise him! Ah! I recognise him! I recognised him! immediately. It is the same height, the same face, hardly any older; there are some men who do not grow old; it is the same tone of voice. He is better dressed, that is all! Ah! mysterious old devil, I
15 have got you, all right!"

He checked himself, and said to his daughters: "You go out! It is queer that it did not strike your eye."

Just as they were passing the door, the father caught the elder by the arm, and said with a peculiar tone: "You will be
20 here at five o'clock precisely. Both of you. I shall need you."

Marius redoubled his attention.

Alone with his wife, Jondrette began to walk the room again, and took two or three turns in his silence. Suddenly he turned towards the woman, folded his arms, and exclaimed:
25 "And do you want I should tell you one thing? the young lady —"

"Well, what?" said the woman, "the young lady?"

Marius could doubt no longer, it was indeed of her that they were talking. He listened with an intense anxiety. His whole
30 life was concentrated in his ears. But Jondrette stooped down, and whispered to his wife. Then he straightened up and finished aloud: "It is she!"

"That girl?" said the wife.

"That girl!" said the husband.

35 She sprang off the bed, and remained a moment standing, her hair flying, her nostrils distended, her mouth half open, her fists clenched and drawn back. Then she fell back upon the pallet. The man still walked back and forth, paying no attention to his female.

After a few moments of silence, he approached her and stopped before her, with folded arms, as before. "My fortune is made."

"What do you mean?" asked the woman.

"Listen attentively. He is caught; it is all right. It is ⁵ already done. Everything is arranged. I have seen the men. He will come this evening at six o'clock, to bring his sixty francs, the rascal! He will come at six o'clock, our neighbour is gone to dinner then. There is nobody in the house. Our neighbour never comes back before eleven o'clock. The ¹⁰ girls will stand watch. He will be his own executor."

"And if he should not be his own executor?" asked the wife.

"We will execute him."

Jondrette opened a closet near the chimney, took out an old cap, put it on his head and went out.

15

Just then the clock of Saint Médard ° struck one.

VII. MARIUS ACTS

MARIUS, all dreamer as he was, was, as we have said, of a firm and energetic nature. Now, it was into a viper's hole that he had just been looking; it was a nest of monsters that he had before his eyes. None of the enigmas which he hoped ²⁰ to see unriddled were yet cleared up; on the contrary, all had perhaps become still darker; he knew nothing more of the beautiful child of the Luxembourg or of the man whom he called M. Leblanc, except that Jondrette knew them. Across the dark words which had been uttered, he saw distinctly but ²⁵ one thing, that an ambuscade was preparing, an ambuscade obscure, but terrible; that they were both running a great risk, she probably, her father certainly; that he must foil the hideous combinations of the Jondrettes and break the web of these spiders.

30

He looked for a moment at the female Jondrette. She had pulled an old sheet-iron furnace out of a corner and she was fumbling among the old iron. He got down from the bureau as quietly as he could, taking care to make no noise. In the midst of his dread at what was in preparation, and the horror ³⁵ with which the Jondrettes had inspired him, he felt a sort of

joy at the idea that it would perhaps be given to him to render so great a service to her whom he loved.

But what was he to do? warn the persons threatened? where should he find them? He did not know their address. 5 They had reappeared to his eyes for an instant, then they had again plunged into the boundless depths of Paris. Wait at the door for M. Leblanc at six o'clock in the evening, the time when he would arrive, and warn him of the plot? But Jondrette and his men would see him watching, the place was 10 solitary, they would be stronger than he, they would find means to seize him or get him out of the way, and he whom Marius wished to save would be lost. One o'clock had just struck, the ambushade was to be carried out at six. Marius had five hours before him. There was but one thing to be 15 done.

He put on his presentable coat, tied a cravat about his neck, took his hat, and went out, without making any noise. He was about midway of the street near a very low wall which he could have stepped over in some places and which bordered 20 a broad field, he was walking slowly, absorbed in his thoughts as he was, and the snow deadened his steps. All at once he heard voices talking very near him. He turned his head, the street was empty, there was nobody in it, it was broad daylight, and yet he heard voices distinctly. It occurred to him 25 to look over this wall.

There were in fact two men there with their backs to the wall, seated in the snow, and talking in a low tone. These two forms were unknown to him, one was a bearded man in a blouse, and the other a long-haired man in tatters. The 30 bearded man had on a cap, the other was bareheaded, and there was snow in his hair. By bending his head over above them, Marius could hear. The long-haired one jogged the other with his elbow, and said: "It can't fail."

The other answered hesitatingly, shivering under his cap. 35 Marius went on his way. It seemed to him that the obscure words of these men, so strangely hidden behind that wall, and crouching down in the snow, were not perhaps without some connection with Jondrette's terrible projects. He asked at the first shop in his way where he could find a commissary of

police.^o Number 14, Rue de Pontoise, was pointed out to him.

On reaching Number 14, Rue de Pontoise, he went up stairs and asked for the commissary of police.

"The commissary of police is not in," said one of the office boys; "but there is an inspector who answers for him."

The office boy introduced him into the commissary's private room. A man of tall stature was standing there, behind a railing, in front of a stove, and holding up with both hands the flaps of a huge overcoat with three capes. He had a square face, a thin and firm mouth, very fierce, bushy, greyish whiskers, and an eye that would turn your pockets inside out.

"What do you wish?" said he to Marius.

Marius related his adventure. — That a person whom he only knew by sight was to be drawn into an ambuscade that very evening; that occupying the room next the place, he, Marius Pontmercy, attorney, had heard the whole plot through the partition; that the scoundrel who had contrived the plot was named Jondrette; that he had accomplices, among others a certain Panchaud, alias Printanier; that Jondrette's daughters would stand watch; that there was no means of warning the threatened man, as not even his name was known: and finally, that all this was to be done at six o'clock that evening, at the most desolate spot on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, in the house numbered 50-52.

At that number the inspector raised his head, and said coolly: "It is then in the room at the end of the hall?"

"Exactly," said Marius.

The inspector remained silent a moment, then resumed: "No. 50-52. I know the shanty. Impossible to hide ourselves in the interior without the artists perceiving us, then they would leave and break up the play."

He turned towards Marius and asked him, looking steadily at him: "Will you be afraid of these men?"

"No more than of you!" replied Marius rudely.

The inspector looked at Marius still more steadily, and continued with a sententious solemnity: "Give me your latch key."

Marius took his key from his waistcoat, handed it to the inspector, and added: "If you trust me, you will come in force."

The inspector, with a single movement plunged both his hands, which were enormous, into the two immense pockets of his overcoat, and took out two small steel pistols. He presented them to Marius, saying hastily and abruptly:

"Take these. Go back home. Hide yourself in your room; let them think you have gone out. They are loaded. Each with two balls. You will watch, there is a hole in the wall, as you have told me. The men will come. Let them go on a little. When you deem the affair at a point, and when it is time to stop it, you will fire off a pistol. Not too soon. The rest is my affair. Above all, not too soon."

Marius took the pistols and put them in the side pocket of his coat.

"Now," pursued the inspector, "there is not a minute to be lost by anybody. Forget nothing of what I have told you."

And as Marius placed his hand on the latch of the door to go out, the inspector called to him: "By the way, if you need me between now and then, come or send here. You will ask for Inspector Javert."

VIII. PREPARATIONS

A FEW moments afterwards, towards three o'clock, Marius saw Jondrette passing along, and watched him. Jondrette went straight on without suspecting that there was now an eye fixed upon him. He stopped at a hardware store, and, a few minutes afterwards, Marius saw him come out of the shop, holding in his hand a large chisel with a white wooden handle which he concealed under his coat. Night was falling; the snow which had ceased to fall for a moment was beginning again; Marius hid just at the corner, and did not follow Jondrette further. It was fortunate that he did, for, on reaching the low wall where Marius had heard the long-haired man and the bearded man talking, Jondrette turned around, made sure that nobody was following him, then stepped over the wall, and disappeared.

Marius thought it best to take advantage of Jondrette's absence to get home. The door was still open, when he arrived. He ascended the stairs on tiptoe, and glided along the wall of the hall as far as his room. This hall was lined on both sides by garrets, which were all at that time empty and 5 to let. As he passed by one of these doors, Marius thought he perceived in the unoccupied cell four motionless heads, which were made dimly visible by a remnant of daylight through the little window. Marius, not wishing to be seen, did not endeavour to see. He succeeded in getting into 10 his room without being perceived and without any noise.

Marius sat down on his bed. He thought of this double march that was going on that moment in the darkness, crime advancing on the one hand, justice coming on the other. He was not afraid, but he could not think without a sort of 15 shudder of the things which were so soon to take place. To him, as to all those whom some surprising adventure has suddenly befallen, this whole day seemed but a dream; and, to assure himself that he was not the prey of a nightmare, he had to feel the chill of the two steel pistols in his pockets. 20

It was not now snowing; the moon, growing brighter and brighter, was getting clear of the haze, and its light, mingled with the white reflection from the fallen snow, gave the room a twilight appearance. There was a light in the Jondrette den. Marius saw the hole in the partition shine with a red 25 gleam which appeared to him bloody. He was sure that this gleam could hardly be produced by a candle.

Marius took his boots off softly, and pushed them under his bed. Some minutes passed. Marius heard the lower door turn on its hinges; a heavy and rapid step ascended the 30 stairs and passed along the corridor; the latch of the garret was noisily lifted; Jondrette came in. Several voices were heard immediately. The whole family was in the garret. Only they kept silence in the absence of the master.

"It is me," said he. "All goes to a charm. You will for- 35 get nothing of what I told you! you will do the whole of it."

Marius heard him put something heavy on the table, probably the chisel which he had bought. Then he added, lowering his voice: "Put that into the fire."

Marius heard a sound of charcoal, as if somebody was striking it with pincers or some iron tool, and Jondrette continued: "Have you greased the hinges of the door, so that they shall not make any noise?"

5 "Yes," answered the mother.

"What time is it?"

"Six o'clock, almost. The girls must go and stand watch."

Jondrette's voice rose: "Are you sure there is nobody at home in our neighbour's room?"

10 "He has not been back to-day, and you know that it is his dinner time."

"Pay attention, now!" said Jondrette, "one towards the barrière, the other at the corner. Don't lose sight of the house door a minute, and if you see the least thing, here im-

15 mediately! tumble along! You have a key to come in with."

They went down the stairs, and, a few seconds afterwards the sound of the lower door shutting announced that they had gone out. There were now in the house only Marius and the Jondrettes, and probably also the mysterious beings of whom

20 Marius had caught a glimpse in the twilight behind the door of the untenanted garret.

Marius judged that the time had come to resume his place at his observatory. In a twinkling, and with the agility of his age, he was at the hole in the partition.

25 The interior of the Jondrette apartment presented a singular appearance, and Marius found the explanation of the strange light which he had noticed. The entire den was, as it were, illuminated by the reflection of a large sheet iron furnace in the fireplace, which was filled with lighted charcoal. The

30 charcoal was burning and the furnace was red hot, a blue-flame danced over it and helped to show the form of the chisel bought by Jondrette, which was growing ruddy among the coals. In a corner near the door, and arranged as if for anticipated use, were two heaps which appeared to be, one a

35 heap of old iron, the other a heap of ropes. The Jondrette lair was admirably chosen for the theatre of a deed of darkness and violence and for the concealment of a crime. It was the most retired room of the most isolated house of the most solitary boulevard in Paris.

Jondrette had lighted his pipe, sat down on the dismantled chair, and was smoking. His wife was speaking to him in a low tone. Suddenly he raised his voice: "Do you know? we must have two chairs here."

Marius felt a shiver run down his back on hearing the woman make this quiet reply: "I will get our neighbour's."

With rapid movements she opened the door of the den, and went out into the hall. Marius physically had not the time to get down from the bureau and go and hide himself under the bed.

"Take the candle," cried Jondrette.

"No," said she, "that would bother me; I have two chairs to bring. It is moonlight."

Marius heard the heavy hand of mother Jondrette groping after his key in the dark. The door opened. He stood nailed to his place by apprehension and stupor. The woman came in. The gable window let in a ray of moonlight, between two great sheets of shadow. One of these sheets of shadow entirely covered the wall against which Marius was leaning, so as to conceal him.

The mother Jondrette raised her eyes, did not see Marius, took the two chairs, the only chairs which Marius had, and went back into the den. Then she went down stairs to await the coming of the Benefactor.

Jondrette arranged the two chairs on the two sides of the table, turned the chisel over in the fire, put an old screen in front of the fireplace, which concealed the furnace, then went to the corner where the heap of ropes was, and stooped down as if to examine something. Marius then perceived that what he had taken for a shapeless heap, was a rope ladder, very well made, with wooden rounds, and two large hooks to hang it by. This ladder and a few big tools, actual masses of iron, which were thrown upon the pile of old iron heaped up behind the door, were not in the Jondrette den in the morning, and had evidently been brought there in the afternoon, during Marius' absence.

The fireplace and the table, with the two chairs, were exactly opposite Marius. The furnace was hidden; the room was now lighted only by the candle; the least thing upon the table or

the mantel made a great shadow. There was in the room a calm which was inexpressibly hideous and threatening. The approach of some appalling thing could be felt. Marius, for his part, grasped the pistol which was in his right pocket, took
5 it out, and cocked it.

IX. WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE DEN

Just then the distant and melancholy vibration of a bell shook the windows. Six o'clock struck on Saint Médard. Jondrette marked each stroke with a nod of his head. At the sixth stroke, he snuffed the candle with his fingers. Then
10 he began to walk about the room, listened in the hall, then he returned to his chair. He had hardly sat down when the door opened.

The mother Jondrette had opened it, and stood in the hall making a horrible grimace. "Walk in," said she.

15 "Walk in, my benefactor," repeated Jondrette, rising precipitately.

Monsieur Leblanc appeared. He had an air of serenity which made him singularly venerable. He laid four louis upon the table.

20 "Monsieur" said he, "that is for your rent and your pressing wants. We will see about the rest."

"God reward you, my generous benefactor!" said Jondrette, and rapidly approaching his wife, "Send away the fiacre!"

25 She slipped away, while her husband was lavishing bows and offering a chair to Monsieur Leblanc. A moment afterwards she came back. The snow which had been falling ever since morning, was so deep that they had not heard the fiacre arrive, and did not hear it go away. Meanwhile Monsieur
30 Leblanc had taken a seat. Jondrette had taken possession of the other chair opposite Monsieur Leblanc.

Now, to form an idea of the scene which follows, let the reader call to mind the chilly night, the solitudes of La Salpêtrière covered with snow, and white in the moonlight,
35 like immense shrouds, the flickering light of the street lamps here and there reddening these tragic boulevards and the

long rows of black elms, not a passer perhaps within a mile around, the Gorbeau tenement at its deepest degree of silence, horror, and night; in that tenement, in the midst of these solitudes, in the midst of this darkness, the vast Jondrette garret lighted by a candle, and in this den two men seated at 5 a table, Monsieur Leblanc tranquil, Jondrette smiling and terrible, his wife, in a corner; and, behind the partition, Marius, invisible, alert, losing no word, losing no movement, his eye on the watch, the pistol in his grasp.

Marius, moreover, was experiencing nothing but an emotion 10 of horror, no fear. He clasped the butt of the pistol, and felt reassured. "I shall stop this wretch when I please," thought he.

He felt that the police was somewhere near by in ambush, awaiting the signal agreed upon, and all ready to stretch out 15 its arm. He hoped, moreover, that from this terrible meeting between Jondrette and Monsieur Leblanc, some light would be thrown upon all that he was interested to know.

No sooner was Monsieur Leblanc seated than he turned his eyes towards the empty pallets. "How does the poor little 20 injured girl do?" he inquired.

"Badly," answered Jondrette with a doleful yet grateful smile, "very badly, my worthy monsieur. Her elder sister has taken her to have her arm dressed."

While Jondrette was talking, with an apparent disorder 25 which detracted nothing from the crafty and cunning expression of his physiognomy, Marius raised his eyes, and perceived at the back of the room somebody whom he had not before seen. A man had come in so noiselessly that nobody had heard the door turn on its hinges. He sat down in silence 30 and with folded arms on the nearest bed, and as he kept behind the woman, he was distinguished only with difficulty.

That kind of magnetic instinct which warns the eye, made M. Leblanc turn almost at the same time with Marius. He could not help a movement of surprise, which did not escape 35 Jondrette.

"Who is that man?" said M. Leblanc.

"That man?" said Jondrette, "that is a neighbour. Pay no attention to him."

M. Leblanc breathed a candid and intrepid confidence. He resumed: "Pardon me; what were you saying to me, Monsieur?"

"I was telling you, Monsieur and dear patron," replied Jondrette, leaning his elbows on the table, and gazing at M. Leblanc with fixed and tender eyes, "I was telling you that I had a picture to sell."

A slight noise was made at the door. A second man entered, and sat down on the bed behind the female Jondrette. He had his arms bare, like the first, and a mask of ink or of soot. Although this man had, literally, slipped into the room, he could not prevent M. Leblanc from perceiving him.

"Do not mind them," said Jondrette, "they are people of the house. I was telling you, then, that I have a valuable painting left. Here, Monsieur, look."

He got up, went to the wall, and turned the thing round, still leaving it resting against the wall. It was something that resembled a picture, and which the candle scarcely revealed. Marius could make nothing out of it, Jondrette being between him and the picture; he merely caught a glimpse of a coarse daub, with a sort of principal personage, coloured in the crude and glaring style of strolling panoramas and paintings upon screens.

"What is that?" asked M. Leblanc.

Jondrette exclaimed: "A painting by a master; a picture of great price, my benefactor! I cling to it as to my two daughters, it calls up memories to me! but I have told you, and I cannot unsay it, I am so unfortunate that I would part with it."

Whether by chance, or whether there was some beginning of distrust, while examining the picture, M. Leblanc glanced towards the back of the room. There were now four men there, three seated on the bed, one standing near the door-casing; all four bare-armed, motionless, and with blackened faces. None of them had shoes on. Jondrette noticed that M. Leblanc's eye was fixed upon these men.

"They are friends. They live near by," said he. "They are dark because they work in charcoal. Do not occupy your mind with them, my benefactor, but buy my picture."

Take pity on my misery. I shall not sell it to you at a high price. How much do you estimate it worth?"

"But," said M. Leblanc, looking Jondrette full in the face and like a man who puts himself on his guard, "this is some tavern sign, it is worth about three francs." 5

Jondrette answered calmly: "Have you your pocket-book here? I will be satisfied with a thousand crowns."

M. Leblanc rose to his feet, placed his back to the wall, and ran his eye rapidly over the room. Jondrette did not look at M. Leblanc, but kept his eye upon the door. Marius' breath- 10 less attention went from one to the other. Jondrette repeated two or three times with all sorts of varied inflections in the drawling and begging style: "I can only throw myself into the river! I went down three steps for that the other day by the side of the bridge of Austerlitz!" 15

Suddenly his dull eye lighted up with a hideous glare, this little man straightened up and became horrifying; he took a step towards M. Leblanc and cried to him in a voice of thunder:

"But all that is not the question! do you know me?" 20

The door of the garret had been suddenly flung open, disclosing three men in blue blouses with black paper masks. The first was spare and had a long iron-bound cudgel; the second, who was a sort of colossus, held by the middle of the handle, a butcher's axe. The third, a broad-shouldered man, 25 not so thin as the first, nor so heavy as the second, held in his clenched fist an enormous key stolen from some prison door. It appeared that it was the arrival of these men for which Jondrette was waiting. A rapid dialogue commenced between him and the man with the cudgel. 30

"Is everything ready?" said Jondrette.

"Yes," answered the spare man.

"Is there a fiacre below?"

"Yes."

"With two good horses?" 35

"It is waiting where I said it should wait."

"Good," said Jondrette.

M. Leblanc was very pale. He looked over everything in the room like a man who understands into what he has fallen,

and his head, directed in turn towards all the heads which surrounded him, moved on his neck with an attentive and astonished slowness, but there was nothing in his manner which resembled fear. He had made an extemporised intrenchment of the table; and this man who, the moment before, had the appearance only of a good old man, had suddenly become a sort of athlete, and placed his powerful fist upon the back of his chair with a surprising and formidable gesture. The father of a woman that we love is never
10 a stranger to us. Marius felt proud of this man.

Three of the men had taken from the heap of old iron, one a large pair of shears, another a steelyard bar, the third a hammer, and placed themselves before the door without saying a word. Marius thought that in a few seconds more the
15 time would come to interfere, and he raised his right hand towards the ceiling, in the direction of the hall, ready to let off his pistol-shot.

Jondrette, after his colloquy with the man who had the cudgel, turned again towards M. Leblanc and repeated his
20 question, accompanying it with that low, smothered, and terrible laugh of his: "You do not recognise me, then?"

M. Leblanc looked him in the face, and answered: "No."

Then Jondrette came up to the table. He leaned forward over the candle, folding his arms, and pushing his angular and
25 ferocious jaws up towards the calm face of M. Leblanc, and in that posture, like a wild beast just about to bite, he cried:

"My name is not Jondrette, my name is Thénardier! I am the innkeeper of Montfermeil! do you understand me? Thénardier! now do you know me?"

30 An imperceptible flush passed over M. Leblanc's forehead, and he answered without tremor or elevation of voice, and with his usual placidness: "No more than before."

Marius did not hear this answer: he was thunderstruck. When Jondrette had said: *My name is Thénardier*, Marius
35 had trembled in every limb, and supported himself against the wall as if he had felt the chill of a sword-blade through his heart. Then his right arm, which was just ready to fire the signal shot, dropped slowly down, and at the moment that Jondrette had repeated, "*Do you understand me, Thénard-*

ier?" Marius' nerveless fingers had almost dropped the pistol. Jondrette, in unveiling who he was, had not moved M. Leblanc, but he had completely unnerved Marius. That name of Thénardier, which M. Leblanc did not seem to know, Marius knew. Remember what that name was to him! 5 that name he had worn on his heart, written in his father's will! he carried it in the innermost place of his thoughts, in the holiest spot of his memory, in that sacred command: "A man named Thénardier saved my life. If my son should meet him, he will do him all the good he can." That name, 10 we remember, was one of the devotions of his soul; he mingled it with the name of his father in his worship. Here was Thénardier, here was that innkeeper of Montfermeil, for whom he had so long and so vainly sought! He had found him at last, and how? This saviour of his father was 15, a bandit! This man, to whom Marius burned to devote himself, was a monster! This deliverer of Colonel Pontmercy was in the actual commission of a crime, the shape of which Marius did not yet see very distinctly, but which looked like an assassination! And upon whom? Great God! what a 20 fatality! what a bitter mockery of Fate!

If he fired the pistol, M. Leblanc was saved and Thénardier was lost; if he did not, M. Leblanc was sacrificed. He seemed on the one hand to hear Ursula entreating him for her father, and on the other the colonel commending Thénardier 25 to him. His knees gave way beneath him; he was on the point of fainting.

Meanwhile Thénardier, we will call him by no other name henceforth, was walking to and fro before the table in a sort of bewilderment and frenzied triumph. He clutched the candle 30 and put it on the mantel with such a shock that the flame was almost extinguished and the tallow was spattered upon the wall. Then he turned towards M. Leblanc with a frightful look.

"Ha! you do not know me? Well, I know you! I knew 35 you immediately as soon as you stuck your nose in here. Ah! you are going to find out at last that it is not all roses to go into people's houses like that, under pretext of their being inns, with worn-out clothes, with the appearance of a pauper,

to deceive persons, take their help away, and threaten them in the woods, and that you do not get quit of it by bringing back afterward, when people are ruined, an overcoat that is too large and two paltry hospital coverlids, old beggar, child-stealer. I will gnaw your heart to-night !”

For some moments, Monsieur Leblanc had seemed to follow and to watch all the movements of Thénardier, who, blinded and bewildered by his own rage, turned his back to Monsieur Leblanc.

10 Monsieur Leblanc seized this opportunity, pushed the chair away with his foot, the table with his hand, and at one bound, with a marvellous agility, before Thénardier had had time to turn around, he was at the window. To open it, get up and step through it, was the work of a second. He was half out-
15 side when six strong hands seized him, and drew him forcibly back into the room. At the same time the Thénardiess had clutched him by the hair.

At the disturbance which this made, the other bandits ran in from the hall. One of them, whose blackened face was lighted
20 up by the candle, and in whom Marius, in spite of this colouring, recognised Panchaud, alias Printanier, raised a loaded club over Monsieur Leblanc's head. Marius could not endure this sight. “Father,” thought he, “pardon me !” And his finger sought the trigger of the pistol. The shot was just
25 about to be fired, when Thénardier's voice cried :

“Do him no harm !”

This desperate attempt of the victim, far from exasperating Thénardier, had calmed him. There were two men in him, the ferocious man and the crafty man. Up to this moment,
30 in the first flush of triumph, before his prey stricken down and motionless, the ferocious man had been predominant ; when the victim resisted, and seemed to desire a struggle, the crafty man reappeared and resumed control.

“Do him no harm !” he repeated, and without suspecting
35 it, the first result of this was to stop the pistol which was just ready to go off, and paralyse Marius, to whom the urgency seemed to disappear, and who, in view of this new phase of affairs, saw no impropriety in waiting longer. He thought some chance might arise which would save him from the fear-

ful alternative of letting the father of Ursula perish, or destroying the saviour of the colonel !

A herculean struggle had commenced. With one blow full in the chest M. Leblanc had sent one man sprawling into the middle of the room, then with two back strokes had 5 knocked down two other assailants, whom he held one under each knee. The wretches screamed under the pressure as if they had been under a granite mill-stone ; but the four others had seized the formidable old man by the arms and the back, and held him down. They succeeded in throwing him over 10 upon the bed nearest to the window, and held him there.

M. Leblanc seemed to have given up all resistance. They searched him. There was nothing upon him but a leather purse which contained six francs, and his handkerchief. Thénardier went to the corner by the door and took a bundle 15 of ropes which he threw to them.

"Tie him to the foot of the bed," said he.

The pallet upon which M. Leblanc had been thrown was a sort of hospital bed supported by four big roughly squared wooden posts. M. Leblanc made no resistance. The 21 brigands bound him firmly, standing, with his feet on the floor, by the bedpost furthest from the window and nearest to the chimney. When the last knot was tied, Thénardier took a chair and came and sat down nearly in front of M. Leblanc. Thénardier looked no longer like himself, in a few 25 seconds the expression of his face had passed from unbridled violence to tranquil and crafty mildness.

"Monsieur," said Thénardier, and with a gesture dismissed the brigands who still had their hands upon M. Leblanc : "Move off a little, and let me talk with monsieur." 30 They all retired towards the door. He resumed : "Monsieur, you were wrong in trying to jump out of the window. You might have broken your leg. Now, if you please, we will talk quietly. In the first place I must inform you of a circumstance I have noticed, which is that you have not yet made 35 the least outcry."

Thénardier was right ; this incident was true, although it had escaped Marius in his anxiety. M. Leblanc had only uttered a few words without raising his voice, and, even in

his struggle by the window with the six bandits, he had preserved the most profound and the most remarkable silence. Thénardier continued: "You did not cry out, that was better, I make you my compliments for it, and I will tell you what I conclude from it. My dear monsieur, when a man cries out, who is it that comes? The police. And after the police? Justice. Well! you did not cry out, because you were no more anxious than we to see justice and the police come. It is because, — I suspected as much long ago, — you have some interest in concealing something. For our part we have the same interest. Now we can come to an understanding."

The observation of Thénardier, well founded as it was, added in Marius' eyes still more to the obscurity of the mysterious cloud that enveloped the strange and serious face of Monsieur Leblanc. But whatever he might be, bound with ropes, surrounded by assassins, half buried, so to speak, in a grave which was deepening beneath him every moment, before the fury as well as before the mildness of Thénardier, this man remained impassible; and Marius could not repress at such a moment his admiration for that superbly melancholy face.

Thénardier quietly got up, went to the fireplace, took away the screen, and thus revealed the furnace full of glowing coals in which the prisoner could plainly see the chisel at a white heat. Then Thénardier came back and sat down by Monsieur Leblanc.

"I continue," said he. "Now we can come to an understanding. Let us arrange this amicably. I am willing to go half way and make some sacrifice on my part. I need only two hundred thousand francs."

Monsieur Leblanc did not breathe a word. Thénardier went on: "I do not know the state of your fortune, but I know that you do not care much for money, and a benevolent man like you can certainly give two hundred thousand francs to a father of a family who is unfortunate. You will say: 'I have not two hundred thousand francs with me.' I am not exacting. I only ask one thing. Have the goodness to write what I shall dictate."

Here Thénardier paused, casting a smile towards the furnace. He pushed the table close up to Monsieur Leblanc, and took the inkstand, a pen, and a sheet of paper from the drawer, which he left partly open, and from which gleamed the long blade of a knife.

He laid the sheet of paper before Monsieur Leblanc. "Write," said he.

The prisoner spoke at last: "How do you expect me to write? I am tied."

"That is true, pardon me!" said Thénardier, "you are quite right."

When the prisoner's right hand was free, Thénardier dipped the pen into the ink, and presented it to him.

"Remember, Monsieur, that you are in our power, at our discretion, that no human power can take you away from here, and that we should be really grieved to be obliged to proceed to unpleasant extremities. I know neither your name nor your address, but I give you notice that you will remain tied until the person whose duty it will be to carry the letter which you are about to write, has returned. Have the kindness now to write."

Thénardier began to dictate.

"My daughter —"

The prisoner shuddered and lifted his eyes to Thénardier.

"Put 'my dear daughter,'" said Thénardier. M. Leblanc obeyed. Thénardier continued: "Come immediately —"

He stopped.

"You call her daughter, do you not?"

"Who?" asked M. Leblanc.

"Zounds!" said Thénardier, "the little girl, the Lark."

M. Leblanc answered without the least apparent emotion: "I do not know what you mean."

"Well, go on," said Thénardier, and he began to dictate again.

"Come, immediately, I have imperative need of you. The person who will give you this note is directed to bring you to me. I am waiting for you. Come with confidence."

"Now," continued Thénardier, "sign it. What is your name?"

The prisoner laid down the pen and asked: "For whom is this letter?"

"You know very well," answered Thénardier, "for the little girl, I have just told you."

5 It was evident that Thénardier avoided naming the young girl in question. He said "the Lark," he said "the little girl," but he did not pronounce the name. The precaution of a shrewd man preserving his own secret before his accomplices. To speak the name would have been to tell them more
10 than they needed to know.

He resumed: "Sign it. What is your name?"

"Urbain Fabre," said the prisoner.

Thénardier, with the movement of a cat, thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out the handkerchief taken from
15 M. Leblanc. He looked for the mark upon it and held it up to the candle.

"U. F. That is it. Urbain Fabre. Well, sign U. F."

The prisoner signed.

"As it takes two hands to fold the letter, give it to me, I
20 will fold it."

This done, Thénardier resumed: "Put on the address, *Mademoiselle Fabre*, at your house. I know that you live not very far from here, but I do not know in what street. I see that you understand your situation. As you have not lied
25 about your name, you will not lie about your address. Put it on yourself."

The prisoner remained thoughtful for a moment, then he took the pen and wrote:

"*Mademoiselle Fabre*, at Monsieur Urbain Fabre's, Rue
30 d'Enfer, No. 17."

Thénardier seized the letter with a sort of feverish convulsive movement.

"Wife!" cried he.

The Thénardiess sprang forward.

35 "Here is the letter. You know what you have to do. There is a fiacre below. Go right away, and come back ditto."

And addressing the man with the axe, "Go with the woman. You will get up behind the fiacre."

A minute had not passed when the snapping of a whip was heard.

"Good!" muttered Thénardier. "They are going good speed. At that speed the bourgeoisie ° will be back in three quarters of an hour."

He drew a chair near the fireplace and sat down, folding his arms and holding his muddy boots up to the furnace. There were now but five bandits left in the den with Thénardier and the prisoner. They were heaped together in a corner like brutes, and were silent. Thénardier was warming his feet. 10 The prisoner had relapsed into his taciturnity. A gloomy stillness had succeeded the savage tumult which filled the garret a few moments before.

Marius was waiting in an anxiety which everything increased. The riddle was more impenetrable than ever. Who 15 was this "little girl," whom Thénardier had also called the Lark? was it his "Ursula"? The prisoner had not seemed to be moved by this word, the Lark, and answered in the most natural way in the world, "I do not know what you mean." On the other hand, the two letters U. F. were explained; 20 it was Urbain Fabre, and Ursula's name was no longer Ursula. This Marius saw most clearly. A sort of hideous fascination held him spellbound to the place from which he observed and commanded this whole scene. There he was, almost incapable of reflection and motion, as if annihilated by such horrible 25 things in so close proximity. He was waiting, hoping for some movement, no matter what, unable to collect his ideas and not knowing what course to take.

"At all events," said he, "if the Lark is she, I shall certainly see her, for the Thénardiess is going to bring her here. Then 30 all will be plain. I will give my blood and my life if need be, but I will deliver her. Nothing shall stop me."

Nearly half an hour passed thus. Thénardier appeared absorbed in a dark meditation, the prisoner did not stir. Nevertheless Marius thought he had heard at intervals and 35 for some moments a little dull noise from the direction of the prisoner.

Suddenly Thénardier addressed the prisoner: "My spouse is coming back, do not be impatient. I think the Lark is

really your daughter, and I find it quite natural that you should keep her. But listen a moment; with your letter, my wife is going to find her. I told my wife to dress up, as you saw, so that your young lady would follow her without
5 hesitation. They will both get into the fiacre with my comrade behind. There is somewhere outside one of the barrières a carriage with two very good horses. They will take your young lady there. My comrade will get into the carriage with her, and my wife will come back here to tell us: 'It
10 is done.' As to your young lady, no harm will be done her. He will take her to a place where she will be quiet, and as soon as you have given me the little two hundred thousand francs, she will be sent back to you. If you have me arrested, my comrade will give the Lark a pinch, that is all."

15 The prisoner did not utter a word. After a pause, Thénardier continued: "As soon as my spouse has got back and said: 'The Lark is on her way,' we will release you, and you will be free to go home to bed. You see that we have no bad intentions."

20 Appalling images passed before Marius' mind. Marius felt his heart cease to beat. What was he to do? Fire off the pistol? put all these wretches into the hands of justice? But the hideous man of the axe would none the less be out of all reach with the young girl, and Marius remembered these
25 words of Thénardier, the bloody signification of which he divined: "*If you have me arrested, my comrade will give the Lark a pinch.*" Now it was not by the colonel's will alone, it was by his love itself, by the peril of her whom he loved, that he felt himself held back.

30 This fearful situation, which had lasted now for more than an hour, changed its aspect at every moment. Marius had the strength to pass in review successively all the most heart-rending conjectures, seeking some hope and finding none. The tumult of his thoughts strangely contrasted with the
35 deathly silence of the den. In the midst of this silence they heard the sound of the door of the stairway which opened, then closed. The prisoner made a movement in his bonds.

"Here is the bourgeoisie," said Thénardier.

He had hardly said this, when in fact the Thénardiess burst

into the room, red, breathless, panting, with glaring eyes, and cried, "False address!"

Marius breathed. She, Ursula or the Lark, she whom he no longer knew what to call, was safe.

Thénardier seated himself on the table; he sat a few seconds ⁵ without saying a word, gazing upon the furnace with a look of savage reverie. At last he said to the prisoner with a slow and singularly ferocious inflexion:

"A false address! what did you hope for by that?"

"To gain time!" cried the prisoner with a ringing voice. ¹⁰ And at the same time he shook off his bonds; they were cut. The prisoner was no longer fastened to the bed save by one leg.

Before the seven men had had time to recover themselves and to spring upon him, he had bent over to the fireplace, ¹⁵ reached his hand towards the furnace, then rose up, and now Thénardier, the Thénardiess, and the bandits, thrown by the shock into the back part of the room, beheld him with stupefaction, holding above his head the glowing chisel, from which fell an ominous light, almost free and in a formidable ²⁰ attitude.

At the judicial inquest, to which the ambuscade in the Gorgeau tenement gave rise in the sequel, it appeared that a big sou, cut and worked in a peculiar fashion, was found in the garret, when the police made a descent upon it. This ²⁵ big sou was one of those marvels of labour which the patience of the galleys produces in the darkness and for the darkness, marvels which are nothing else but instruments of escape.

The unhappy man who aspires to deliverance, finds the ³⁰ means, sometimes without tools, with a folding knife, with an old case knife, to split a sou into two thin plates, to hollow out these two plates without touching the stamp of the mint, and to cut a screw-thread upon the edge of the sou, so as to make the plates adhere anew. This screws and unscrews at will; it is a box. In this box, he conceals a watch-spring ³⁵ and this watch-spring, well handled, cuts off rings of some size and bars of iron.

A big sou of this kind, on subsequent examination by the police, was found open and in two pieces in the room, under

the pallet near the window. There was also discovered a little saw of blue steel which could be concealed in the big sou. It is probable that when the bandits were searching the prisoner's pockets, he had this big sou upon him and succeeded in hiding it in his hand; and that afterwards, having his right hand free, he unscrewed it and used the saw to cut the ropes by which he was fastened, which would explain the slight noise and the imperceptible movements which Marius had noticed. Being unable to stoop down for fear of betraying himself, he had not cut the cords on his left leg.

The prisoner now raised his voice :

"You are pitiable, but my life is not worth the trouble of so long a defence. As to your imagining that you could make me speak, that you could make me write what I do not wish to write, that you could make me say what I do not wish to say —"

He pulled up the sleeve of his left arm, and added :

"Here."

At the same time he extended his arm, and laid upon the naked flesh the glowing chisel, which he held in his right hand, by the wooden handle. They heard the hissing of the burning flesh; the odour peculiar to chambers of torture spread through the den. Marius staggered, lost in horror; the brigands themselves felt a shudder; the face of the wonderful old man hardly contracted, and while the red iron was sinking into the smoking, and almost august wound, he turned upon Thénardier his fine face, in which there was no hatred, and in which suffering was swallowed up in a serene majesty.

"Wretches," said he, "have no more fear of me than I have of you."

And drawing the chisel out of the wound, he threw it through the window, which was still open. The horrible glowing tool disappeared, whirling into the night, and fell in the distance, and was quenched in the snow.

The prisoner resumed: "Do with me what you will."

"Lay hold of him," said Thénardier.

Two of the brigands laid their hands upon his shoulders, and the masked man placed himself in front of him, ready to knock out his brains with a blow of the key.

At the same time Marius heard beneath him, at the foot of the partition, but so near that he could not see those who were talking, this colloquy exchanged in a low voice.

"There is only one thing more to do."

"To kill him?"

"That is it."

5

It was the husband and wife who were holding counsel.

Thénardier walked with slow steps towards the table, opened the drawer, and took out the knife. Marius was tormenting the trigger of his pistol. Unparalleled per-¹⁰plexity! For an hour there had been two voices in his conscience, one telling him to respect the will of his father, the other crying to him to succour the prisoner. These two voices, without interruption, continued their struggle, which threw him into agony. He had vaguely hoped up to that¹⁵ moment to find some means of reconciling these two duties, but no possible way had arisen. The peril was now urgent, the last limit of hope was passed; at a few steps from the prisoner, Thénardier was reflecting, with the knife in his hand.

Marius cast his eyes wildly about him; the last mechanical²⁰ resource of despair. Suddenly he started. At his feet, on the table, a clear ray of the full moon illuminated a sheet of paper. Upon that sheet he read this line, written in large letters that very morning, by the elder of the Thénardier girls:
"The COGNES ARE HERE."

25

An idea, a flash crossed Marius' mind; that was the means which he sought; the solution of this dreadful problem which was torturing him, to spare the assassin and to save the victim. He knelt down upon his bureau, reached out his arm, caught up the sheet of paper, quietly detached a bit of plaster from³⁰ the partition, wrapped it in the paper, and threw it into the middle of the den. It was time. Thénardier had conquered his last fears, or his last scruples, and was moving towards the prisoner.

"Something fell!" cried the Thénardiess.

35

"What is it?" said the husband.

The woman had sprung forward, and picked up the piece of plaster wrapped in the paper. She handed it to her husband.

"How did this come in?" asked Thénardier.

"Egad!" said the woman, "it came through the window." Thénardier hurriedly unfolded the paper, and held it up to the candle.

"It is Eponine's writing. The devil!"

5 He made a sign to his wife, who approached quickly, and he showed her the line written on the sheet of paper; then he added in a hollow voice: "Quick! the ladder! leave the meat in the trap, and clear the camp!"

"Without cutting the man's throat?" asked the Thénardiess.

"We have not the time."

"Which way?"

"Through the window," answered Thénardier. "Eponine threw the stone through the window, that shows that the house is not watched on that side."

15 The brigands, who were holding the prisoner, let go of him; in the twinkling of an eye, the rope ladder was unrolled out of the window, and firmly fixed to the casing by the two iron hooks. The prisoner paid no attention to what was passing about him. He seemed to be dreaming or praying.

20 As soon as the ladder was fixed, Thénardier cried: "Come, bourgeoisie!" And he rushed towards the window.

But as he was stepping out, a bandit seized him roughly by the collar.

25 "No; say now, old joker! after us."

"You are children," said Thénardier. "We are losing time."

"Well," said one of the bandits, "let us draw lots who shall go out first."

30 "Would you like my hat?" cried a voice from the door.

They all turned around. It was Javert. He had his hat in his hand, and was holding it out smiling.

Javert, at nightfall, had posted his men and hid himself behind the trees on the Rue des Gobelins, which fronts the Gorgeau tenement on the other side of the boulevard. He commenced by opening "his pocket," to put into it the two young girls, who were charged with watching the approaches to the den. But he only bagged Azelma. As for Eponine, she was not at her post; she had disappeared, and he could

not take her. Then Javert put himself in rest, and listened for the signal agreed upon. The going and coming of the fiacre fretted him greatly. At last, he became impatient, and, sure that there was a nest there, sure of being in good luck, having recognised several of the bandits who had gone in, he finally decided to go up without waiting for the pistol shot. It will be remembered that he had Marius' pass-key.

He had come at the right time. The frightened bandits rushed for the arms which they had thrown down when they had attempted to escape. In less than a second, these seven men, terrible to look upon, were grouped in a posture of defence.

Javert put on his hat again, and stepped into the room, his arms folded, his cane under his arm, his sword in its sheath.

"Halt there," said he. "You will not pass out through the window, you will pass out through the door. It is less unwholesome. There are seven of you, fifteen of us." And turning round he called behind him: "Come in now!"

A squad of sergeants de ville^o with drawn swords, and officers armed with axes and clubs, rushed in at Javert's call. They bound the bandits. This crowd of men, dimly lighted by a candle, filled the den with shadow.

"Handcuffs on all!" cried Javert.

The Thénardiess, completely crushed, looked at her manacled hands and those of her husband, dropped to the floor and exclaimed, with tears in her eyes:

"My daughters!"

"They are provided for," said Javert.

Just then he perceived the prisoner of the bandits, who, since the entrance of the police, had not uttered a word, and had held his head down.

"Untie monsieur!" said Javert, "and let nobody go out."

This said, he sat down with authority before the table, on which the candle and the writing materials still were, drew a stamped sheet from his pocket, and commenced his procès-verbal.^o When he had written the first lines, a part of the formula, which is always the same, he raised his eyes.

"Bring forward the gentleman whom these gentlemen had bound."

The officers looked about them. The prisoner of the bandits, M. Leblanc, M. Urbain Fabre, the father of Ursula, or the Lark, had disappeared.

The door was guarded, but the window was not. As soon as he saw that he was unbound, and while Javert was writing, he had taken advantage of the disturbance, the tumult, the confusion, the obscurity, and a moment when their attention was not fixed upon him, to leap out of the window.

An officer ran to the window, and looked out; nobody could be seen outside. The rope ladder was still trembling.

"The devil!" said Javert, between his teeth, "that must have been the best one."

X. THE LITTLE BOY WHO CRIED IN PART SECOND

THE day following that in which these events took place in the house on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, a child, who seemed to come from somewhere near the bridge of Austerlitz, went towards the Gorbeau house, and finding the door locked, began to batter it with kicks. Ma'am Burgon opened the door, suddenly she stopped. She recognised the *gamin*.

"Hullo," said the child. "I have come to see my ancestors."

The old woman responded, with a composite grimace: "There is nobody here."

"Pshaw!" said the child, "where is my father, then?"

"At La Force." °

25 "And my mother?"

"At Saint Lazare." °

"And my sisters?"

"In prison too."

The child scratched the back of his ear, looked at Ma'am Burgon and said: "Ah!"

30 Then he turned on his heel, and a moment afterwards, the old woman, who stopped on the doorstep, heard him sing with his clear, fresh voice, as he disappeared under the black elms shivering in the wintry winds.

SAINT DENIS

BOOK IV — SAINT DENIS

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PART FIRST—EPONINE

I. THE FIELD OF THE LARK

MARIUS had seen the unexpected denouement° of the ambushade upon the track of which he had put Javert; but hardly had Javert left the old ruin, carrying away his prisoners, when Marius also slipped out of the house, and went to Courfeyrac's to sleep. 5

The next day, by seven o'clock in the morning, Marius went back to the tenement, paid his rent to Ma'am Burgon, had his possessions loaded upon a hand-cart, and went off without leaving his address, so that when Javert came back in the forenoon to question Marius about the events of the evening, 10 he found only Ma'am Burgon, who answered him, "Moved!"

Marius had two reasons for this prompt removal. The first was, that he now had a horror of that house, where he had seen, so near at hand, and in all its most repulsive and most ferocious development, a social deformity perhaps still 15 more hideous than the evil rich man,—the evil poor. The second was, that he did not wish to figure in the trial which would probably follow, and be brought forward to testify against Thénardier.

Javert thought that the young man, whose name he had 20 not retained, had been frightened and had escaped, or, perhaps, had not even returned home at the time of the ambushade. He made some effort to find him, but he did not succeed.

A month rolled away, then another. Marius was still with 25 Courfeyrac. He knew from a young attorney, an habitual attendant in the ante-rooms of the court, that Thénardier was in solitary confinement.° Every Monday Marius sent to the clerk of La Force five francs for Thénardier. Marius, having now no money, borrowed the five francs of Courfeyrac. It 30

was the first time in his life that he had borrowed money. This periodical five francs was a double enigma, to Courfeyrac who furnished them, and to Thénardier who received them.

Marius, moreover, was in sore affliction. Everything had
5 relapsed into darkness. He had for a moment seen close at hand in that obscurity, the young girl whom he loved, the old man who seemed her father, these unknown beings who were his only interest and his only hope in this world; and at the moment he had thought to hold them fast, a breath had
10 swept all those shadows away. Not a spark of certainty or truth had escaped even from that most fearful shock. He knew not even the name which he had thought he knew. Certainly it was no longer Ursula. And the Lark was a nickname. And what should he think of the old man?
15 Was he really hiding from the police? Why had he not called for help? why had he escaped? was he, yes or no, the father of the young girl? Finally, was he really the man whom Thénardier thought he recognised? All this, it is true, detracted nothing from the angelic charms of the young girl of
20 the Luxembourg. All had vanished, except love.

To crown all, want returned; he felt close upon him, behind him, that icy breath. He had discontinued his work, and nothing is more dangerous than discontinued labour; it is habit lost. A habit easy to abandon, difficult to resume.
25 A certain amount of reverie is good; it soothes the fever, sometimes high, of the brain at work, and produces in the mind a soft and fresh vapour which fills up the gaps and intervals here and there, binds them together, and blunts the sharp corners of ideas. But too much reverie submerges
30 and drowns. Woe to the brain-worker who allows himself to fall entirely from thought into reverie! One no longer goes out of the house except to walk and dream.

Fatal slope, down which the firmest and the noblest are drawn, as well as the weakest and the most vicious, and which
35 leads to one of these two pits, suicide or crime. By continually going out for reverie, there comes a day when you go out to throw yourself into the water.

Marius was descending this slope with slow steps, his eyes fixed upon her whom he saw no more. A single sweet idea

remained to him, that she had loved him; that her eyes had told him so; that she did not know his name but that she knew his soul; and that, perhaps, where she was, whatever that mysterious place might be, she loved him still.

It happened, one day, that Marius' solitary walks conducted ⁵ him to an open place in the long and monotonous circuit of the boulevards of Paris, a spot which on inquiry he found was called "The Field of the Lark." *The Lark* was the appellation which, in the depths of Marius' melancholy, had replaced Ursula. "Yes," said he in the kind of unreasoning stupor ¹⁰ peculiar to these mysterious asides, "this is her field. I shall learn here where she lives." And he came every day to this Field of the Lark.

A few days after this, one morning — it was Monday, the day on which Marius borrowed the hundred-sous piece of ¹⁵ Courfeyrac for Thénardier — Marius had put this hundred-sous piece into his pocket, and before carrying it into the prison office, had gone again to the field of the lark. That morning the bright sun was gleaming through the new and glossy leaves. He was thinking of "Her!" ²⁰

All at once, in the midst of his ecstasy of exhaustion, he heard a voice which was known to him, say: "Ah! there he is!"

He raised his eyes and recognised the unfortunate child who had come to his room one morning, the elder of the Thénar- ²⁵ dier girls, Eponine; he now knew her name. Singular fact, she had become more wretched and more beautiful, two steps which seemed impossible. She was barefooted and in rags, as on the day when she had so resolutely entered his room, only her rags were two months older; the holes were larger, ³⁰ the tatters dirtier. It was the same rough voice, the same forehead tanned and wrinkled by exposure; the same free, wild, and wandering gaze. She had, in addition to her former expression, that mixture of fear and sorrow which the experience of a prison adds to misery. She had spears of straw ³⁵ and grass in her hair, not like Ophelia^o from having gone mad through the contagion of Hamlet's^o madness, but because she had slept in some stable loft.

And with all this, she was beautiful.

Meantime, she had stopped before Marius, with an expression of pleasure upon her livid face, and something which resembled a smile. She stood for a few seconds, as if she could not speak.

5 "I have found you, then?" said she at last. "How I have looked for you, if you only knew! I have been in prison a fortnight! They have let me out seeing that there was nothing against me, and then I was not of the age of discernment. Oh! how I have looked for you! You don't live down there
10 any longer?"

"No," said Marius.

"Oh! I understand. On account of the affair. You have moved. But tell me, where do you live now?"

Marius did not answer.

15 She resumed with an expression which gradually grew darker: "You don't seem to be glad to see me?" Marius said nothing; she herself was silent for a moment, then exclaimed: "But if I would, I could easily make you glad!"

"How?" inquired Marius. "What does that mean?"

20 She bit her lip; she seemed to hesitate, as if passing through a kind of interior struggle. At last, she appeared to decide upon her course.

"You look sad, I want you to be glad. Poor Monsieur Marius! you know, you promised me that you would give me
25 whatever I should ask —"

"Yes! but tell me!"

She looked into Marius' eyes and said: "I have the address."

Marius turned pale. All his blood flowed back to his heart.

30 "What address?"

"The address you asked me for, of the young lady!"

Having pronounced this word, she sighed deeply.

Marius sprang up from the bank on which he was sitting, and took her wildly by the hand. "Come! show me the way,
35 tell me! ask me for whatever you will! Where is it?"

"Come with me," she answered. "I am not sure of the street and the number; it is away on the other side from here, but I know the house very well. I will show you."

She withdrew her hand and added in a tone which would

have pierced the heart of an observer, but which did not even touch the intoxicated and transported Marius: "How glad you are!"

A cloud passed over Marius' brow. He seized Eponine by the arm: "Swear to me one thing!" 5

"Swear?" said she, "what does that mean? You want me to swear?" And she laughed.

"Your father! promise me, Eponine! swear to me that you will not give this address to your father!"

She turned towards him with an astounded appearance. 10
"Eponine! How do you know that my name is Eponine?"

"Promise what I ask you!"

But she did not seem to understand. "That is nice! you called me Eponine!"

Marius caught her by both arms at once. "But answer me 15
now, in heaven's name! Swear to me that you will not give the address you know to your father!"

"My father?" said she. "Do not be concerned on his account. He is in solitary. But I promise you that! I swear to you that! There! will that do? is that it?" 20

"Nor to anybody?" said Marius.

"Nor to anybody."

"Now," added Marius, "show me the way."

"Come. How glad he is!" said she.

After a few steps, she stopped. "You follow too near me, 25
Monsieur Marius. Let me go forward, and follow me like that, without seeming to. It won't do for a fine young man, like you, to be seen with a woman like me."

She went on a few steps, and stopped again; Marius rejoined her. She spoke to him aside and without turning: 30
"By the way, you know you have promised me something?"

Marius fumbled in his pocket. He had nothing in the world but the five francs intended for Thénardier. He took it, and put it into Eponine's hand.

She opened her fingers and let the piece fall on the ground, 35
and, looking at him with a gloomy look: "I don't want your money," said she.

II. THE IDYL^o OF THE RUE PLUMET

IN the month of October, 1829, a man had appeared and hired a certain house in the Rue Plumet as it stood, including a building in the rear, with a passage which ran out to the Rue de Babylone. He had the secret openings of the two
5 doors of this passage repaired, and finally came and installed himself with a young girl and an aged servant, without any noise, rather like somebody stealing in than like a man who enters his own house. The neighbours did not gossip about it, for the reason that there were no neighbours.

10 This tenant was Jean Valjean; the young girl was Cosette. The servant was a spinster named Toussaint, whom Jean Valjean had saved from the hospital and misery, and who was old. He hired the house under the name of Monsieur Fauchelevent, gentleman. In what has been related hitherto, the
15 reader doubtless recognised Jean Valjean even before Thénardier did.

Why had Jean Valjean left the convent of the Petit Picpus? He saw Cosette every day, he felt paternity springing up and developing within him more and more. But this child, he
20 said to himself, that nothing could take from him, would certainly become a nun, being every day gently led on towards it; that he would grow old there and she would grow up there, that she would grow old there and he would die there. He said to himself that this child had a right to know what life
25 was before renouncing it; that to cut her off, in advance, and, in some sort, without consulting her, from all pleasure, under pretence of saving her from all trial, to take advantage of her ignorance and isolation to give her an artificial vocation, was to outrage a human creature and to lie to God. And who
30 knew but, thinking over all this some day, and being a nun with regret, Cosette might come to hate him: a final thought, which was almost selfish and less heroic than the others, but which was insupportable to him. He resolved to leave the convent.

35 As to objections, there were none. Five years of sojourn between those four walls, and of absence from among men, had necessarily destroyed or dispersed the elements of alarm.

He might return tranquilly among men. He had grown old, and all had changed. Who would recognise him now? And then, to look at the worst, there was no danger save for himself, and he had no right to condemn Cosette to the cloister for the reason that he had been condemned to the galleys. As to Cosette's education, it was almost finished and complete.

His determination once formed, he awaited an opportunity. It was not slow to present itself. Old Fauchelevent died. Jean Valjean asked an audience of the reverend prioress, and told her that having received a small inheritance on the death of his brother, which enabled him to live henceforth without labour, he would leave the service of the convent, and take away his daughter; but that, as it was not just that Cosette, not taking her vows, should have been educated gratuitously, he humbly begged the reverend prioress to allow him to offer the community, as indemnity for the five years which Cosette had passed there, the sum of five thousand francs.

Thus Jean Valjean left the convent of the Perpetual Adoration. Jean Valjean nevertheless did not appear again in the open city without deep anxiety. He discovered the house in the Rue Plumet, and buried himself in it. He was henceforth in possession of the name of Ultimus Fauchelevent. At the same time he hired two other lodgings in Paris, in order to attract less attention than if he always remained in the same quartier, to be able to change his abode on occasion, at the slightest anxiety which he might feel, and finally, that he might not again find himself in such a strait as on the night when he had so miraculously escaped from Javert. These two lodgings were two very humble dwellings, in two quartiers widely distant from each other, one in the Rue de l'Ouest, the other in the Rue de l'Homme Armé.

He went from time to time, now to the Rue de l'Homme Armé and now to the Rue de l'Ouest, to spend a month or six weeks, with Cosette, without taking Toussaint. He was waited upon by the porters, and gave himself out for a man of some means of the suburbs, having a foothold in the city. This lofty virtue had three domiciles in Paris in order to escape from the police.

Still, properly speaking, he lived in the Rue Plumet. Every day Jean Valjean took Cosette's arm, and went with her to the least frequented walk of the Luxembourg, and every Sunday to mass, always at Saint Jacques du Haut
5 Pas, because it was quite distant. As that is a very poor quarter, he gave much alms there, and the unfortunate surrounded him in the church. He was fond of taking Cosette to visit the needy and the sick.

There was on the Rue de Babylone door a box for letters
10 and papers; but the three occupants of the house on the Rue Plumet receiving neither papers nor letters, the entire use of the box was now limited to the notices of the receiver of taxes and the Guard warnings. For M. Fauchelevent belonged to the National Guard: he had not been able to escape
15 the close meshes of the enrolment of 1831.

Three or four times a year, Jean Valjean donned his uniform, and performed his duties; very willingly moreover. It was a good disguise for him, which associated him with everybody else while leaving him solitary. Jean Valjean had
20 completed his sixtieth year, the age of legal exemption, but he did not appear more than fifty. He had no civil standing; he was concealing his name, he was concealing his identity, he was concealing his age, he was concealing everything; and was very willingly a National Guard. To resemble the
25 crowd who pay their taxes, this was his whole ambition.

We must note one incident, however. When Jean Valjean went out with Cosette, he dressed as we have seen, and had much the air of an old officer. When he went out alone, and this was most usually in the evening, he was always clad in the
30 waistcoat and trousers of a working-man, and wore a cap which hid his face.

Neither Jean Valjean, nor Cosette, nor Toussaint, ever came in or went out except by the gate on the Rue de Babylone. Unless one had seen them through the grated gate of the
35 garden, it would have been difficult to guess that they lived in the Rue Plumet. This gate always remained closed. Jean Valjean had left the garden uncultivated, that it might not attract attention.

In this he deceived himself, perhaps.

It seemed as if this garden had been rendered fit for the shelter of chaste mysteries. There was a magnificent dishevelled obscurity falling like a veil upon all sides. There was also in this solitude a heart which was all ready. Love had only to show himself; there was a temple there composed of verdure, of grass, of moss, of the sighs of birds, of soft shade, of agitated branches, and a soul made up of gentleness, of faith, of candour, of hope, of aspiration, and of illusion.

Cosette had left the convent, still almost a child; she was a little more than fourteen years old. She seemed rather homely than pretty; she had, however, no ungraceful features, but she was awkward, thin, timid, and bold at the same time, a big child in short.

On leaving the convent, Cosette could have found nothing more grateful and more dangerous than the house on the Rue Plumet. It was the continuation of solitude with the beginning of liberty; an inclosed garden, but a sharp, rich, voluptuous, and odorous nature; the same dreams as in the convent, but with glimpses of young men; a grating, but upon the street.

Cosette had but vague remembrance of her childhood. She prayed morning and evening for her mother, whom she had never known. The Thénardiens had remained to her like two hideous faces of some dream. She remembered that she had been one day into a wood after water. It seemed to her that she had commenced life in an abyss, and that Jean Valjean had drawn her out of it. When she was dozing at night, before going to sleep, as she had no very clear idea of being Jean Valjean's daughter, and that he was her father, she imagined that her mother's soul had passed into this good-man and come to live with her. She did not even know her mother's name. Whenever she happened to ask Jean Valjean what it was, Jean Valjean was silent. If she repeated her question, he answered by a smile. Once she insisted; the smile ended with a tear.

While Cosette was a little girl, Jean Valjean had been fond of talking with her about her mother; when she was a young maiden, this was impossible for him. It seemed to him that he no longer dared. Was this on account of Cosette? was

it on account of Fantine? He felt a sort of religious horror at introducing that shade into Cosette's thoughts. He thought of Fantine and felt overwhelmed with silence. He saw dimly in the darkness something which resembled a finger on
5 a mouth. Had all that modesty which had once been Fantine's and which, during her life, had been forced out of her by violence, returned after her death to take its place over her, to watch, indignant, over the peace of the dead woman, and to guard her fiercely in her tomb? Did Jean Valjean, without
10 knowing it, feel its influence?

One day Cosette said to him: "Father, I saw my mother in a dream last night. She had two great wings. My mother must have attained to sanctity in her life."

"Through martyrdom," answered Jean Valjean.

15 It was at this period that Marius, after the lapse of six months, saw her again at the Luxembourg. Cosette, in her seclusion, like Marius in his, was all ready to take fire. Destiny, with its mysterious and fatal patience, was slowly bringing these two beings near each other, fully charged and
20 all languishing with the stormy electricities of passion, — these two souls which held love as two clouds hold lightning, and which were to meet and mingle in a glance, like clouds in a flash.

At that particular moment when Cosette unconsciously looked with this glance which so affected Marius, Marius had
25 no suspicion that he also had a glance which affected Cosette. She received from him the same harm and the same blessing.

Marius and Cosette were in the dark in regard to each other; they did not speak, they did not bow, they were not acquainted. They saw each other, and, like the stars in the
30 sky separated by millions of leagues, they lived by gazing upon each other. Thus it was that Cosette gradually became a woman, and beautiful and loving, grew with the consciousness of her beauty, and in ignorance of her love, coquettish withal, through innocence.

III. THE SPECTRE

35 ALL this did not escape Jean Valjean. He very soon saw that Cosette was beginning to show an interest in this strange

young man. When he was convinced of it, he discontinued his walks in the Luxembourg. Cosette accepted the change without a word, — but she grew sad and thoughtful. Jean Valjean also, with the fear of losing her gnawing at his soul, became almost morose. Even after their life had been 5 saddened, however, they continued their habit of morning walks.

One October morning, tempted by the deep serenity of the autumn of 1831, they had gone out, and found themselves at daybreak near the Barrière du Maine. Suddenly, Cosette 10 exclaimed: "Father, I should think somebody was coming down there."

Jean Valjean looked up. Cosette was right. At the corner of the highway and the boulevard, at the point where they diverge, a sound was heard, difficult of explanation at such 15 an hour, and a kind of moving confusion appeared. Some shapeless thing which came from the boulevard was entering upon the highway.

It grew larger, it seemed to move in order, still it was bristling and quivering; it looked like a wagon, but they could 20 not make out the load. There were horses, wheels, cries; whips were cracking. By degrees the features became definite, although enveloped in darkness. It was in fact a wagon which had just turned out of the boulevard into the road, and which was making its way towards the barrière, 25 near which Jean Valjean was. A second, of the same appearance, followed it, then a third, then a fourth; seven vehicles turned in in succession, the horses' heads touching the rear of the wagons. Dark forms were moving upon these wagons, flashes were seen in the twilight as if of drawn swords, 30 a clanking was heard which resembled the rattling of chains; it advanced, the voices grew louder, and it was as terrible a thing as comes forth from the cavern of dreams.

As it approached it took form, and outlined itself behind the trees with the pallor of an apparition; the mass whitened; 35 daylight, which was rising little by little, spread a pallid gleam over this crawling thing, which was at once sepulchral and alive, the heads of the shadows became the faces of corpses, and it was this:

Seven wagons were moving in file upon the road. Six of them were of a peculiar structure. They resembled coopers' drays; they were a sort of long ladder placed upon two wheels, forming thills at the forward end. Each dray, or better, each ladder, was drawn by four horses tandem. Upon these ladders strange clusters of men were carried. In the little light that there was, these men were not seen, they were only guessed. Twenty-four on each wagon, twelve on each side, back to back, their faces towards the passers-by, their legs hanging down. These men were travelling thus; and they had behind them something which clanked and which was a chain, and at their necks something which shone and which was an iron collar. Each had his collar, but the chain was for all; so that these twenty-four men, if they should chance to get down from the dray and walk, would be made subject to a sort of inexorable unity, and have to wriggle over the ground with the chain for a backbone. In front and rear of each wagon, two men, armed with muskets, stood, each having an end of the chain under his foot. The seventh wagon, a huge cart with racks, but without a cover, had four wheels and six horses, and carried a resounding pile of iron kettles, melting pots, furnaces, and chains, over which were scattered a number of men, who were bound and lying at full length, and who appeared to be sick.

These wagons kept the middle of the street. At either side marched a row of guards of infamous appearance. The one who appeared to be their chief had a horsewhip in his hand. All these details, blurred by the twilight, were becoming clearer and clearer in the growing light. At the head and the rear of the convoy, gendarmes marched on horseback, solemn, and with drawn swords. The men heaped upon the drays were silent as they jolted along. They were livid with the chill of the morning. They all had tow trousers, and their bare feet were in wooden shoes. The rest of their costume was according to the fancy of misery. The troop of escort was cursing, the chained did not whisper; from time to time there was heard the sound of the blow of a club upon their shoulders or their heads. Suddenly, the sun appeared; the immense radiance of the Orient burst

forth, and one would have said that it set all these savage heads on fire. Their tongues were loosed, a conflagration of sneers, of oaths, and songs burst forth. The broad horizontal light cut the whole file in two, illuminating their heads and their bodies, leaving their feet and the wheels in the dark. 5 Their thoughts appeared upon their faces; the moment was appalling; demons visible with their masks fallen off, ferocious souls laid bare.

Jean Valjean's eye became frightful. It was no longer an eye; it was that deep window, which takes the place of the 10 look in certain unfortunate beings, who seem unconscious of reality, and from which flashes out the reflection of horrors and catastrophes. He was not looking upon a sight; a vision was appearing to him. He endeavoured to rise, to flee, to escape; he could not move a limb. Sometimes things which 15 you see, clutch you and hold you. He was spell-bound, stupefied, petrified. All at once he raised his hand to his forehead, a common gesture with those to whom memory suddenly returns; he remembered that this was really the route, that this detour^o was usual to avoid meeting the king, 20 which was always possible on the Fontainebleau^o road, and that, thirty-five years before, he had passed through this barrière.

Cosette, though from another cause, was equally terrified. She did not comprehend; her breath failed her; what she 25 saw did not seem possible to her; at last she exclaimed: "Father! what can there be in those wagons?"

Jean Valjean answered: "Convicts."

"And where are they going?"

"To the galleys."

At this moment the cudgelling, multiplied by a hundred 30 hands, reached its climax; blows with the flat of the sword joined in; it was a fury of whips and clubs; the galley slaves crouched down, a hideous obedience was produced by the punishment, and all were silent with the look of chained 35 wolves. Cosette trembled in every limb; she continued: "Father, are they still men?"

"Sometimes," said the wretched man.

It was in fact the chain which, setting out before day from

Bicêtre, took the Mans road to avoid Fontainebleau, where the king then was. This detour made the terrible journey last three or four days longer; but to spare the royal person the sight of the punishment, it may well be prolonged.

5 Jean Valjean returned home overwhelmed. On the way back with Cosette he did not notice that she asked him other questions regarding what they had just seen; perhaps he was himself too much absorbed in his own dejection to heed her words or to answer them. But at night, as Cosette was
10 leaving him to go to bed, he heard her say in an undertone, and as if talking to herself: "It seems to me that if I should meet one of those men in my path, O my God, I should die just from seeing him near me!"

Some days later, one morning, when the sun was bright,
15 and they were both upon the garden steps, a redbreast was twittering in the shrubbery beside them, white clouds were crossing the sky so gaily that one would have said they had just been set at liberty, Cosette was picking a flower; she seemed to be thinking of something. Suddenly she turned
20 her head over her shoulder with the delicate motion of the swan, and said to Jean Valjean: "Father, what are they then, the galley slaves?"

IV. AID FROM BELOW MAY BE AID FROM ABOVE

Thus their life gradually darkened. There was left to them but one distraction, and this had formerly been a
25 pleasure: that was to carry bread to those who were hungry, and clothing to those who were cold. In these visits to the poor, in which Cosette often accompanied Jean Valjean, they found some remnant of their former lightheartedness; and, sometimes, when they had had a good day, when many
30 sorrows had been relieved and many little children revived and made warm, Cosette, in the evening, was a little gay. It was at this period that they visited the Jondrette den.

The day after that visit, Jean Valjean appeared in the cottage in the morning, with his ordinary calmness, but with
35 a large wound on his left arm, very much inflamed and very venomous, which resembled a burn, and which he explained in

some fashion. This wound confined him within doors more than a month with fever. He would see no physician. Cosette dressed it night and morning with so divine a grace and so angelic a pleasure in being useful to him, that Jean Valjean felt all his old happiness return, his fears and his anxieties dissipate.

Cosette, as her father was sick, spent almost all her time with him, and read to him the books which he liked, in general, books of travels. Jean Valjean was born anew; his happiness revived with inexpressible radiance; the Luxembourg, the unknown young prowler, Cosette's coldness, all these clouds of his soul faded away. As to the hideous vision of the Barrière du Maine, Cosette had never mentioned it again.

At the convent, Sister Sainte Mechthilde had taught Cosette music. Cosette had the voice of a warbler with a soul, and sometimes in the evening, in the humble lodging of the wounded man, she sang plaintive songs which rejoiced Jean Valjean.

When Cosette saw that her father was suffering less, and that he was getting well, and that he seemed happy, she felt a contentment that she did not even notice, so gently and naturally did it come upon her. It was then the month of March, the days were growing longer, winter was departing, then April came.

Cosette was still too young for this April joy, which resembled her, not to find its way to her heart. Insensibly, and without a suspicion on her part, the darkness passed away from her mind. In the morning, when she had succeeded in enticing her father into the garden for a quarter of an hour, and while she was walking in the sun in front of the steps, supporting his wounded arm, she was laughing every moment; she was happy. Jean Valjean saw her, with intoxication, again become fresh and rosy.

As soon as his wound was cured, he resumed his solitary and twilight walks. It would be a mistake to believe that one can walk in this way alone in the uninhabited regions of Paris, and not meet with some adventure.

One evening little Gavroche had had no dinner; he re-

membered that he had had no dinner also the day before, this was becoming tiresome. He resolved that he would try for some supper. He went wandering about beyond La Salpêtrière, in the deserted spots; those are the places for
5 good luck; where there is nobody, can be found something.

In one of his preceding strolls, he had noticed an old garden there haunted by an old man and an old woman, and in this garden a passable apple tree. Beside this apple tree, there was a sort of fruit-loft poorly inclosed where the conquest of
10 an apple might be made. An apple is a supper; an apple is life. What ruined Adam^o might save Gavroche. The garden was upon a solitary lane unpaved and bordered with bushes for lack of houses; a hedge separated it from the lane.

Gavroche directed his steps towards the garden; he found
15 the lane, he recognised the apple tree. Day was declining, the time was good. Gavroche sketched out the escalade, then suddenly stopped. Somebody was talking in the garden. Gavroche looked through one of the openings of the hedge.

Within two steps of him at the foot of the hedge on the
20 other side, precisely at the point where the hole he was meditating would have taken him, lay a stone which made a kind of seat, and on this seat the old man of the garden was sitting with the old woman standing before him. The old woman was muttering. Gavroche, who was anything but discreet,
25 listened.

"Monsieur Mabeuf!" said the old woman.

"Mabeuf!" thought Gavroche, "that is a funny name."

"What, Mother Plutarch?"

"Mother Plutarch!" thought Gavroche, "another funny
30 name."

"The landlord is dissatisfied. There are three quarters due. He says that he will turn you out of doors to sleep."

"I shall go."

"The grocery woman wants to be paid. She holds on to
35 her wood. What will you keep warm with this spring? We have no wood."

"There is the sun."

"The butcher refuses credit, he will not give us any more meat."

"That is all right. I do not digest meat well. It is too heavy."

"What shall we have for dinner?"

"Bread."

"The baker demands something on account, and says, 'No money, no bread.'"

"Very well."

"What will you eat?"

"We have the apples from the apple tree."

"But Monsieur, we can't live like that without money." 10

"I have not any."

The old woman went away, the old man remained alone. He began to reflect. Gavroche was reflecting on his side. It was almost night. The first result of Gavroche's reflection was that instead of climbing over the hedge he crept under 15 and hid in it. He almost touched Father Mabeuf's seat. He heard the octogenarian breathe. Then, for dinner, he tried to sleep. Sleep of a cat, sleep with one eye. Even while crouching there Gavroche kept watch.

Suddenly, two dim forms appeared. One came before — 20 the other, at some distance, behind. The first form seemed some old bourgeois bent and thoughtful, dressed more than simply, walking with the slow pace of an aged man, and taking his ease in the starry evening. The second was straight, firm, and slight. It regulated its step by the step of the first; 25 but in the unwonted slowness of the gait, dexterity and agility were manifest. This form had, in addition to something wild and startling, the whole appearance of a dandy; the hat was of the latest style, the coat was black, well cut, probably of fine cloth, and closely fitted to the form. The head was held 30 up with a robust grace, and, under the hat, could be seen in the twilight the pale profile of a young man. This profile had a rose in its mouth. The second form was well known to Gavroche; it was Montparnasse, the bandit. As to the other, he could have said nothing about it, except that it was an old 35 goodman.

One of these two passers evidently had designs upon the other. Gavroche was well situated to see the issue. Montparnasse hiding, at such an hour, in such a place — it was

threatening. Gavroche felt his heart moved with pity for the old man. What could he do? intervene? Gavroche could not conceal it from himself that, to this formidable bandit of eighteen, the old man first, the child afterwards, would be but
5 two mouthfuls.

While Gavroche was deliberating, the attack was made, sharp and hideous. The attack of a spider on a fly. Montparnasse, on a sudden, threw away the rose, sprang upon the old man, collared him, grasped him and fastened to him,
10 and Gavroche could hardly restrain a cry. A moment afterwards, one of these men was under the other, exhausted, panting, struggling, with a knee of marble upon his breast. Only it was not altogether as Gavroche had expected. The one on the ground was Montparnasse; the one above was the
15 goodman. The old man had received the shock, and had returned it, and returned it so terribly that in the twinkling of an eye the assailant and assailed had changed parts.

There was silence. The goodman had not spoken a word, nor uttered a cry. He arose, and Gavroche heard him say to
20 Montparnasse, "Get up."

Montparnasse got up, but the goodman held him.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"You are strong and well. Why don't you work?"

25 "It is fatiguing."

"What is your business?"

"Loafer."

"Speak seriously. Can I do anything for you? What would you like to be?"

30 "A robber."

There was a silence. The old man seemed to be thinking deeply. He was motionless, yet did not release Montparnasse. From time to time the young bandit, vigorous and nimble, made the efforts of a beast caught in a snare. He gave a
35 spring, attempted a trip, twisted his limbs desperately, endeavoured to escape. The old man did not appear to perceive it, and with a single hand held his two arms with the sovereign indifference of absolute strength.

The old man's reverie continued for some time, then, look-

ing steadily upon Montparnasse, he gently raised his voice and addressed to him, in that obscurity in which they were, a sort of solemn allocution of which Gavroche did not lose a syllable: "My child, you are entering by laziness into the most laborious of existences. Beware of it, it is a cunning and ferocious thing; if it but catch the skirt of your coat, you are drawn in entirely. Stop, while there is yet time, and save yourself! otherwise, it is all over; you will soon be between the wheels. Once caught, hope for nothing more. Earn a living, have a task, accomplish a duty. Labour is the law; he who spurns it as tiresome will have it as a punishment. You are unwilling to be a working-man, you will be a slave. Any other man who wishes to go out, opens his door, it is done, he is out of doors. You, if you wish to go out, must pierce your wall. To go into the street, what does everybody do? Everybody goes down the staircase! but you, you will tear up your bed clothes, you will make a rope of them strip by strip, then you will pass through your window and you will hang on that thread over an abyss, and it will be at night in the storm, in the rain, in the tempest, and, if the rope is too short, you will have but one way to descend, to fall. To fall at a venture, into the abyss, from whatever height, upon what? Upon whatever is below, upon the unknown. Or you will climb through the flue of a chimney, at the risk of burning yourself; or you will crawl through a sewer, at the risk of being drowned. Behold your future! Take pity on yourself, miserable child, young thing, a suckling not twenty years old, who doubtless have a mother still alive! I conjure you, listen to me. Oh! my child, you are taking a mistaken road. Trust me, do not undertake this dreadful drudgery of being an idler. It is not so hard to be an honest man. Go now, and think of what I have said to you. And now, what did you want of me? my purse? here it is."

And the old man, releasing Montparnasse, put his purse in his hand, which Montparnasse weighed for a moment; after which, with the same mechanical precaution as if he had stolen it, Montparnasse let it glide gently into the back pocket of his coat. All this said and done, the goodman turned his back and quietly resumed his walk.

Who was this goodman? the reader has doubtless guessed.

Montparnasse, in stupefaction, watched him till he disappeared in the twilight. This contemplation was fatal to him. While the old man was moving away, Gavroche was approaching. Gavroche, with a side glance, made sure that Father Mabeuf, perhaps asleep, was still sitting on the seat. Then the urchin came out of his bushes, and began to creep along in the shade, behind the motionless Montparnasse. He reached Montparnasse thus without being seen or heard, gently insinuated his hand into the back pocket of the fine black cloth coat, took the purse, withdrew his hand, and, creeping off again, glided away like an adder into the darkness. Montparnasse, who had no reason to be upon his guard, and who was reflecting for the first time in his life, perceived nothing of it. Gavroche, when he had reached the point where Father Mabeuf was, threw the purse over the hedge, and fled at full speed.

The purse fell on the foot of Father Mabeuf. This shock awoke him. He stooped down, and picked up the purse. He did not understand it at all, and he opened it. It was a purse with two compartments; in one there were some small coins; in the other, there were six napoleons. M. Mabeuf, very much startled, carried the thing to Mother Plutarch.

"This falls from the sky," said she.

V. THE END OF WHICH IS UNLIKE THE BEGINNING

COSETTE'S grief had, without her knowledge, entered upon convalescence. Nature, spring, her youth, her love for her father, the gaiety of the birds and the flowers, were filtering little by little, day by day, into this soul so pure and so young, something which almost resembled oblivion. Was the fire dying out entirely? or was it merely becoming a bed of embers?

One day she suddenly thought of Marius. In the course of that very week she noticed, passing before the grated gate of the garden, a very handsome officer of lancers, waist like a wasp, ravishing uniform, cheeks like a young girl's, sabre under his arm, waxed moustaches. The next day, she saw

him pass again. She noticed the hour. Dating from this time, was it chance? she saw him pass almost every day. It was Théodule Gillenormand.

This was the very time when Marius was descending gloomily towards agony. Had he seen Cosette at that moment looking at a lancer, he would not have been able to utter a word, and would have expired of grief. Marius was of that temperament which sinks into grief, and remains there; Cosette was of that which plunges in, and comes out again.

Cosette indeed was passing that dangerous moment, the fatal phase of feminine reverie abandoned to itself, when the heart of an isolated young girl resembles the tendrils of a vine which seize hold, as chance determines, of the capital of a column or the signpost of a tavern, a hurried and decisive moment, critical for every orphan, whether she be poor or whether she be rich.

What was there in Cosette's soul? A soothed or sleeping passion; love in a wavering state; something which was shining, disturbed to a certain depth, gloomy below. The image of the handsome officer was reflected from the surface. Was there a memory at the bottom? Perhaps.

A singular incident followed. In the first fortnight in April, Jean Valjean went on a journey. This, we know, happened with him from time to time, at very long intervals. He remained absent one or two days at the most. Where did he go? nobody knew, not even Cosette. It was generally when money was needed for the household expenses that Jean Valjean made these little journeys.

In the evening, Cosette was alone in the parlour. To amuse herself, she had opened her piano and began to sing, playing an accompaniment, the chorus from *Euryanthe*: *Hunters wandering in the woods!* All at once it seemed to her that she heard a step in the garden.

It could not be her father, he was absent; it could not be Toussaint, she was in bed. It was ten o'clock at night. She went to the window shutter which was closed and put her ear to it. It appeared to her that it was a man's step, and that he was treading very softly. She ran immediately up to her room, opened a slide in her blind, and looked into the

garden. The moon was full. She could see as plainly as in broad day. There was nobody there.

She opened the window. The garden was absolutely silent, and all that she could see of the street was as deserted
5 as it always was. Cosette thought she had been mistaken. She had imagined she heard this noise. It was a hallucination^o produced by Weber's^o sombre and majestic chorus, which opens before the mind startling depths, which trembles before the eye like a bewildering forest, and in which we hear
10 the crackling of the dead branches beneath the anxious step of the hunters dimly seen in the twilight. She thought no more about it.

Moreover, Cosette by nature was not easily startled. There was in her veins the blood of the gipsy and of the ad-
15 venturess who goes barefoot. It must be remembered she was rather a lark than a dove. She was wild and brave at heart.

The next day, not so late, at nightfall, she was walking in the garden. In the midst of the confused thoughts which
2 filled her mind, she thought she heard for a moment a sound like the sound of the evening before, as if somebody were walking in the darkness under the trees, not very far from her, but she paid no attention to it as she saw nothing. She had to cross a little green grass-plot to reach the steps. The
25 moon, which had just risen behind her, projected, as Cosette came out from the shrubbery, her shadow before her upon this grass-plot.

Cosette stood still, terrified. By the side of her shadow, the moon marked out distinctly upon the sward another
30 shadow singularly frightful and terrible, a shadow with a round hat. It was like the shadow of a man who might have been standing in the edge of the shrubbery, a few steps behind Cosette. For a moment she was unable to speak, or cry, or call, or stir, or turn her head. At last she summoned
35 up all her courage and resolutely turned round.

There was nobody there. She looked upon the ground. The shadow had disappeared. She returned into the shrubbery, boldly hunted through the corners, went as far as the gate, and found nothing. She felt her blood run cold. Was

this also a hallucination? One hallucination may pass, but two hallucinations? What made her most anxious was that the shadow was certainly not a phantom.^o Phantoms never wear round hats.

The next day Jean Valjean returned. Cosette narrated to ⁵ him what she thought she had heard and seen. Jean Valjean became anxious. He left her under some pretext and went into the garden, and she saw him examining the gate very closely. In the night she awoke; now she was certain; she distinctly heard somebody walking very near the steps ¹⁰ under her window. She ran to her slide and opened it. There was in fact a man in the garden with a big club in his hand. Just as she was about to cry out, the moon lighted up the man's face. It was her father.

Jean Valjean passed that night in the garden and the ¹⁵ two nights following. Cosette saw him through the hole in her shutter. The third night the moon was smaller and rose later. It might have been one o'clock in the morning, when she heard a loud burst of laughter and her father's voice calling her, "Cosette!"

She sprang out of bed, threw on her dressing-gown, and ²⁰ opened her window. Her father was below on the grass-plot. "I woke you up to show you," said he. "Look, here is your shadow in a round hat."

And he pointed to a shadow on the sward made by the moon, ²⁵ and which really bore a close resemblance to the appearance of a man in a round hat. It was a figure produced by a sheet-iron stove-pipe with a cap, which rose above a neighbouring roof. Cosette also began to laugh, all her gloomy suppositions fell to the ground, and the next day she made ³⁰ merry over the mysterious garden haunted by shadows of stove-pipes.

Jean Valjean became entirely calm again; as to Cosette, she did not notice very carefully whether the stove-pipe was really in the direction of the shadow which she had seen, or ³⁵ thought she saw, and whether the moon was in the same part of the sky. A few days afterwards, however, a new incident occurred.

In the garden, near the grated gate, on the street, there was

a stone seat protected from the gaze of the curious by a hedge, but which, nevertheless, by an effort, the arm of a passer could reach through the grating and the hedge. One evening in this same month of April, Jean Valjean had gone out; 5 Cosette, after sunset, had sat down on this seat, musing.

A vague sadness was coming over her little by little, that invincible sadness which evening gives and which comes perhaps, who knows? from the mystery of the tomb half-opened at that hour. Fantine was perhaps in that shadow.

10 Cosette rose, slowly made the round of the garden, walking in the grass, and then returned to the seat. Just as she was sitting down, she noticed in the place she had left, a stone of considerable size which evidently was not there the moment before.

15 Suddenly, the idea that this stone did not come upon the seat of itself, that somebody had put it there, came to her, and made her afraid. It was a genuine fear this time. She did not touch it, fled without daring to look behind her and took refuge in the house. All night she saw the stone, big 20 as a mountain and full of caves.

At sunrise — the peculiarity of sunrise is to make us laugh at all our terrors of the night — at sunrise, Cosette, on waking, looked upon her fright as upon a nightmare. The sun, which shone through the cracks of her shutters, reassured her to 25 such an extent that it all vanished from her thoughts, even the stone. She dressed herself, went down to the garden, ran to the bench, and felt a cold sweat. The stone was there.

But this was only for a moment. What is fright by night is curiosity by day. She raised the stone, which was pretty 30 large. There was something underneath which resembled a letter. Cosette seized it; there was no address. She examined it. There was no more fright, there was a beginning of anxious interest.

Cosette took out of the envelope, a quire of paper, each 35 page of which was numbered and contained a few lines written in a rather pretty hand-writing. Cosette looked for a name, there was none; a signature, there was none. To whom was it addressed? to her probably, since a hand had placed the packet upon her seat. From whom did it

come? An irresistible fascination took possession of her; she endeavoured to turn her eyes away from these leaves which trembled in her hand; she looked at the sky, the street, the acacias all steeped in light, some pigeons which were flying about a neighbouring roof, then all at once, her eye ⁵ eagerly sought the manuscript.

During the reading, Cosette entered gradually into reverie. At the moment she raised her eyes from the last line of the last page, the handsome officer, it was his hour, passed triumphant before the grating. Cosette thought him hideous. 10

Now these pages, from whom could they come? Who could have written them? Cosette did not hesitate for a moment. One single man. He!

When evening came, Jean Valjean went out. Cosette dressed herself; she arranged her hair in the manner which ¹⁵ best became her. At dusk, she went down to the garden. She began to walk under the branches, putting them aside with her hand from time to time, because there were some that were very low. She thus reached the seat. The stone was still there. She sat down, and laid her soft white hand ²⁰ upon that stone as if she would caress it and thank it.

All at once, she had that indefinable impression that there was somebody standing behind her. She turned her head and arose. It was he.

He was bareheaded. He appeared pale and thin. She ²⁵ hardly discerned his black dress. The twilight dimmed his fine forehead, and covered his eyes with darkness. He had, under a veil of incomparable sweetness, something of death, and of night. His face was lighted by the light of a dying day, and by the thought of a departing soul. 30

Cosette, ready to faint, did not utter a cry. She drew back slowly; he did not stir. Through the sad and ineffable something which enwrapped him, she felt the look of his eyes, which she did not see. Then she heard his voice, that voice which she had never really heard, hardly rising above the ³⁵ rustling of the leaves, and murmuring:

"Pardon me, I am here. I could not live as I was, I have come. Have you read what I placed there, on this seat? do you recognise me at all? Do not be afraid of me. It is a long

time now, do you remember the day when you looked upon me? It was at the Luxembourg, near the Gladiator. And the day when you passed before me? It will soon be a year. For a very long time now, I have not seen you at all. You
5 lived in the Rue de l'Ouest, on the third floor front, in a new house. I followed you. What was I to do? And then you disappeared. At night, I come here. Do not be afraid, nobody sees me. I come for a near look at your windows. I walk very softly that you may not hear, for perhaps you
10 would be afraid. The other evening I was behind you, you turned round, I fled. Once I heard you sing. I was happy. See, you are my angel, let me come sometimes. If you but knew! I adore you! Pardon me, I am talking to you, I do not know what I am saying to you, perhaps I annoy you,
15 do I annoy you?"

She sank down upon herself as if she were dying. He caught her, she fell, he caught her in his arms, he grasped her tightly, unconscious of what he was doing. He supported her even while tottering himself. He felt as if his head were
20 enveloped in smoke; flashes of light passed through his eyelids; his ideas vanished; it seemed to him that he was performing a religious act; he was lost in love.

She took his hand and laid it on her heart. He felt the paper there, and stammered: "You love me, then?"
25 She answered in a voice so low that it was no more than a breath which could scarcely be heard: "Hush! you know it!" And she hid her blushing head in the bosom of the proud and intoxicated young man.

He fell upon the seat, she by his side. There were no more
30 words. The stars were beginning to shine. How was it that their lips met? How is it that the rose opens, that the dawn whitens behind the black trees on the shivering summit of the hills? One kiss, and that was all.

Both trembled, and they looked at each other in the dark-
35 ness. They felt neither the fresh night, nor the cold stone, nor the damp ground, nor the wet grass, they looked at each other, and their hearts were full of thought. They had clasped hands, without knowing it.

Gradually they began to talk. Overflow succeeded to

silence, which is fulness. The night was serene and splendid above their heads. These two beings, pure as spirits, told each other all their dreams, their frenzies, their ecstasies, their chimeras, their despondencies, how they had adored each other from afar, how they had longed for each other, 5 their despair when they had ceased to see each other. These two hearts poured themselves out into each other, so that at the end of an hour, it was the young man who had the young girl's soul and the young girl who had the soul of the young man. They inter-penetrated, they enchanted, they dazzled 10 each other.

When they had finished, when they had told each other everything, she laid her head upon his shoulder, and asked him: "What is your name?"

"My name is Marius," said he. "And yours?"

15

"My name is Cosette."

VI. THE FORCES OF EVIL

WHILE Marius and Cosette were sitting together in the garden, they little realised that forces of evil were at work, and that plans had already been made for an attack upon this house in the Rue Plumet. The band that was working 20 and planning was none other than that of which Thénardier was a member, for he and his companions had succeeded in escaping from La Force.

Eponine, whose task it was to play the scout to this band, was sent by her father to make a reconnaissance° of the place 25 and its inhabitants, and to report what she could find out. When she discovered that it was where Cosette lived, she began by diverting the bandits from their intention and conducting Marius to the garden.

Her reports did not satisfy her father, so he carried on some 30 investigations on his own account, which made him arrive at conclusions far different from those that Eponine had hoped for. He tried to keep to himself these secret expeditions, but it was impossible for him to deceive his daughter. She knew something was in the wind, so every night she hid her- 35 self near the wall and watched.

One night after Marius had left, six men, who were walking separately and at some distance from each other along the wall, entered the Rue Plumet. The first to arrive at the grating of the garden stopped and waited for the others; in a second they were all six together. These men began to talk in a low voice.

"The grating is old," said one.

"So much the better," said another. "It will not be so hard to cut."

10 The sixth, who had not yet opened his mouth, began to examine the grating as Eponine had done an hour before, grasping each bar successively and shaking it carefully. In this way he came to one which Marius had loosened. Just as he was about to lay hold of this bar, a hand, starting
15 abruptly from the shadow, fell upon his arm, he felt himself pushed sharply back by the middle of his breast, and a roughened voice said to him without crying out: "There is a dog."

At the same time he saw a pale girl standing before him. The man felt that commotion which is always given by the
20 unexpected. He bristled up hideously; he recoiled, and stammered: "What is this creature?"

"Your daughter." It was indeed Eponine who was speaking to Thénardier.

On the appearance of Eponine the five others approached
25 without a sound, without haste, without saying a word, with the ominous slowness peculiar to these men of the night. In their hands might be distinguished some strangely hideous tools.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed Thénardier in a
30 whisper. "What do you come and hinder us in our work for?"

Eponine sprang to his neck.

"I am here, my darling father, because I am here. It is
35 you who shouldn't be here. I told you so. There is nothing to do here."

Thénardier tried to free himself from Eponine's arms, and muttered: "Now, be off."

But Eponine did not loose her hold and redoubled her caresses.

Thénardier answered: "Let me alone, I tell you to be off."

"I don't want to go away just now," said Eponine, and she caught her father again by the neck, and turned towards the five bandits. When she recognised them, she let go of her father and took Montparnasse's hand.

"My darling Montparnasse," she said very gently, "we must have confidence in people. I am my father's daughter, it is I who was charged with finding out about this affair."

She pressed in her little hand, as bony and weak as the hand of a corpse, the great rough fingers of another bandit, and continued:

"You know very well that I am not a fool. Ordinarily you believe me. I have done you service on occasion. Well, I have learned all about this, you would expose yourselves uselessly, do you see? I swear to you that there is nothing to be done in that house, the people have moved away."

"The candles have not, anyhow!" said her father, and he showed Eponine, through the top of the trees, a light in the garret of the cottage.

Eponine made a final effort. "Well," said she, "they are very poor people, and it is a shanty where there isn't a sou."

"Go to the devil!" cried Thénardier. "When we have turned the house over, and when we have put the cellar at the top and the garret at the bottom, we will tell you what there is inside." And he pushed her to pass by.

But she placed her back against the grating, faced the six bandits who were armed to the teeth, and to whom the night gave faces of demons, and said in a low and firm voice: "Well, I won't have it."

They stopped astounded. She resumed: "Friends! listen to me: if you go into the garden, if you touch this grating, I shall cry out, I shall wake everybody up, I shall have all six of you arrested, beginning with my father!"

Thénardier approached.

"Not so near, goodman!" said she.

He drew back muttering between his teeth.

She began to laugh in a terrible way: "You shall not go in; I am not the daughter of a dog, for I am the daughter of a

wolf. There are six of you, what is that to me? You are men. Now, I am a woman. I am not afraid of you, not a bit. I tell you that you shall not go into this house, because it does not please me. If you approach, I shall bark. I told
5 you so, I am the dog, I don't care for you. Go where you like, but don't come here, I forbid it!"

She kept her eye fixed upon Thénardier and said: "What is it to me whether somebody picks me up to-morrow on the pavement, beaten to death with a club by my father, or
10 whether they find me in a year in the ditches of Saint Cloud, among the old rotten rubbish and the dead dogs?"

She was obliged to stop; a dry cough seized her, her breath came like a rattle from her narrow and feeble chest. "I have but to cry out, they come, bang! You are six; but I am
15 everybody!"

The six assassins, sullen and abashed at being held in check by a girl, went under the protecting shade of the lantern and held counsel. She watched them the while with a quiet yet indomitable air. In a few minutes they went away.

20 Eponine, who had not taken her eyes off from them, saw them turn back the way they had come. She rose and began to creep along the walls and houses behind them. She followed them as far as the boulevard. There, they separated, and she saw these men sink away in obscurity.

25 The next evening Marius found Cosette sad, she had been weeping. She sat down on the seat near the stairs, and as he took his place all trembling beside her, she said: "My father told me this morning to hold myself in readiness, that he had business, and that perhaps we should go away."

30 Marius shuddered from head to foot. For six weeks Marius, gradually, slowly, by degrees, had been each day taking possession of Cosette. He felt Cosette living within him. To have Cosette, to possess Cosette, this to him was not separable from breathing. Into the midst of this faith, of
35 this intoxication, of this virginal possession, marvellous and absolute, of this sovereignty, these words: "We are going away," fell all at once, and the sharp voice of reality cried to him: "Cosette is not yours!"

Marius awoke. For six weeks Marius had lived, as we

have said, outside of life; these words, *going away*, brought him roughly back to it.

She resumed: "This morning my father told me to arrange all my little affairs and to be ready, that he would give me his clothes to pack, that he was obliged to take a journey, 5 that we were going away, that we must have a large trunk for me and a small one for him, to get all that ready within a week from now, and that we should go perhaps to England."

He asked in a feeble voice: "And when should you start?"

"He didn't say when."

"And when should you return?"

"He didn't say when."

Marius arose, and said coldly: "Cosette, will you go?"

Cosette turned upon him her beautiful eyes full of anguish and answered with a sort of bewilderment: "Marius, I have 15 an idea. Come and join me where I am!"

Marius was now a man entirely awakened. He had fallen back into reality. He cried to Cosette: "Go with you? It takes money, and I have none! Go to England? Cosette! I am a miserable wretch. You only see me at night, and you 20 give me your love; if you should see me by day, you would give me a sou! Go to England? Ah! I have not the means to pay for a passport!"

He threw himself on the seat and remained there for a long time sunk in thought. Cosette was weeping. All of 25 a sudden he had an idea; he jumped up. "Listen," said he, "do not expect me till the day after to-morrow!"

"Why not?"

"You will see."

"A day without seeing you! Why, that is impossible." 30

"Let us sacrifice one day to gain perhaps a whole life."

And Marius added in an under tone, and aside: "He is a man who changes none of his habits, and he has never received anybody till evening."

"What man are you speaking of?" inquired Cosette. 35

She took his head in both her hands, rising on tiptoe to reach his height, and striving to see his hope in his eyes.

Marius continued: "It occurs to me, you should know my address, something may happen, we don't know; I live with

that friend named Courfeyrac, Rue de la Verrerie, number 16."

He put his hand in his pocket, took out a penknife, and wrote with the blade upon the plastering of the wall: 16, *Rue de la Verrerie*.

Cosette, meanwhile, began to look into his eyes again. "Tell me your idea. Marius, you have an idea. Oh! tell me, so that I may pass a good night!"

"My idea is this: that it is impossible that God should wish to separate us. Expect me day after to-morrow."

And, moved by the same thought, drawn on by those electric currents which put two lovers in continual communication, both intoxicated with pleasure even in their grief, they fell into each other's arms, without perceiving that their lips were joined, while their uplifted eyes, overflowing with ecstasy and full of tears, were fixed upon the stars.

VII. THE OLD HEART AND YOUNG HEART IN PRESENCE

GRANDFATHER GILLENORMAND had, at this period, fully completed his ninety-first year. He still lived with Mademoiselle Gillenormand, in that old house which belonged to him. He was, as we remember, one of those antique old men who await death still erect, whom age loads without making them stoop, and whom grief itself does not bend. Four years he had been waiting for Marius, with his foot down, that is just the word, in the conviction that that naughty little scrapegrace would ring at his door some day or other. Now he had come, in certain gloomy hours, to say to himself that even if Marius should delay, but little longer, — it was not death that was insupportable to him; it was the idea that perhaps he should never see Marius again. Never see Marius again, — that had not, even for an instant, entered into his thought until this day; now this idea began to appear to him, and it chilled him. Absence, as always happens when feelings are natural and true, had only increased his grandfather's love for the ungrateful child who had gone away like that.

It was of no use for his daughter to try to get him interested

in Lieutenant Théodule. It turned out that Monsieur Gillenormand, who was grandfather to the ends of his nails, was not grand-uncle at all. In reality, as he had good judgment and made the comparison, Théodule only served to increase his regret for Marius.

5

One evening, it was the 4th of June, which did not prevent Monsieur Gillenormand from having a blazing fire in his fireplace, he had said goodnight to his daughter who was sewing in the adjoining room. He was alone in his room, buried in his tapestried armchair, a book in his hand, but not reading. Monsieur Gillenormand thought of Marius lovingly and bitterly. "What?" said he, this was his sorrowful refrain, "he will not come back!" His bald head had fallen upon his breast, and he was vaguely fixing a lamentable look upon the embers on his hearth.

15

In the deepest of this reverie, his old domestic, Basque, came in and asked: "Can Monsieur receive Monsieur Marius?"

The old man straightened up, pallid and like a corpse; all his blood had flown back to his heart. He faltered: "Monsieur Marius! What? Show him in."

20

And he remained in the same attitude, his head shaking, his eyes fixed on the door. It opened. A young man entered. It was Marius. Marius stopped at the door, as if waiting to be asked to come in. His almost wretched dress was not perceived in the obscurity. Only his face, calm and grave, but strangely sad, could be distinguished.

25

M. Gillenormand, as if congested with astonishment and joy, sat for some moments without seeing anything but a light, as when one is in the presence of an apparition. He was almost fainting; he perceived Marius through a blinding haze. It was indeed he, it was indeed Marius!

30

But, there came forth a harsh word. He said abruptly: "What is it you come here for?"

Marius answered with embarrassment: "Monsieur" —

35

M. Gillenormand would have had Marius throw himself into his arms. He was displeased with Marius and with himself. He felt that he was rough, and that Marius was cold. It was to the goodman an insupportable and irritating

anguish, to feel himself so tender and so much in tears within, while he could only be harsh without. He interrupted Marius with a sharp tone: "What do you come for?"

The old man continued in a stern voice: "Do you come to ask my pardon? have you seen your fault?"

"No, monsieur."

This violent method of pushing the grandson to tenderness produced only silence on the part of Marius. M. Gillenormand folded his arms, a posture which with him was particularly imperious, and apostrophised Marius bitterly.

"Let us make an end of it. You have come to ask something of me. Well what? what is it? speak!"

"Monsieur," said Marius, "I come to ask your permission to marry."

Grandfather Gillenormand returned and stood with his back to the fireplace. "You marry! at twenty-one! You have arranged that! You have nothing but a permission to ask! a formality. Sit down, Monsieur. So you want to marry? Whom? can the question be asked without indiscretion?"

He stopped, and, before Marius had had time to answer, he added violently: "Come now, you have a business? your fortune made? how much do you earn at your lawyer's trade?"

"Nothing," said Marius, with a firmness and resolution which were almost savage.

"Nothing? you have nothing to live on but the twelve hundred livres which I send you?"

Marius made no answer. M. Gillenormand continued: "Then I understand the girl is rich?"

"As I am."

"What! no dowry?"

"No."

"Some expectations?"

"I believe not."

The old man burst into a shrill, dreary laugh.

"Father!"

"Never!"

At the tone in which this "never" was pronounced Marius lost all hope. He walked the room with slow steps, his head

bowed down, tottering, like a man who is dying. M. Gillenormand followed him with his eyes, and, at the moment the door opened and Marius was going out, he took four steps with the senile vivacity of impetuous and self-willed old men, seized Marius by the collar, drew him back forcibly into the room, threw him into an armchair, and said to him: "Tell me about it!"

It was that single word, *father*, dropped by Marius, which had caused this revolution. The young man sat down, smiling.

"Father," resumed Marius, "my good father, if you knew. I loved her the first time that I saw her. Now I see her every day, at her own house, her father does not know it, only think that they are going away, we see each other in the garden in the evening, her father wants to take her to Eng-¹⁵land, then I said to myself: I will go and see my grandfather and tell him about it. I should go crazy in the first place, I should die, I should throw myself into the river. I must marry her. That is the whole truth, I do not believe that I have forgotten anything. She lives in a garden where there ²⁰is a railing, in the Rue Plumet. It is near the Invalides."

Grandfather Gillenormand, radiant with joy, had sat down by Marius' side. At that word, Rue Plumet, he let his snuff fall on his knee.

"Rue Plumet! — you say Rue Plumet? — Are there not ²⁵some barracks down there? Why yes, your cousin Théodule has told me about her. The lancer, the officer. — A lassie, my good friend, a lassie! — Rue Plumet, it comes back to me now. I have heard tell about this little girl of the grating in the Rue Plumet, in a garden, your taste is not bad. They ³⁰say she is nice, make her your mistress."

Marius turned pale. He had understood nothing of all that his grandfather had been saying. This rigmorole had passed before Marius like a phantasmagoria.^o Nothing at all could relate to Cosette, the goodman was wandering. But this ³⁵wandering had terminated in a word which Marius did understand, and which was a deadly insult to Cosette. That phrase, *make her your mistress*, entered the heart of the chaste young man like a sword.

He rose, picked up his hat which was on the floor, and walked towards the door with a firm and assured step. There he turned, bowed profoundly before his grandfather, raised his head again, and said: "Five years ago you outraged my
5 father; to-day you have outraged my wife. I ask nothing more of you, Monsieur. Adieu."

Grandfather Gillenormand, astounded, opened his mouth, stretched out his arms, attempted to rise, but before he could utter a word, the door closed and Marius had disappeared.
10 The old man was for a few moments motionless, and as it were thunder-stricken, unable to speak or breathe. At last he tore himself from his chair, ran to the door as fast as a man who is ninety-one can run, opened it and cried:

"Help!"

15 His daughter appeared, then the servants. He continued with a pitiful rattle in his voice: "Run after him! catch him! what have I done to him! he is mad! he is going away! Oh! my God! — this time he will not come back!"

He went to the window which looked upon the street, opened
20 it with his tremulous old hands, hung more than half his body outside, and cried:

"Marius! Marius!"

But Marius was already out of hearing. The octogenarian carried his hands to his temples two or three times, with an
25 expression of anguish, drew back tottering, and sank into an armchair, pulseless, voiceless, tearless, shaking his head, and moving his lips with a stupid air, having now nothing in his eyes or in his heart but something deep and mournful, which resembled night.

PART SECOND—WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

I. HOW THEY MOVE

Jean Valjean

THAT very day, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, Jean Valjean was sitting alone upon the reverse of one of the most solitary embankments of the Champ de Mars. He wore his working-man's trousers, and his cap with the long visor. He was now calm and happy in regard to Cosette; what had 5 for some time alarmed and disturbed him was dissipated; but within a week or two anxieties of a different nature had come upon him. One day, when walking on the boulevard, he had seen Thénardier; thanks to his disguise, Thénardier had not recognised him; but since then Jean Valjean had 10 seen him again several times, and he was now certain that Thénardier was prowling about the quarter. This was sufficient to make him take a serious step. Thénardier there! this was all dangers at once. Moreover, Paris was not quiet. The political troubles had this inconvenience for him 15 who had anything in his life to conceal, that the police had become very active, and very secret. Jean Valjean had decided to leave Paris, and even France, and to pass over to England. He had told Cosette. In less than a week he wished to be gone. He was sitting on the embankment in 20 the Champ de Mars, revolving all manner of thoughts in his mind, Thénardier, the police, the journey, and the difficulty of procuring a passport. On all these points he was anxious. Finally, an inexplicable circumstance which had just burst upon him, and with which he was still warm, had added to his 25 alarm. On the morning of that very day, being the only one up in the house, and walking in the garden before Cosette's

shutters were open, he had suddenly come upon this line scratched upon the wall, probably with a nail. 16, *Rue de la Verrerie*.

It was quite recent, the lines were white in the old black 5 mortar. It had probably been written during the night. What was it? an address? a signal for others? a warning for him? At all events, it was evident that the garden had been violated, and that some persons unknown had penetrated into it. He recalled the strange incidents which had already 10 alarmed the house. He took good care not to speak to Cosette of the line written on the wall, for fear of frightening her.

In the midst of these meditations, he perceived, by a shadow which the sun projected, that somebody had just stopped upon the crest of the embankment immediately behind him. 15 He was about to turn round, when a folded paper fell upon his knees, as if a hand had dropped it from above his head. He took the paper, unfolded it, and read on it this word, written in large letters with a pencil: REMOVE.

Jean Valjean rose hastily, there was no longer anybody on 20 the embankment. He returned home immediately, full of thought.

Marius

MARIUS had left M. Gillenormand's desolate. He had entered with a very small hope; he came out with an immense despair. He began to walk the streets, the resource of those 25 who suffer. At two o'clock in the morning he returned to Courfeyrac's, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his mattress. It was broad sunlight when he fell asleep. When he awoke, he saw standing in the room, their hats upon their heads, all ready to go out, and very busy, Courfeyrac, En- 30 jolras, and Combeferre.

Courfeyrac said to him: "Are you going to the funeral of General Lamarque?" °

Marius paid no attention to what he said. He went out some time after them. He put into his pocket the pistols 35 which Javert had confided to him at the time of the adventure of the 3rd of February, and which had remained in his hands.

These pistols were still loaded. He rambled about all day without knowing where; it rained at intervals, he did not perceive it; for his dinner he bought a penny roll at a baker's, put it in his pocket, and forgot it. At intervals, while walking along the most deserted boulevards, he seemed to hear 5 strange sounds in Paris. He roused himself from his reverie, and said: "Are they fighting?"

At nightfall, at precisely nine o'clock, as he had promised Cosette, he was in the Rue Plumet. When he approached the grating he forgot everything else. It was forty-eight hours 10 since he had seen Cosette, he was going to see her again, every other thought faded away, and he felt now only a deep and wonderful joy. Those minutes in which we live centuries always have this sovereign and wonderful peculiarity, that for the moment while they are passing, they entirely fill the 15 heart.

Marius displaced the grating, and sprang into the garden. Cosette was not at the place where she usually waited for him. He crossed the thicket and went to the recess near the steps. "She is waiting for me there," said he. Cosette was not there. 20 He raised his eyes, and saw that the shutters of the house were closed. He took a turn around the garden, the garden was deserted.

Marius fixed his despairing eyes upon that dismal house, as black, as silent, and more empty than a tomb. He looked at 25 the stone seat where he had passed so many hours with Cosette. Then he sat down upon the steps, his heart full of tenderness and resolution, he blessed his love in the depths of his thought, and he said to himself that since Cosette was gone, there was nothing more for him but to die. 30

Suddenly he heard a voice which appeared to come from the street, and which cried through the trees: "Monsieur Marius!"

He arose.

"Monsieur Marius, is it you?"

"Yes."

"Monsieur Marius," added the voice, "your friends are expecting you at the barricade, in the Rue de la Chanvrière."

This voice was not entirely unknown to him. It resembled

the harsh and roughened voice of Eponine. Marius ran to the grating, pushed aside the movable bar, passed his head through, and saw somebody who appeared to him to be a young man, rapidly disappearing in the twilight.

M. Mabeuf

5 JEAN VALJEAN'S purse was useless to M. Mabeuf. M. Mabeuf, in his venerable childlike austerity, had not accepted the gift of the stars. He did not guess that what fell from the sky came from Gavroche. He carried the purse to the Commissary of Police of the quarter, as a lost article, placed
10 by the finder at the disposition of claimants. We need not say that nobody reclaimed it, and it did not help M. Mabeuf. For the rest, M. Mabeuf had continued to descend.

One day Mother Plutarch said to him : "I have nothing to buy the dinner with."

15 What she called the dinner was a loaf of bread and four or five potatoes.

"On credit?" said M. Mabeuf.

"You know well enough that they refuse me."

M. Mabeuf opened his library, looked long at his books one
20 after another as a father compelled to decimate his children would look at them before choosing, then took one of them hastily, put it under his arm, and went out. He returned two hours afterwards with nothing under his arm, laid thirty sous on the table, and said : "You will get some dinner."

25 From that moment, Mother Plutarch saw settling over the old man's white face a dark veil which was never lifted again.

The next day, by dawn, he was seated on the stone post in the garden, and he might have been seen from over the hedge all
30 the morning motionless, his head bowed down, his eye vaguely fixed upon the withered beds. At intervals he wept; the old man did not seem to perceive it. In the afternoon, extraordinary sounds broke out in Paris. They resembled musket shots, and the clamour of a multitude. Father Mabeuf
35 raised his head. He saw a gardener going by, and asked :

"What is that?"

The gardener answered, his spade upon his shoulder, and in the most quiet tone: "They are fighting."

Father Mabeuf went into the house, took his hat, and went away with a bewildered air.

II. A BURIAL: OPPORTUNITY FOR REBIRTH

In the spring of 1832, although for three months the cholera⁵ had chilled all hearts, Paris had for a long time been ready for a commotion. The great city resembles a piece of artillery; when it is loaded, the falling of a spark is enough. In June, 1832, the spark was the death of General Lamarque.⁶

Lamarque was a man of renown and of action. He had had¹⁰ successively, under the Empire and under the Restoration, the two braveries necessary to the two epochs, the bravery of the battlefield and the bravery of the rostrum.⁷ He was eloquent as he had been valiant. After having upheld command, he upheld liberty. His death, which had been looked for, was¹⁵ dreaded by the people as a loss, and by the government as an opportunity. This death was a mourning. Like everything which is bitter, mourning may turn into revolt.

The eve and the morning of the 5th of June, the day fixed for the funeral of Lamarque, the quarter of Saint Antoine,²⁰ through the edge of which the procession was to pass, assumed a formidable aspect. Men armed themselves as they could. The procession of General Lamarque passed through Paris with official military pomp, somewhat increased by way of precaution. Two battalions, drums muffled, muskets re-²⁵versed, ten thousand National Guards, their sabres at their sides, the batteries of artillery of the National Guard, escorted the coffin. The hearse was drawn by young men. The officers of the Invalides followed immediately, bearing branches of laurel. Then came a countless multitude, strange and³⁰ agitated, children waving green branches, stone-cutters and carpenters, who were on a strike, printers walking two by two, uttering cries, almost all brandishing clubs, a few swords, without order, and yet with a single soul. On the cross alleys of the boulevards, in the branches of the trees, on the bal-³⁵conies, at the windows, on the roofs, were swarms of heads.

men, women, children; their eyes were full of anxiety. An armed multitude was passing by, a terrified multitude was looking on.

The government also was observing. It was observing, 5 with its hand upon the hilt of the sword. Anxious authority held suspended over the threatening multitude twenty-four thousand soldiers in the city, and thirty thousand in the banlieue.°

The cortège ° made its way, with a feverish slowness, from 10 the house of death, along the boulevards as far as the Bastille.° It rained from time to time. At the Bastille, long and formidable files of the curious from the quarter of Saint Antoine made their junction with the cortège, and a certain terrible ebullition ° began to upheave the multitude.

15 The hearse passed the Bastille, followed the canal, crossed the little bridge, and reached the esplanade of the bridge of Austerlitz. There it stopped. The vast assemblage became silent. Lafayette ° spoke and bade farewell to Lamarque. It was a touching and august moment, all heads were un- 20 covered, all hearts throbbed. Suddenly a man on horseback, dressed in black, appeared in the midst of the throng with a red flag!

Meanwhile, on the left bank, the municipal cavalry was in motion. The dragoons were advancing at a walk, in silence, 25 their pistols in their holsters, their sabres in their sheaths, their muskets in their rests, with an air of gloomy expectation.

At two hundred paces from the little bridge, they halted. Then the dragoons and the multitude came together. The women fled in terror.

30 What took place in that fatal moment? Nobody could tell. It was the dark moment when two clouds mingle. There are no more words, the tempest breaks loose, stones fall like hail, musketry bursts forth, a barricade is planned out, the young men crowded back, pass the bridge of Austerlitz with 35 the hearse at a run, and charge on the Municipal Guard, the mass scatters in every direction, a rumour of war flies to the four corners of Paris, men cry: "To arms!" they run, they fly, they resist. Wrath sweeps them along as the wind sweeps along a fire.

It was this noise and commotion that Father Mabeuf heard, and he rushed towards its source. It was this too that Marius heard in the afternoon; but with his mind filled with Cosette, he heeded nothing. It was only when he found her gone, and in desperation was about to commit suicide, that the voice of Eponine called him back.

Enjolras and his friends were on the Boulevard Bourdon, near the warehouses, at the moment the dragoons charged. Enjolras, Courfeyrac, and Combeferre were among those who ran crying: "To the barricades!" Little Gavroche who was of course in the crowd ran with them.

In the Rue Lesdiguières they met an old man trudging along. What attracted their attention was, that this goodman was walking zigzag, as if he were drunk. Courfeyrac recognised Father Mabeuf. He knew him from having seen him many times accompanying Marius to his door. Knowing the peaceful and more than timid habits of the old church-warden, and astounded at seeing him in the midst of this tumult, and walking among the bullets, he went up to him, and exchanged this dialogue:

"Monsieur Mabeuf, go home."

"What for?"

"There is going to be a row."

"Very well."

"Sabre strokes, musket shots, Monsieur Mabeuf."

"Very well."

"Cannon shots."

"Very well. Where are you going, you boys?"

"We are going to pitch the government over."

"Very well." And he followed them. From that moment he had not uttered a word. His step had suddenly become firm.

"What a desperate goodman!" murmured the students. The rumour ran through the assemblage that he was an ancient Conventionist, an old regicide. The company had turned into the Rue de la Verrerie. Little Gavroche marched on singing with all his might.

The band increased at every moment. Towards the Rue des Billettes a man of tall stature, who was turning grey.

whose rough and bold mien Courfeyrac, Enjolras, and Combeferre noticed, but whom none of them knew, joined them. Gavroche, busy singing, paid no attention to this man.

It happened that in the Rue de la Verrerie, they passed by
5 Courfeyrac's door. The portress hailed him: "Monsieur de Courfeyrac, there is someone who wishes to speak to you, he has been waiting more than an hour for you to come home."

At the same time, a sort of young working-man, thin, pale, small, freckled, dressed in a torn blouse and patched pantalons of ribbed velvet, and who had rather the appearance of a
10 girl in boy's clothes than of a man, came out of the lodge and said to Courfeyrac in a voice which, to be sure, was not the least in the world a woman's voice: "Monsieur Marius, if you please?"

15 "He is not in."

"Will he be in this evening?"

"I don't know anything about it, I am going to the barricades."

"Do you want me to go with you?"

20 "If you like," answered Courfeyrac. "The road is free; the streets belong to everybody." And he ran off to rejoin his friends. It was not until a quarter of an hour afterwards that he perceived that the young man had in fact followed them.

25 A mob does not go precisely where it wishes, a gust of wind carries it along. They found themselves, without really knowing how, in the Rue Saint Denis.

III. CORINTH

THE Rue Chanvrerie which led from the Rue Saint Denis was a short street which gradually narrowed away like an
30 elongated funnel. A passer who came into this street would find the passage barred, and he would have thought himself in a cul-de-sac, if he had not perceived on the right and on the left, two black openings by which he could escape.

At the end of this sort of cul-de-sac, at the corner of the
35 opening on the right, might be seen a house lower than the rest, and forming a kind of cape on the street. In this house,

only two stories high, had been festively installed for three hundred years an illustrious wine-shop known as "Corinth." The landlord was Father Hucheloup. A basement room in which was the counter, a room on the first floor in which was the billiard table, a spiral wooden staircase piercing the ceiling, 5 wine on the tables, smoke on the walls, candles in broad day, such was the wine-shop. A stairway with a trap-door in the basement-room led to the cellar.

Corinth was one of the meeting, if not rallying places of Courfeyrac and his friends. They drank there, they ate 10 there, they shouted there; they paid little, they paid poorly, they did not pay at all, they were always welcome. Father Hucheloup was a goodman.

Towards 1830, Father Hucheloup died. His widow, scarcely consolable, continued the wine-shop. But the cuisine 15 degenerated and became execrable, the wine, which had always been bad, became frightful. Courfeyrac and his friends continued to go to Corinth, however — "from pity."

On the 5th of June, Bossuet and two other young men, friends of Courfeyrac and Enjolras, were breakfasting in 20 Corinth. They had exhausted nearly every topic of conversation, including the funeral of General Lamarque, which they decided not to attend. Instead of doing that they sat drinking Mother Hucheloup's wretched wine. Suddenly they heard a tumult, hurried steps, cries *to arms!* 25 They rushed to the window, and saw in the Rue Saint Denis, at the end of the Rue de la Chanvrerie, Enjolras passing, carbine in hand, and Gavroche with his pistol, Courfeyrac with his sword, Combeferre with his musket, Bahorel, another friend, with his musket, and all the armed and stormy gath- 30 ering which followed them.

The Rue de la Chanvrerie was hardly as long as the range of a carbine. Bossuet improvised a speaking trumpet with his two hands, and shouted: "Courfeyrac! ahoy!"

Courfeyrac heard the call, perceived Bossuet, and came a 35 few steps into the Rue de la Chanvrerie.

"Where are you going?"

"To make a barricade," answered Courfeyrac.

"Well, this is a good place! make it here!"

"That is true," said Courfeyrac. And at a sign from Courfeyrac, the band rushed into the Rue de la Chanvrerie.

The place was indeed admirably chosen, the entrance of the street wide, the further end contracted and like a cul-de-sac, 5 Corinth throttling it, easy to bar at the right and left, no attack possible except from the Rue Saint Denis, that is from the front, and without cover.

At the irruption of the mob, dismay seized the whole street. Shutters were closed from the ground to the roofs; 10 one frightened old woman fixed a mattress before her window on two clothes poles, as a shield against the musketry. The wine-shop was the only house which remained open, because the band had rushed into it.

In a few minutes, twenty iron bars had been wrested from 15 the grated front of the wine-shop, twenty yards of pavement had been torn up; Gavroche and Bahorel had seized and tipped over a dray which contained three barrels full of lime, which they had placed under the piles of paving stones; Enjolras had opened the trap-door of the cellar and all the 20 widow Hucheloup's empty casks had gone to flank the lime barrels. Some timbers had been pulled down from the front of a neighbouring house and laid upon the casks. When Bossuet and Courfeyrac turned round, half the street was already barred by a rampart higher than a man. An omnibus 25 with two white horses passed at the end of the street. Bossuet sprang over the pavement, ran, stopped the driver and made the passengers get down. A moment later the omnibus, lying on its side, completed the barring of the street.

The rain had ceased. Recruits had arrived. Some work- 30 ingmen had brought under their blouses a keg of powder, and a hamper containing bottles of vitriol.^o Enjolras, Combeferre, and Courfeyrac, directed everything. Two barricades were now building at the same time, both resting on the house of Corinth and making a right angle; the larger one 35 closed the Rue de la Chanvrerie, the other closed the opening on the right. This last barricade, very narrow, was constructed only of casks and paving stones. There were about fifty labourers there, some thirty armed with muskets.

Nothing could be more fantastic and more motley than this

band. All were hurrying, and, while helping each other, they talked about the possible chances — that they would have help by three o'clock in the morning — that they were sure of one regiment — that Paris would rise.

A fire had been kindled in the kitchen, and they were melting pitchers, dishes, forks, all the pewter ware of the wine-shop, into bullets. They drank through it all. The man of tall stature whom Courfeyrac, Combeferre, and Enjolras had noticed, at the moment he joined the company at the corner of the Rue des Billettes, was working on the little barricade, and making himself useful there. Gavroche worked on the large one. As for the young man who had waited for Courfeyrac at his house, and had asked him for Monsieur Marius, he had disappeared very nearly at the moment the omnibus was overturned.

Gavroche, completely carried away and radiant, had charged himself with making all ready. Gavroche was a whirlwind. They saw him incessantly, they heard him constantly. He filled the air, being everywhere at once, no stop possible with him. He vexed the loungers, he excited the idle, he re-
animated the weary, he provoked the thoughtful, kept some in cheerfulness, others in wrath, others in anger, all in motion. There was an interval of about twenty yards between the great barricade and the tall houses which formed the end of the street. All was accomplished without hindrance in less than an hour, and without this handful of bold men seeing a bayonet arise. The two barricades finished and the flag run up, a table was dragged out of the wine-shop. Courfeyrac mounted upon the table. Enjolras brought a square box and Courfeyrac opened it. This box was filled with cartridges. When they saw the cartridges, there was a moment of silence.

Courfeyrac distributed them with a smile. Each one received thirty cartridges. Many had powder and set about making others with the balls which they were moulding. As for the keg of powder, it was on a table by itself near the door, and it was reserved. They loaded their muskets and their carbines all together, without precipitation, with a solemn gravity. Enjolras placed three sentinels outside the barricades. Then, the barricades built, the posts assigned,

the muskets loaded, the videttes ° placed, alone in these fearful streets in which there were now no passers, surrounded by these dumb, and as it were dead houses, which throbbed with no human motion, enwrapped by the deepening shadows of the twilight, which was beginning to fall, in the midst of this obscurity and this silence, through which they felt the advance of something inexpressibly tragical and terrifying, isolated, armed, determined, tranquil, they waited.

IV. IN THE BARRICADE

The Man Recruited in the Rue des Billettes

It was now quite night, nothing came. There were only
10 confused sounds, and at intervals volleys of musketry. This respite, which was thus prolonged, was a sign that the government was taking its time, and massing its forces. These fifty men were awaiting sixty thousand.

Enjolras went to find Gavroche who had set himself to
15 making cartridges in the basement room. Gavroche at this moment was very much engaged, not exactly with his cartridges. The man from the Rue des Billettes had just entered the basement room and had taken a seat at the table which was least lighted. An infantry musket of large model had
20 fallen to his lot, and he held it between his knees. Gavroche hitherto, distracted by a hundred things, had not even seen this man.

When he came in, Gavroche mechanically followed him with his eyes, admiring his musket, then, suddenly, when the man
25 had sat down, the *gamin* arose. Had any one watched this man up to this time, he would have seen him observe everything in the barricade and in the band of insurgents with a singular attention; but since he had come into the room, he had fallen into a kind of meditation and appeared to see nothing more of what was going on. The *gamin* approached this
30 thoughtful personage, and began to turn about him. He was stupefied, uncertain, everything in him was at work, the instinct which scents and the intellect which combines. It

was evident that an event had occurred with Gavroche. It was in the deepest of this meditation that Enjolras accosted him.

"You are small," said Enjolras, "nobody will see you. Go out of the barricades, glide along by the houses, look about the streets a little, and come and tell me what is going on."

Gavroche straightened himself up. "I will go! meantime, trust the little folks, distrust the big—" And Gavroche, raising his head and lowering his voice, added, pointing to the man of the Rue des Billettes: "He is a spy." 10

"You are sure?"

"It isn't a fortnight since he pulled me by the ear off the cornice of the Pont Royal."

Enjolras hastily left the *gamin*, and murmured a few words very low to a working-man from the wine docks who was there. 15 The working-man went out of the room and returned almost immediately, accompanied by three others. The four men, four broad-shouldered porters, placed themselves, without doing anything which could attract his attention, behind the table on which the man of the Rue des Billettes was leaning. 20 They were evidently ready to throw themselves upon him.

Then Enjolras approached the man and asked him: "Who are you?"

At this abrupt question, the man gave a start. He looked straight to the bottom of Enjolras' frank eye and appeared to 25 catch his thought. He smiled with a smile which, of all things in the world, was the most disdainful, and the most resolute, and answered with a haughty gravity: "I am an officer of the government."

"Your name is?"

30

"Javert."

Enjolras made a sign to the four men. In a twinkling, before Javert had had time to turn around, he was collared, thrown down, bound, searched. They found upon him a little round card framed between two glasses, and bearing on one 35 side the arms of France, engraved with this legend: *Surveillance et vigilance*,^o and on the other side this endorsement: JAVERT, inspector of police, aged fifty-two, and the signature of the prefect of police of the time. He had besides, his

watch and his purse, which contained a few pieces of money. They left him his purse and his watch.

The search finished, they raised Javert, tied his arms behind his back, and fastened him in the middle of the basement-room to a post. Gavroche, who had witnessed the whole scene and approved the whole by silent nods of his head, approached Javert and said to him: "The mouse has caught the cat."

All this was executed so rapidly that it was finished as soon
10 as it was perceived about the wine-shop. Javert had not uttered a cry. Seeing Javert tied to the post, Courfeyrac, Combeferre, and the men scattered about the two barricades, ran in. Javert, backed up against the post, and so surrounded with ropes that he could make no movement, held
25 up his head with the intrepid serenity of the man who has never lied.

"It is a spy," said Enjolras. And turning towards Javert: "You will be shot ten minutes before the barricade is taken."

Javert replied in his most imperious tone: "Why not im-
20 mediately?"

"We are economising powder."

"Then do it with a knife."

"Spy," said the handsome Enjolras, "we are judges, not assassins."

25 Then he called Gavroche: "Do what I told you."

"I am going," cried Gavroche.

And stopping just as he was starting: "By the way, you will give me his musket!"

The *gamin* made a military salute, and sprang gaily through
30 the opening in the large barricade.

Le Cabuc

THE tragic picture would not be complete, the reader would not see in their exact and real relief these grand moments of revolutionary birth, were we to omit an incident full of epic and savage horror which occurred almost immediately
35 after Gavroche's departure.

Among the passers who had joined themselves to the com-

pany led by Enjolras, Combeferre, and Courfeyrac, there was a person wearing a porter's waistcoat worn out at the shoulders, who had the appearance of a sort of savage drunkard. This man, who was named or nicknamed Le Cabuc, and who was moreover entirely unknown to those who 5 attempted to recognise him, was seated with a few others at a table which they had brought outside of the wine-shop. This Cabuc, while inciting those to drink who were with him, seemed to gaze with an air of reflection upon the large house at the back of the barricade, the five stories of which overlooked 10 the whole street and faced towards the Rue Saint Denis. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Comrades, do you know? it is from that house that we must fire. If we are at the windows, devil a one can come into the street."

15

"Yes, but the house is shut up," said one of the drinkers.

"Knock!"

"They won't open."

"Stave the door in!"

Le Cabuc ran to the door, which had a very massive knocker, 20 and rapped. The door did not open. He rapped a second time. Nobody answered. A third rap; the same silence. Then he seized a musket and began to beat the door with the butt. It was entirely of oak, lined on the inside with sheet-iron and with iron braces. The blows made the house 25 tremble, but did not shake the door. Nevertheless the inhabitants were alarmed, for they finally saw a little square window on the third story light up and open, and there appeared at this window a candle, and the frightened face of a grey-haired goodman who was the porter. The man who was 30 knocking, stopped.

"Messieurs," asked the porter, "what do you wish?"

"Open!" said Le Cabuc.

"Messieurs, that cannot be."

Le Cabuc took his musket and aimed at the porter's head; 35 but as he was below, and it was very dark, the porter did not see him.

"Yes, or no, will you open?"

"I say no, my good —"

The porter did not finish. The musket went off; the ball entered under his chin. The old man sank down without a sigh. The candle fell and was extinguished, and nothing could now be seen but an immovable head lying on the edge of the window, and a little whitish smoke floating towards the roof.

"That's it!" said Le Cabuc, letting the butt of his musket drop on the pavement.

Hardly had he uttered these words when he felt a hand pounce upon his shoulder with the weight of an eagle's talons, and heard a voice which said to him: "On your knees."

The murderer turned and saw before him the white cold face of Enjolras. Enjolras had a pistol in his hand. At the explosion, he had come up. He had grasped with his left hand Le Cabuc's collar.

"On your knees," repeated he. And with a majestic movement the slender young man of twenty bent the broad-shouldered and robust porter like a reed, and made him kneel in the mud. Le Cabuc tried to resist, but he seemed to have been seized by a superhuman grasp.

The whole barricade ran up, then all ranged in a circle at a distance, feeling that it was impossible to utter a word in presence of the act which they were about to witness. Le Cabuc, vanquished, no longer attempted to defend himself, but trembled in every limb. Enjolras let go of him and took out his watch.

"Collect your thoughts," said he. "Pray or think. You have one minute."

"Pardon!" murmured the murderer, then he bowed his head and mumbled some inarticulate oaths.

Enjolras did not take his eyes off his watch: he let the minute pass, then he put his watch back. This done, he took Le Cabuc, who was writhing against his knees and howling, by the hair, and placed the muzzle of his pistol at his ear. Many of those intrepid men, who had so tranquilly entered upon the most terrible of enterprises, turned away their heads.

They heard the explosion, the assassin fell face forward on the pavement, and Enjolras straightened up and cast about

him his look determined and severe. Then he pushed the body away with his foot, and said: "Throw that outside."

Three men lifted the body of the wretch which was quivering with the last mechanical convulsions of the life that had flown, and threw it over the small barricade into the little 5 Rue Mondétour.

Enjolras had remained thoughtful. Shadow, mysterious and grand, was slowly spreading over his fearful serenity. He suddenly raised his voice. There was a silence.

"Citizens," said Enjolras, "what that man did is horrible, 10 and what I have done is terrible. He killed, that is why I killed him. I was forced to do it, for the insurrection must have its discipline. Assassination is a still greater crime here than elsewhere; we are under the eye of the revolution, we are the priests of the republic, we are the sacramental host ° of 15 duty, and none must be able to calumniate our combat. I therefore judged and condemned that man to death. As for myself, compelled to do what I have done, but abhorring it, I have judged myself also, and you shall soon see to what I have sentenced myself." 20

Those who heard shuddered.

"We will share your fate," cried Combeferre.

"So be it," added Enjolras. "A word more. In executing that man, I obeyed necessity. In the future no man shall 25 slay his fellow, the earth shall be radiant, the human race shall love. It will come, citizens, that day when all shall be concord. harmony, light, joy, and life; it will come, and it is that it may come that we are going to die."

Enjolras was silent. His virgin lips closed; and he remained some time standing on the spot where he had spilled 30 blood, in marble immobility. His fixed eye made all about him speak low. The whole insurgent group were still under the emotion of this tragic trial, so quickly instituted and so quickly terminated, when Courfeyrac again saw in the barricade the small young man who in the morning had called 35 at his house for Marius. This boy, who had a bold and reckless air, had come at night to rejoin the insurgents.

Marius enters the Shadow

THAT voice which through the twilight had called Marius to the barricade of the Rue de la Chanvrière, sounded to him like the voice of destiny. He wished to die, the opportunity presented itself. He began to walk rapidly. He was armed, 5 having Javert's pistols with him. The young man whom he thought he had seen was lost from his eyes. But he threaded his way through many streets, and finally reached the barricade.

V. THE GRANDEURS OF DESPAIR

The Flag: First Act

NOTHING came yet. The clock of Saint Merry ° had struck 10 ten. Enjolras and Combeferre had sat down, carbine in hand, near the opening of the great barricade. They were not talking, they were listening. Suddenly, in the midst of this dismal calm, a clear young voice, which seemed to come from the Rue Saint Denis, arose and began to sing distinctly an old 15 popular air. They grasped each other by the hand: "It is Gavroche," said Enjolras.

"He is warning us," said Combeferre.

A headlong run startled the empty street; they saw a creature nimbler than a clown climb over the omnibus, and 20 Gavroche bounded into the barricade all breathless, saying: "Here they are."

An electric thrill ran through the whole barricade. Every man had taken his post for the combat. Forty-three insurgents, among them Enjolras, Combeferre, Courfeyrac, Bossuet, 25 and Gavroche, were on their knees in the great barricade, their heads even with the crest of the wall, the barrels of their muskets and their carbines pointed over the paving-stones as through loopholes, watchful, silent, ready to fire. Six were stationed with their muskets at their shoulders, in the windows 30 of the two upper stories of Corinth.

A few moments more elapsed, then a sound of steps, meas-

ured, heavy, numerous, was distinctly heard. This tread approached; it approached still nearer, and stopped. They saw nothing, only they discovered at the very end, in that dense obscurity, a multitude of metallic threads, as fine as needles, which moved about. They were bayonets and 5 musket barrels dimly lighted up by the distant reflection of the torch. There was still a pause, as if on both sides they were awaiting something.

Suddenly, from the depth of that shadow, a voice, so much the more ominous, because nobody could be seen, and because 10 it seemed as if it were the obscurity itself which was speaking, cried: "Who is there?"

At the same time they heard the click of the levelled muskets.

Enjolras answered in a lofty and ringing tone: "French Revolution!"

15

"Fire!" said the voice.

A flash empurpled all the façades on the street, as if the door of a furnace were opened and suddenly closed. A fearful explosion burst over the barricade. The red flag fell. The volley had been so heavy and so dense that it had cut the 20 staff. Some balls, which ricocheted ° from the cornices of the houses, entered the barricade and wounded several men.

The impression produced by this first charge was freezing. The attack was impetuous, and such as to make the boldest ponder. It was evident that they had to do with a whole 25 regiment at least.

"Comrades," cried Courfeyrac, "don't waste the powder. Let us wait to reply till they come into the street."

"And, first of all," said Enjolras, "let us hoist the flag again!"

30

He picked up the flag which had fallen just at his feet. They heard from without, the rattling of the ramrods in the muskets; the troops were reloading.

Enjolras continued: "Who is there here who has courage? who replants the flag on the barricade?"

35

Nobody answered. To mount the barricade at the moment when without doubt it was aimed at anew, was simply death. The bravest hesitated to sentence himself, Enjolras himself felt a shudder. He repeated: "Nobody volunteers?"

The Flag: Second Act

SINCE they had arrived at Corinth and had commenced building the barricade, hardly any attention had been paid to Father Mabeuf. He had entered the ground floor of the wine-shop and sat down; he no longer seemed to look or to think. Courfeyrac and others had accosted him two or three times, warning him of the danger, entreating him to withdraw, but he had appeared not to hear them. Nothing had been able to draw him out of this attitude. When everybody had gone to take his place for the combat, there remained in the basement room only Javert tied to the post, an insurgent with drawn sabre watching Javert, and he, Mabeuf. At the moment of the attack, at the discharge, the physical shock reached him, and, as it were, awakened him; he rose suddenly, crossed the room, and at the instant when Enjolras repeated his appeal: "Nobody volunteers?" they saw the old man appear in the doorway of the wine-shop.

His presence produced some commotion in the group. A cry arose: "It is the Voter! it is the Conventionist! it is the Representative of the people!"

He walked straight to Enjolras, the insurgents fell back before him with a religious awe, he snatched the flag from Enjolras, who drew back petrified, and then, nobody daring to stop him, or to aid him, this old man of eighty, with shaking head but firm foot, began to climb slowly up the stairway of paving-stones built into the barricade. At each step it was frightful; his white hair, his large forehead bald and wrinkled, his hollow eyes, his old arm raising the red banner, surged up out of the shadow and grew grand in the bloody light of the torch, and they seemed to see the ghost of '93 rising out of the earth, the flag of terror in its hand.

When he was on the top of the last step, when this trembling and terrible phantom, standing upon that mound of rubbish before twelve hundred invisible muskets, rose up, in the face of death and as if he were stronger than it, the whole barricade had in the darkness a supernatural and colossal appearance. There was one of those silences which occur only in presence of prodigies.

In the midst of this silence the old man waved the red flag and cried: "*Vive la révolution! vive la république! ° fraternity! equality! and death!*"

Then the same ringing voice which had cried: "Who is there?" cried: "Disperse!"

M. Mabeuf, pallid, haggard, his eyes illumined by the mournful fires of insanity, raised the flag above his head and repeated: "*Vive la république!*"

"Fire!" said the voice.

A second discharge, like a shower of grape, beat against the 10
barricade. The old man fell upon his knees, then rose up, let the flag drop, and fell backwards upon the pavement within, like a log, at full length, with his arms crossed.

Enjolras stooped down, raised the old man's head, and timidly kissed him on the forehead, then separating his arms, 15
and handling the dead with a tender care, as if he feared to hurt him, he took off his coat, showed the bleeding holes to all, and said: "There now is our flag!"

The New Chief

THEY threw a long black shawl belonging to the widow Hucheloup over Father Mabeuf. Six men made a litter of 20
their muskets, they laid the corpse upon it, and bore it, bare-headed, with a solemn slowness, to the large table in the basement room.

During this time little Gavroche, who alone had not left his post and had remained on the watch, thought he saw some men 25
approaching the barricade with a stealthy step. Suddenly he cried: "Take care!"

Courfeyrac, Enjolras, Combeferre, Bahorel, Bossuet, all sprang tumultuously from the wine-shop. There was hardly a moment to spare. They perceived a sparkling breadth of 30
bayonets undulating above the barricade. Municipal Guards of tall stature were penetrating, some by climbing over the omnibus, others by the opening, pushing before them the *gamin*, who fell back, but did not fly. The moment was critical. It was that first fearful instant of the inundation: 35
a second more, and the barricade had been taken.

Bahorel sprang upon the first Municipal Guard who entered, and killed him at the very muzzle of his carbine; the second killed Bahorel with his bayonet. Another had already prostrated Courfeyrac. The largest of all marched upon Gavroche with fixed bayonet. The *gamin* took Javert's enormous musket in his little arms, aimed it resolutely at the giant, and pulled the trigger. Nothing went off. Javert had not loaded his musket. The Municipal Guard burst into a laugh and raised his bayonet over the child.

Before the bayonet touched Gavroche, the musket dropped from the soldier's hands, a ball had struck the Municipal Guard in the middle of the forehead, and he fell on his back. A second ball struck the other Guard, who had assailed Courfeyrac, full in the breast, and threw him upon the pavement.

It was Marius who had just entered the barricade.

Marius had now no arms for he had thrown away his discharged pistols, but he noticed the keg of powder near the door. As he turned half round, looking in the direction, a soldier aimed at him. At the moment the soldier aimed at Marius, a hand was laid upon the muzzle of the musket, and stopped it. It was somebody who had sprung forward, the young working-man with velvet pantaloons. The shot went off, passed through the hand, and perhaps also through the working-man, for he fell, but the ball did not reach Marius. Marius hardly noticed it. Still he had caught a dim glimpse of that musket directed at him, and that hand which had stopped it, and he had heard the shot.

The insurgents, surprised, but not dismayed, had rallied. Most of them had gone up to the window of the second story and to the dormer windows, whence they commanded the assailants. The most determined, with Enjolras, Courfeyrac, Jean Prouvaire, and Combeferre, had haughtily placed their backs to the houses in the rear, openly facing the ranks of soldiers and guards which crowded the barricade. On both sides they were taking aim, the muzzles of the guns almost touching. An officer with huge epaulets, extended his sword and said: "Take aim!"

"Fire!" said Enjolras.

The two explosions were simultaneous, and everything

disappeared in the smoke. When the smoke cleared away, on both sides the combatants were seen, thinned out, but still in the same places, and reloading their pieces in silence.

Suddenly, a thundering voice was heard, crying: "Begone, or I'll blow up the barricade!"

All turned in the direction whence the voice came. Marius had taken the keg of powder, then he had profited by the smoke and the kind of obscure fog which filled the intrenched inclosure, to glide along the barricade as far as that cage of paving-stones in which the torch was fixed. To pull out the torch, to put the keg of powder in its place, to push the pile of paving-stones upon the keg, — all this had been for Marius the work of stooping down and rising up; and now all, National Guards, Municipal Guards, officers, soldiers, grouped at the other extremity of the barricade, beheld him with horror, his foot upon the stones, the torch in his hand. And he approached the torch to the keg of powder.

But there was no longer anybody on the wall. The assailants, leaving their dead and wounded, fled pell-mell and in disorder towards the extremity of the street, and were again lost in the night. It was a rout. The barricade was redeemed.

All flocked round Marius. Courfeyrac sprang to his neck. Marius inquired: "Where is the chief?"

"You are the chief," said Enjolras.

VI. MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS °

A FEW minutes later, Marius heard his name faintly pronounced in the obscurity. He shuddered, for he recognised the voice which had called him two hours before, through the grating in the Rue Plumet. Only this voice now seemed to be but a breath.

He looked about him and saw nobody. He started to leave the barricade.

"Monsieur Marius!" repeated the voice. "At your feet."

He stooped and saw a form in the shadow, which was dragging itself towards him. The torch enabled him to distinguish a blouse, a pair of torn pantaloons of coarse velvet, bare feet, and something which resembled a pool of blood.

Marius caught a glimpse of a pale face which rose towards him and said to him: "You do not know me?"

"No."

"Eponine."

5 Marius bent down quickly. It was indeed that unhappy child. She was dressed as a man.

"How came you here? what are you doing there?"

"I am dying," said she.

"You are wounded! Wait, I will carry you into the room!

10 They will dress your wounds!" And he tried to pass his arm under her to lift her.

In lifting her he touched her hand. She uttered a feeble cry.

"Have I hurt you?" asked Marius.

15 "A little."

She raised her hand into Marius' sight, and Marius saw in the centre of that hand a black hole.

"What is the matter with your hand?" said he.

"It is pierced."

20 "How?"

"Did you see a musket aimed at you?"

"Yes, and a hand which stopped it."

"That was mine."

25 "What madness! Poor child! But that is not so bad, if that is all, it is nothing, let me carry you to a bed. They will care for you."

She murmured: "The ball passed through my hand, but it went out through my back. It is useless to take me from here. I will tell you how you can care for me, better than a
30 surgeon. Sit down by me on that stone."

He obeyed; she laid her head on Marius' knees, and without looking at him, she said: "Oh! how good it is! How kind he is! That is it! I don't suffer any more!"

35 She remained a moment in silence, then she turned her head with effort and looked at Marius. "Do you know, Monsieur Marius? It worried me that you should go into that garden."

She stopped, and, leaping over the gloomy transitions which were doubtless in her mind, she added with a heartrending smile: "You thought me ugly, didn't you?"

She continued: "See, you are lost! Nobody will get out of the barricade, now. It was I who led you into this, it was! You are going to die, I am sure. And still when I saw him aiming at you, I put up my hand upon the muzzle of the musket. How droll it is! But it was because I wanted to 5 die before you. When I got this ball, I dragged myself here, nobody saw me, nobody picked me up. I waited for you. Oh! if you knew, I bit my blouse, I suffered so much! Now I am well. Don't go away! It will not be long now!"

She was sitting almost upright, but her voice was very low 10 and broken by coughs. At intervals the death-rattle interrupted her. She approached her face as near as she could to Marius' face. She added: "Listen, I don't want to deceive you. I have a letter in my pocket for you. Since yesterday. I was told to put it in the post. I kept it. I didn't want it 15 to reach you. But you would not like it of me perhaps when we meet again so soon. Take your letter."

She grasped Marius' hand convulsively with her wounded hand, but she seemed no longer to feel the pain. She put Marius' hand into the pocket of her blouse. Marius took 20 the letter.

She made a sign of satisfaction and of consent. "Now, promise me —" And she hesitated.

"What?" asked Marius.

"Promise to kiss me on the forehead when I am dead. I 25 shall feel it."

She let her head fall back upon Marius' knees and her eyelids closed. Eponine lay motionless; but just when Marius supposed her for ever asleep, she slowly opened her eyes in which the gloomy deepness of death appeared, and said to 30 him with an accent the sweetness of which already seemed to come from another world: "And then, do you know, Monsieur Marius, I believe I was a little in love with you."

She essayed to smile again and expired. Marius kept his promise. He kissed that livid forehead from which oozed 35 an icy sweat. This was not an infidelity to Cosette; it was a thoughtful and gentle farewell to an unhappy soul.

He had not taken the letter which Eponine had given him without a thrill. He was impatient to read it. He laid her

gently upon the ground, and went away. Something told him that he could not read that letter in sight of this corpse. He went to a candle in the basement room. It was a little note, the address was in a woman's hand. He broke the seal
5 and read:

"My beloved, alas! my father wishes to start immediately. We shall be to-night in the Rue de l'Homme Armé, No. 7. In a week we shall be in England. COSETTE. June 4th."

What happened may be told in a few words. Eponine had
10 done it all. It was she who, in the Champ de Mars, had given Jean Valjean the expressive warning: *Remove*. Jean Valjean returned home, and said to Cosette: "We start to-night, and we are going to the Rue de l'Homme Armé with Toussaint. Next week we shall be in London." Cosette,
15 prostrated by this unexpected blow, had hastily written two lines to Marius. But how should she get the letter to the post? In this anxiety, Cosette saw, through the grating, Eponine in men's clothes, and handed him five francs and the letter, saying to him: "Carry this letter to its address right
20 away." Eponine put the letter in her pocket.

The next day, June 5th, when Courfeyrac said to her, "We are going to the barricades, an idea flashed across her mind: to throw herself into that death, and to push Marius into it. She followed Courfeyrac, made sure of the post
25 where they were building the barricade; and very sure, since Marius had received no notice, and she had intercepted the letter, that he would at nightfall be at his usual evening rendezvous, she went to the Rue Plumet, waited there for Marius, and sent him, in the name of his friends, that appeal
30 which must, she thought, lead him to the barricade. She counted upon Marius' despair when he should not find Cosette. She was not mistaken. She returned herself to the Rue de la Chanvrerie. She died with that tragic joy of jealous hearts which drag the being they love into death with them, saying:
35 "Nobody shall have him!"

Marius had a pocket-book with him. He tore out a leaf and wrote with a pencil these few lines:

"Our marriage was impossible. I have asked my grandfather, he has refused. I am without fortune, and you also.

I ran to your house, I did not find you. You know the promise that I gave you? I keep it, I die, I love you. When you read this, my soul will be near you, and will smile upon you."

He folded the paper, and wrote upon it the address:

*"To Mademoiselle Cosette Fauchelevent, at M. Fauchelevent's, 5
Rue de l'Homme Armé, No. 7."*

The letter folded, he remained a moment in thought, took his pocket-book again, opened it, and wrote these lines on the first page with the same pencil: "My name is Marius Pont-
mercy. Carry my corpse to my grandfather's, M. Gillenor- 10
mand, Rue des Filles du Calvaire, No. 6, in the Marais."

He put the book into his coat-pocket, then he called Gavroche: "Will you do something for me?"

"Anything," said Gavroche. "Without you, I should have
been cooked."

"You see this letter? Take it. Go out of the barricade
immediately, and to-morrow morning you will carry it to its
address, to Mademoiselle Cosette, at M. Fauchelevent's,
Rue de l'Homme Armé No. 7. Go, right away!" 15

Gavroche stood there, undecided. Suddenly, with one of 20
his birdlike motions, he took the letter.

"All right," said he. And he started off on a run by the
little Rue Mondétour.

Gavroche had an idea which decided him. That idea was
this: "It is hardly midnight, the Rue de l'Homme Armé is not 25
far, I will carry the letter right away, and I shall get back in
time."

VII. FROM THE RUE DE L'HOMME ARMÉ TO THE BARRICADE

On the eve of that same day, June 5th, Jean Valjean, accom-
panied by Cosette and Toussaint, had installed himself in the
Rue de l'Homme Armé. Cosette had not left the Rue Plumet 30
without an attempt at resistance. For the first time since
they had lived together, Cosette's will and Jean Valjean's
will had shown themselves distinct, and had been, if not con-
flicting, at least contradictory. There was objection on one
side and inflexibility on the other. The abrupt advice: 35
remove, thrown to Jean Valjean by an unknown hand, had so

far alarmed him as to render him absolute. Cosette had to yield.

They both arrived in the Rue de l'Homme Armé without opening their mouths, or saying a word, Jean Valjean so
5 anxious that he did not perceive Cosette's sadness, Cosette so sad that she did not perceive Jean Valjean's anxiety. Jean Valjean had brought Toussaint, which he had never done in his preceding visits.

In this departure from the Rue Plumet, which was almost a
10 flight, Jean Valjean carried nothing but the little embalmed valise christened by Cosette the *inseparable*. Cosette herself carried only her writing-desk and her blotter. Jean Valjean, to increase the solitude and mystery of this disappearance, had arranged to leave the cottage on the Rue Plumet at the
15 close of the day, which left Cosette time to write her note to Marius. They arrived in the Rue de l'Homme Armé after nightfall. They went silently to bed.

The next morning, while walking up and down with slow steps, Jean Valjean suddenly met something strange. In
20 the inclined mirror which hung above the sideboard, he distinctly read the lines which follow :

"My beloved, alas! my father wishes to start immediately. We shall be to-night in the Rue de l'Homme Armé No. 7. In a week we shall be in London. COSETTE. June 4th."

25 Jean Valjean stood aghast.

Cosette, on arriving, had laid her blotter on the sideboard before the mirror, and, wholly absorbed in her sorrowful anguish, had forgotten it there. Jean Valjean went to the mirror. He read the five lines again, but he did not believe
30 it. Little by little his perception became more precise; he looked at Cosette's blotter, and the consciousness of the real fact returned to him.

Jean Valjean tottered, and sank down into the old armchair by the sideboard. Poor old Jean Valjean did not, certainly,
35 love Cosette otherwise than as a father; but, as we have already mentioned, into this paternity the very bereavement of his life had introduced every love; he loved Cosette as his daughter, and he loved her as his mother, and he loved her as his sister; and, as he had never had either sweetheart or wife,

that sentiment, also, the most indestructible of all, was mingled with the others, vague, ignorant, pure. So, when he saw that it was positively ended, that she glided from his hands, when he had before his eyes this crushing evidence: there is a beloved, I am only the father, he felt even to the roots of his hair the immense awakening of selfishness.

He put together certain circumstances, certain dates, and he said to himself: "It is he." With his first conjecture, he hit Marius. He did not know the name, but he found the man at once.

After he had fully determined that that young man was at the bottom of this state of affairs, and that it all came from him, he, Jean Valjean, the regenerated man, the man who had laboured so much upon his soul, the man who had made so many efforts to resolve all life, all misery, and all misfortune into love, looked within himself, and there saw a spectre, Hatred.

Five minutes afterwards found him in the street. He was bare-headed, seated upon the stone block by the door of his house. He seemed to be listening. The night had come.

Suddenly he raised his eyes, somebody was walking in the street. Gavroche had just arrived in the Rue de l'Homme Armé. Gavroche was looking in the air, and appeared to be searching for something. He saw Jean Valjean.

"Could you show me number seven?"

"What do you want with number seven?"

Here the boy stopped; he feared that he had said too much. An idea flashed across Jean Valjean's mind. He said to the child: "Have you brought the letter I am waiting for?"

"You?" said Gavroche. "You are not a woman."

"The letter is for Mademoiselle Cosette; isn't it?"

"Cosette?" muttered Gavroche. "Yes."

"Well," resumed Jean Valjean, "I am to deliver the letter to her. Give it to me."

"In that case you must know that I am sent from the barricade?"

"Of course," said Jean Valjean.

Gavroche thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a folded paper, and handed it to Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean asked: "Is it to Saint Merry that the answer is to be sent?"

"In that case," exclaimed Gavroche, "you would make one of those cakes vulgarly called blunders. That letter comes from the barricade in the Rue de la Chanvrerie, and I am going back there. Good night, citizen."

This said, Gavroche went away.

Jean Valjean went in with Marius' letter and read it. In the note he saw only these words:

10 "—— I die. When you read this, my soul will be near you." Jean Valjean felt that he was delivered. He would then find himself once more alone with Cosette. He had only to keep the note in his pocket. Cosette would never know what had become of Marius. "If he is not dead yet, it is certain that
15 he will die."

All this said within himself, he became gloomy. Then he went down and waked the porter. About an hour afterwards, Jean Valjean went out in the full dress of a National Guard, and armed. The porter had easily found in the neighbour-
20 hood what was necessary to complete his equipment. He had a loaded musket and a cartridge-box full of cartridges. He went in the direction of the markets.

Meanwhile the insurgents, under the eye of Enjolras, for Marius no longer looked to anything, turned the night to ad-
25 vantage. The barricade was not only repaired, but made larger. They raised it two feet. They put the barricade in order, cleared up the basement room, took the kitchen for a hospital, completed the dressing of the wounds; gathered up the powder scattered over the floor and the tables, cast bullets,
30 made cartridges, scraped lint, distributed the arms of the fallen, cleaned the interior of the redoubt, picked up the fragments, carried away the corpses.

Most of the wounded could and would still fight. There were, upon a straw mattress, in the kitchen now become a
35 hospital, five men severely wounded, four of whom were Municipal Guards. The wounds of the Municipal Guards were dressed first. Nothing now remained in the basement room but Mabeuf, under his black cloth, and Javert bound to the post.

About two o'clock in the morning, they took a count. There were left thirty-seven of them. The insurgents, we must say, were full of hope. They awaited the attack, and smiled at it. They had no more doubt of their success than of their cause. Moreover, help was evidently about to come. 5 They counted on it. They heard the tocsin^o of Saint Merry, which had not been silent a moment since the evening; a proof that the other barricade, the great one, still held out.

All these hopes were communicated from one to another in a sort of cheerful yet terrible whisper. But soon Enjolras 10 reappeared from making a reconnaissance. He listened for a moment to all this joy with folded arms, then, fresh and rosy in the growing whiteness of the morning, he said:

"The whole army of Paris fights. A third of that army is pressing upon the barricade in which you are. As for the 15 people, they were boiling yesterday, but this morning they do not stir. Nothing to expect, nothing to hope. You are abandoned."

These words fell upon the groups. There was a moment of inexpressible silence, when you might have heard the flight 20 of death.

This moment was short. A voice, from the most obscure depths of the groups, cried to Enjolras: "So be it. Let us make the barricade twenty feet high, and let us all stand by it. Citizens, let us offer the protest of corpses. Let us show that, 25 if the people abandon the republicans, the republicans do not abandon the people."

VIII. SERVICES AND REWARDS

AFTER the man of the people had spoken, from all lips arose a strangely satisfied and terrible cry, funereal in meaning and triumphant in tone: "Long live death! Let us all stay!" 30

"Why all?" said Enjolras.

"All! all!"

Enjolras resumed: "The position is good, the barricade is fine. Thirty men are enough. Why sacrifice forty?"

Marius raised his voice: "Enjolras is right," said he; "no 35 useless sacrifice. I add my voice to his, and we must hasten.

There are among you some who have families, mothers, sisters, wives, children. Let those leave the ranks."

Nobody stirred.

"Make haste," said Courfeyrac, "in a quarter of an hour it 5 will be too late."

"Citizens," continued Enjolras, "this is the republic, and universal suffrage reigns. Designate yourselves those who ought to go."

They obeyed. In a few minutes five were unanimously 10 designated and left the ranks.

"There are five!" exclaimed Marius. "But there are only the four uniforms of the wounded guards."

At this moment a fifth uniform dropped, as if from heaven, upon the four others. The fifth man was saved.

15 Jean Valjean had just entered the barricade.

At the moment he entered the redoubt, nobody had noticed him, all eyes being fixed upon the five chosen ones and upon the four uniforms. Jean Valjean, himself, saw and understood, and silently stripped off his coat, and threw it upon 20 the pile with the others. The commotion was indescribable.

"Who is this man?" asked Bossuet.

"He is," answered Combeferre, "a man who saves others."

Marius added in a grave voice: "I know him."

This assurance was enough for all.

25 Enjolras turned towards Jean Valjean: "Citizen, you are welcome." And he added: "You know that we are going to die?"

Jean Valjean, without answering, helped the insurgent whom he saved to put on his uniform.

30 When the five men sent away into life had gone, Enjolras thought of the one condemned to death. He went into the basement room. Javert, tied to the pillar, was thinking.

"Do you need anything?" Enjolras asked him.

"I am uncomfortable at this post," answered Javert. "It 35 was not affectionate to leave me to pass the night here. Tie me as you please, but you can surely lay me on a table. Like the other." And with a motion of his head he indicated M. Mabeuf's body.

There was, at the back of the room, a long wide table, upon

which they had cast balls and made cartridges. All the cartridges being made and all the powder used up, this table was free. While they were binding Javert to the table, a man on the threshold of the door, gazed at him with singular attention. The shade which this man produced made Javert turn his head. 5 He raised his eyes and recognised Jean Valjean. He did not even start, he haughtily dropped his eyelids, and merely said: "It is very natural."

It was growing light rapidly. The extremity of the Rue de la Chanvrière opposite the barricade had been evacuated by 10 the troops; it seemed free, and lay open for wayfarers with an ominous tranquillity. The Rue Saint Denis was as silent as the grave.

They had not long to wait. Upon the extremity of the street a piece of artillery appeared. The gunners pushed 15 forward the piece; it was all ready, loaded; the smoke of the burning match was seen.

"Fire!" cried Enjolras.

The whole barricade flashed fire, the explosion was terrible; an avalanche of smoke covered and effaced the gun and the 20 men; in a few seconds the cloud dissipated, and the cannon and the men reappeared; those in charge of the piece placed it in position in front of the barricade, slowly, correctly, and without haste. Not a man had been touched. Then the gunner, bearing his weight on the breech, to elevate the range, 25 began to point the cannon with the gravity of an astronomer adjusting a telescope. There was intense anxiety in the redoubt. The gun went off; the detonation burst upon them.

"Present!" cried a cheerful voice. And at the same time with the ball, Gavroche tumbled into the barricade. Marius, 30 in sending his letter, had two objects: to say farewell to Cosette, and to save Gavroche. He was obliged to be content with the half of what he intended.

The gun was about to be fired again. They could not hold out a quarter of an hour in that storm of grape. It was 35 absolutely necessary to deaden the blows. Enjolras threw out his command: "We must put a mattress there."

"We have none," said Combeferre, "the wounded are on them."

Jean Valjean, seated apart on a block, at the corner of the wine-shop, his musket between his knees, had, up to this moment, taken no part in what was going on. But at the order given by Enjolras, he got up. It will be remembered
5 that on the arrival of the company in the Rue de la Chanvrerie, an old woman, foreseeing bullets, had put her mattress before her window. The mattress, placed crosswise, rested at the bottom upon two clothes-poles, and was sustained above by two ropes which, in the distance, seemed like threads.
10 "Can somebody lend me a double-barrelled carbine?" said Jean Valjean.

Enjolras, who had just reloaded his, handed it to him. Jean Valjean aimed at the window and fired. One of the two ropes of the mattress was cut. Jean Valjean fired the second barrel.
15 The mattress slid down between the two poles and fell into the street. The barricade applauded.

"Yes," said Combeferre, "but who will go after it?"

The mattress had fallen outside of the barricade, between the besieged and the besiegers. Jean Valjean went out, entered the street, passed through the storm of balls, went to
20 the mattress, picked it up, put it on his back, and returned to the barricade. He put the mattress into the opening himself. He fixed it against the wall in such a way that the artillerymen did not see it. This done, they awaited the charge of
25 grape.

They had not long to wait. The cannon vomited its package of shot with a roar. But there was no ricochet. The grape miscarried upon the mattress. The desired effect was obtained. The barricade was preserved. "Citizen," said En-
30 jolras to Jean Valjean, "the republic thanks you."

"This goes well," said Bossuet to Enjolras.

Enjolras shook his head and answered: "A quarter of an hour more of this success, and there will not be ten cartridges in the barricade."

35 It would seem that Gavroche heard this remark, so he took a basket from the wine-shop, went out, and was quietly occupied in emptying into his basket the full cartridge-boxes of the National Guards who had been killed on the slope of the redoubt. Some twenty dead lay scattered along the whole

length of the street on the pavement. Twenty cartridge-boxes for Gavroche, a supply of cartridges for the barricade!

The smoke in the street was like a fog. Under the folds of this veil of smoke, and thanks to his small size, he could advance far into the street without being seen. He emptied the first 5 seven or eight cartridge-boxes without much danger. He crawled on his belly, ran on his hands and feet, took his basket in his teeth, twisted, glided, writhed, wormed his way from one body to another, and emptied a cartridge-box as a monkey opens a nut. From the barricade, of which he was still within 10 hearing, they dared not call to him to return, for fear of attracting attention to him.

Just as Gavroche was relieving a sergeant who lay near a stone-block of his cartridges, a ball struck the body. "The deuce!" said Gavroche. "So they are killing my dead for 15 me."

A second ball splintered the pavement beside him. A third upset his basket. He rose up straight, on his feet, his hair in the wind, his hands upon his hips, his eye fixed upon the National Guards who were firing. Then he picked up his 20 basket, put into it the cartridges which had fallen out, without losing a single one, and, advancing towards the fusillade, began to empty another cartridge-box. There a fourth ball just missed him again.

The sight was appalling and fascinating. Gavroche, fired 25 at, mocked the firing. He appeared to be very much amused. The insurgents, breathless with anxiety, followed him with their eyes. The barricade was trembling, he was singing.

One bullet, however, better aimed or more treacherous than the others, reached the Will-o'-the-wisp child. They saw 30 Gavroche totter, then he fell. The whole barricade gave a cry. Gavroche had fallen only to rise again; he sat up, a long stream of blood rolled down his face, he raised both arms in air, looked in the direction whence the shot came, and began to sing.

He did not finish. A second ball from the same marksman 35 cut him short. This time he fell with his face upon the pavement, and did not stir again. That little great soul had taken flight.

Marius sprang out of the barricade. Combeferre followed him, but it was too late. Gavroche was dead. Combeferre brought back the basket of cartridges; Marius brought back the child.

5 "Alas!" thought he, "what the father had done for his father he was returning to the son; only Thénardier had brought back his father living, while he brought back the child dead."

When Marius re-entered the redoubt with Gavroche in his
10 arms, his face, like the child's, was covered with blood. Just as he had stooped down to pick up Gavroche, a ball grazed his skull.

They laid Gavroche on the same table with Mabeuf, and they stretched the black shawl over the two bodies. It was
15 large enough for the old man and the child. Combeferre distributed the cartridges from the basket which he had brought back. This gave each man fifteen shots.

Suddenly between two discharges they heard the distant sound of a clock striking. "It is noon," said Combeferre.

20 The twelve strokes had not sounded when Enjolras sprang to his feet, and flung down from the top of the barricade this thundering shout: "Carry some paving-stones into the house. Fortify the windows with them. Half the men to the muskets, the other half to the stones. Not a minute to lose."

25 A platoon of sappers,^o their axes on their shoulders, had just appeared in order of battle at the end of the street. This could only be the head of a column. The sappers, whose duty it is to demolish the barricade, must always precede the soldiers whose duty it is to scale it.

30 Enjolras' order was executed with the correct haste peculiar to ships and barricades, the only places of combat whence escape is impossible. In less than a minute, the fortress was complete. He gave his last instructions in the basement room in a quick, but deep and calm voice.

35 The dispositions made, he turned towards Javert, and said to him: "I won't forget you." And, laying a pistol on the table, he added: "The last man to leave this room will blow out the spy's brains!"

"Here?" inquired a voice.

"No, do not leave this corpse with ours. You can climb over the little barricade. The man is well tied. You will take him and execute him there."

Here Jean Valjean appeared. He was in the throng of insurgents. He stepped forward, and said to Enjolras: "You 5 thanked me just now."

"In the name of the republic. The barricade has two saviours, Marius Pontmercy and you."

"Do you think that I deserve a reward?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I ask one. To blow out that man's brains myself." 10

Javert raised his head, saw Jean Valjean, made an imperceptible movement, and said: "That is appropriate."

As for Enjolras, he had begun to reload his carbine. He cast his eyes about him, and turning towards Jean Valjean: 15 "Take the spy."

Almost at the same moment, they heard a flourish of trumpets.

When Jean Valjean was alone with Javert, he untied the rope that held the prisoner by the middle of the body. Then 20 he motioned to him to get up. Javert obeyed, with that undefinable smile of his. Jean Valjean took Javert as you would take a beast of burden, by a strap, and, drawing him after him, went out of the wine-shop slowly, for Javert, with his legs fettered, could take only very short steps. Jean Valjean had 25 the pistol in his hand. They crossed the barricade, the insurgents, intent upon the imminent attack, were looking the other way. Marius, alone, placed towards the left extremity of the wall, saw them pass.

When they had climbed over the wall of the Rue Mondétour, 30 they found themselves alone in the little street. Nobody saw them now. Jean Valjean put the pistol under his arm, and fixed upon Javert a look which had no need of words to say: "Javert, it is I."

Javert answered: "Take your revenge." 35

Jean Valjean took a knife out of his pocket, and opened it.

"You are right," exclaimed Javert. "That suits you better."

Jean Valjean cut the strap which Javert had about his

neck, then he cut the ropes which he had on his wrists, then, stooping down, he cut the cord which he had on his feet; and, rising, he said to him: "You are free."

Javert was not easily astonished. Still, complete master
5 as he was of himself, he stood aghast and motionless.

Jean Valjean continued: "I don't expect to leave this place. Still, if by chance I should, I live, under the name of Fauchelevent, in the Rue de l'Homme Armé, Number Seven. Go."

Javert buttoned his coat, restored the military stiffness be-
10 tween his shoulders, turned half round, folded his arms, and walked off in the direction of the markets. Jean Valjean followed him with his eyes. After a few steps, Javert turned back, and cried to Jean Valjean: "Kill me rather."

Javert did not notice that his tone was more respectful
15 towards Jean Valjean.

"Go away," said Jean Valjean.

Javert receded with slow steps. A moment afterwards, he turned the corner.

When Javert was gone, Jean Valjean fired the pistol in the air.
20 Then he re-entered the barricade and said: "It is done."

Marius, busy with the street, had not looked attentively at the spy. When he saw him in broad day clambering over the barricade on his way to die, he recognised him. A little later he called to Enjolras, who had just taken his place at the other
25 end of the barricade. "What is that man's name?"

"Javert."

Marius sprang up. At that moment they heard the pistol-shot. Jean Valjean reappeared and cried: "It is done."

A dreary chill passed through the heart of Marius.

IX. THE HEROES

30 SUDDENLY the drum beat the charge. The attack was a hurricane. The army rushed upon the barricade; a powerful column of infantry of the line, supported by deep masses heard but unseen, came straight upon the barricade. The wall held well.

35 There was assault after assault. The horror continued to increase. Bossuet was killed; Feuilly was killed; Courfeyrac

was killed; Joly was killed; Combeferre, pierced by three bayonet-thrusts in the breast, just as he was lifting a wounded soldier, had only time to look to heaven, and expired. Marius, still fighting, was so hacked with wounds, particularly about his head, that the countenance was lost in blood. Enjolras alone was untouched.

When there were none of the chiefs alive save Enjolras and Marius, who were at the extremities of the barricade, the centre gave way. A final assault was now attempted, and this assault succeeded. But Enjolras and Marius, with seven or eight who had been rallied about them sprang forward. Enjolras keeping the door of the wine-shop open, cried to the despairing: "There is but one door open. This one." And, covering them with his body, he made them pass in behind him. All rushed in.

15

Marius remained without.

A ball had broken his shoulder-blade; he felt that he was fainting, and that he was falling. At that moment, his eyes already closed, he experienced the shock of a vigorous hand seizing him, and his fainting fit, in which he lost consciousness, left him this thought, mingled with the last memory of Cosette: "I am taken prisoner. I shall be shot."

When the cartridges ran out in the wine-shop, the soldiers rushed in. A hand to hand struggle followed. The revolutionists fought with savage might, but they could do nothing. They were all killed, Enjolras the last. Then silence. The barricade was taken.

25

JEAN VALJEAN

BOOK V — JEAN VALJEAN

PART FIRST — AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

- I. THROUGH THE DARK
- II. JAVERT OFF THE TRACK
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- I. THE WHITE NIGHT
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PART FIRST—AD ASTRA PER ASPERA °

I. THROUGH THE DARK

MARIUS was in fact a prisoner. Prisoner of Jean Valjean. The hand which had seized him from behind at the moment he was falling was the hand of Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean had taken no other part in the combat than to expose himself. Save for him, in that supreme phase of the death-struggle, nobody would have thought of the wounded. Thanks to him, everywhere present in the carnage like a providence, those who fell were taken up, carried into the basement room, and their wounds dressed. In the intervals, he repaired the barricade. But nothing which could resemble a blow, an attack, or even a personal defence, came from his hands. He was silent, and gave aid.

When a shot struck down Marius, Jean Valjean bounded with the agility of a tiger, dropped upon him as upon a prey, and carried him away.

The whirlwind of the attack at that instant concentrated so fiercely upon Enjolras and the door of the wine-shop, that nobody saw Jean Valjean cross the unpaved field of the barricade, holding the senseless Marius in his arms, and disappear behind the corner of the house of Corinth. There Jean Valjean stopped; he let Marius slide to the ground, set his back to the wall, and cast his eyes about him. What should he do?

Jean Valjean looked at the house in front of him, he looked at the barricade by the side of him, then he looked upon the ground, with the violence of the last extremity. Beneath his persistent look, something vaguely tangible in such an agony outlined itself and took form at his feet. He perceived a few steps from him, under some fallen paving-stones which partly hid it, an iron grating laid flat and level with the ground. The stone frame which held it had been torn up, and it was as it

were unset. Through the bars a glimpse could be caught of an obscure opening, something like the flue of a chimney or the main of a cistern. Jean Valjean sprang forward. His old science of escape mounted to his brain like a flash. To remove the stones, to lift the grating, to load Marius, who was as inert as a dead body, upon his shoulders, to descend, with that burden upon his back, by the aid of his elbows and knees, into this kind of well, fortunately not very deep, to let fall over his head the heavy iron trapdoor upon which the stones were shaken back again, to find a foothold upon a flagged surface ten feet below the ground, this was executed with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of an eagle; it required but very few moments.

Jean Valjean found himself, with Marius still senseless, in a sort of long underground passage. There, deep peace, absolute silence, night. The impression which he had formerly felt in falling from the street into the convent came back to him. Only, what he was now carrying away was not Cosette; it was Marius. He could now hardly hear above him, like a vague murmur, the fearful tumult of the wine-shop taken by assault.

It was in the sewer of Paris that Jean Valjean found himself. The wounded man did not stir, and Jean Valjean did not know whether what he was carrying away in this grave were alive or dead.

When he had turned the corner of the gallery, the distant gleam of the air-hole disappeared, the curtain of obscurity fell back over him, and he became blind. He went forward none the less, and as rapidly as he could. Marius' arms were passed about his neck, and his feet hung behind him. He held both arms with one hand, and groped for the wall with the other. Marius' cheek touched his and stuck to it, being bloody. He felt a moist warmth at his ear, which indicated respiration, and consequently life. Thus he went on in midnight.

By degrees, some horror penetrated him. The shadow which enveloped him entered his mind. He had been walking for about half an hour, by his own calculation, and had not yet thought of resting; the darkness was deeper than ever, but this depth reassured him.

All at once he saw his shadow before him. It was marked out in a feeble ruddiness almost indistinct. In amazement he turned round. Behind him, in the portion of the passage through which he had passed, at a distance which appeared to him immense, flamed, throwing its rays into the dense obscurity, a sort of horrible star which appeared to be looking at him. It was the gloomy star of the police which was rising in the sewer. Behind this star were, moving without order, eight or ten black forms, straight, indistinct, terrible.

During the day of the 6th of June, a patrol of the sewers had been ordered. It was feared that they would be taken as a refuge by the vanquished. Three platoons of officers and sewer men explored the subterranean streets of Paris. These policemen had thought they heard the sound of steps in the direction of the belt sewer. The sergeant in command of the patrol lifted his lantern, and the squad began to look into the mist in the direction whence the sound came.

Luckily, if he saw the lantern well, the lantern saw him badly. It was light and he was shadow. He was far off, and merged in the blackness of the place. He drew close to the side of the wall, and stopped. Jean Valjean saw these goblins form a kind of circle. These mastiffs' heads drew near each other and whispered. The result of this council held by the watch-dogs was that they had been mistaken. The sergeant gave the order to file left towards the descent to the Seine. If they had conceived the idea of dividing into two squads and going in both directions, Jean Valjean would have been caught,

Jean Valjean resumed his advance, and was not stopped again. This advance became more and more laborious. The moisture of the stones and the sliminess of the floor made them bad points of support, whether for the hand or the foot. His strength, which was prodigious, and very little diminished by age, thanks to his chaste and sober life, began to give way notwithstanding. Fatigue grew upon him, and as his strength diminished, the weight of his load increased. He knew nothing of this frightful system of paths along which he was making his way. But his instinct served him well, and he continued his way. A little beyond, he stopped. He was

very tired. A large airhole produced an almost vivid light. Jean Valjean, removing the garments of Marius with the ends of his fingers, laid his hand upon his breast; the heart still beat. Jean Valjean tore up his shirt, bandaged the wounds 5 as well as he could, and staunched the flowing blood.

In opening Marius' clothes, he had found two things in his pockets, the bread which had been forgotten there since the day previous, and Marius' pocket-book. He ate the bread and opened the pocket-book. On the first page he found the 10 four lines written by Marius:

"My name is Marius Pontmercy. Carry my corpse to my grandfather's, M. Gillenormand, Rue des Filles du Calvaire, No. 6, in the Marais."

He replaced the pocket-book in Marius' pocket. He had 15 eaten, strength had returned to him. He took Marius on his back again, laid his head carefully upon his right shoulder, and began to descend the sewer.

This obscurity suddenly became terrible. He felt that he was entering the water, and that he had under his feet, paved 20 ment no longer, but mud.

It sometimes happens, on certain coasts of Brittany ° or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. 25 The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer, it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil, 30 all the sand has the same appearance, nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from the surface which is no longer so. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines towards the land, endeavours to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only, he feels somehow 35 as if the weight of his feet increased with every step which he takes. Suddenly he sinks in. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once, he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the

sand, he will retrace his steps, he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles, he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left, the sand is half leg deep, he throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognises with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, he lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late, the sand is above his knees.

He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief, the sand gains on him more and more; if the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if the sandbank is of too ill-repute, if there is no hero in sight, it is all over, he is condemned to be buried alive. He is condemned to that appalling interment, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, which appears to punish you for your resistance by a redoubling of its grasp, which sinks the man slowly into the earth while it leaves him all the time to look at the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the villages in the plain, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine, the sky. This is the grave become a tide rising from the depths of the earth towards a living man. Each minute is an inexorable enshroudress. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, despairs. Behold him waist deep in the sand; the sand reaches his breast, he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders, the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them; night. Then the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above

the sand; a hand protrudes, comes through the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, and disappears.

Can you picture to yourself such a death? If being buried alive is terrible on the shore of the sea, what is it in a sewer!

5 Jean Valjean found himself in presence of a slough.^o This slough was caused by the showers of the previous day. A yielding of the pavement, imperfectly upheld by the underlying sand, had occasioned a damming of the rain-water. Infiltration having taken place, sinking had followed. The floor,
10 broken up, had disappeared in the mire. For what distance? Impossible to say.

Jean Valjean felt the pavement slipping away under him. He entered into this slime. It was water on the surface, mire at the bottom. He must surely pass through. To retrace his
15 steps was impossible. Marius was expiring, and Jean Valjean exhausted. Where else could he go? Jean Valjean advanced.

The water came up to his armpits; he felt that he was foundering; it was with difficulty that he could move in the depth of mire in which he was. The density, which was the
20 support, was also the obstacle. He still held Marius up, and, with an unparalleled outlay of strength, he advanced; but he sank deeper. He now had only his head out of the water, and his arms supporting Marius.

He sank still deeper, he threw his face back to escape the
25 water, and to be able to breathe; he who might have seen him in this obscurity would have thought he saw a mask floating upon the darkness; he dimly perceived Marius' drooping head and livid face above him; he made a desperate effort, and thrust his foot forward; his foot struck something solid; a
30 support. It was time.

He rose and writhed and rooted himself upon this support with a sort of fury. This support, discovered in the mire at the last moment, was the beginning of the other slope of the floor. Jean Valjean ascended this inclined plane, and
35 reached the other side of the quagmire. On coming out of the water, he struck against a stone, and fell upon his knees. He rose, shivering, chilled, infected, bending beneath this dying man, whom he was dragging on, all dripping with slime, his soul filled with a strange light.

He resumed his route once more. However, if he had not left his life in the slough, he seemed to have left his strength. This supreme effort had exhausted him. His exhaustion was so great, that every three or four steps he was obliged to take breath, and to lean against the wall. Once he had to sit down ⁵ upon the curb to change Marius' position, and he thought he should stay there. But if his vigour were dead, his energy was not. He rose again.

He walked with desperation, almost with rapidity, for a hundred paces, without raising his head, almost without ¹⁰ breathing, and suddenly struck against the wall. He raised his eyes, and at the extremity of the passage, down there before him, far, very far away, he perceived a light. This time, it was not the terrible light; it was the good and white light. It was the light of day. Jean Valjean saw the outlet. Jean ¹⁵ Valjean felt exhaustion no more, he felt Marius' weight no longer, he found again his knees of steel, he ran rather than walked. Jean Valjean reached the outlet.

There he stopped. It was indeed the outlet, but it did not let him out. The arch was closed by a strong grating, and the ²⁰ grating which, according to all appearance, rarely turned upon its rusty hinges, was held in its stone frame by a stout lock, red with rust.

Jean Valjean laid Marius along the wall on the dry part of the floor, then walked to the grating and clenched the bars ²⁵ with both hands; the grating did not stir. The obstacle was invincible. No means of opening the door.

Must he then perish there? What should he do? All the outlets were undoubtedly closed in this way. He had only succeeded in escaping into a prison.

It was over. All that Jean Valjean had done was useless. ³⁰ He turned his back to the grating, and dropped upon the pavement, beside the yet motionless Marius, and his head sank between his knees. This was the last drop of anguish. Of whom did he think in this overwhelming dejection? Neither ³⁵ of himself nor of Marius. He thought of Cosette.

In the midst of this annihilation, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice which spoke low, said to him:

"Go halves."

A man was before him. This man was dressed in a blouse; he was barefooted; he held his shoes in his left hand; he had evidently taken them off to be able to reach Jean Valjean without being heard.

5 Jean Valjean had not a moment's hesitation. Unforeseen as was the encounter, this man was known to him. This man was Thénardier.

There was a moment of delay. Jean Valjean perceived immediately that Thénardier did not recognise him. They
10 gazed at each other for a moment in this penumbra,^o as if they were taking each other's measure. Thénardier was first to break the silence.

"Go halves."

"What do you mean?"

15 "You have killed the man; very well. For my part, I have the key."

Thénardier pointed to Marius. He went on: "I don't know you, but I would like to help you. You must be a friend."

20 Jean Valjean began to understand. Thénardier took him for an assassin.

Thénardier resumed: "Listen, comrade. You haven't killed that man without looking to what he had in his pockets. Give me my half. I will open the door for you." And he
25 drew a big key half out from under his blouse.

Thénardier pushed his shoulder anew. "Now, let us finish the business. Let us divide. You have seen my key, show me your money."

Jean Valjean felt in his pockets. It was, as will be remem-
30 bered, his custom always to have money about him. This time, however, he was caught unprovided. On putting on his national guard's uniform, the evening before, he had forgotten to take his pocket-book with him. He had only some coins in his waistcoat pocket. He turned out his pocket, and dis-
35 played upon the curb of the sewer a louis d'or, and five or six big sous.

Thénardier thrust out his under lip with a significant twist of the neck. and then began to handle, in all familiarity, the pockets of Jean Valjean and Marius. Jean Valjean, princi-

pally concerned in keeping his back to the light, did not interfere with him. While he was feeling of Marius' coat, Thénardier, with the dexterity of a juggler, found means, without attracting Jean Valjean's attention, to tear off a strip, which he hid under his blouse, probably thinking that this scrap of cloth might assist him afterwards to identify the assassinated man and the assassin. He found, however, nothing more than the thirty francs.

"It is true," said he, "both together, you have no more than that." And he took the whole.

This done, he took the key from under his blouse anew. "Now, friend, you must go out. You have paid, go out."

Thénardier helped Jean Valjean to replace Marius upon his shoulders; then he went towards the grating upon the points of his bare feet, beckoning to Jean Valjean to follow him, he looked outside, and stood a few seconds as if in suspense. The inspection over, he put the key into the lock. The bolt slid and the door turned.

Thénardier half opened the door, left just a passage for Jean Valjean, closed the grating again, turned the key twice in the lock, and plunged back into the obscurity, without making more noise than a breath. Jean Valjean found himself outside.

II. JAVERT OFF THE TRACK

JEAN VALJEAN was plunging his hand into the river, when suddenly he felt an indescribable uneasiness, such as we feel when we have somebody behind us, without seeing him. He turned round.

Somebody was indeed behind him. A man of tall stature, wrapped in a long overcoat, with folded arms, and holding in his right hand a club, the leaden knob of which could be seen, stood erect a few steps in the rear of Jean Valjean, who was stooping over Marius. Jean Valjean recognised Javert.

Javert did not recognise Jean Valjean, who no longer resembled himself. He said in a quick and calm voice: "Who are you?"

"Jean Valjean."

Javert put the club between his teeth, bent his knees, in-

clined his body, laid his two powerful hands upon Jean Valjean's shoulders, examined him, and recognised him. Their faces almost touched. Javert's look was terrible.

"Inspector Javert," said Jean Valjean, "you have got me. Besides, since this morning, I have considered myself your prisoner. I did not give you my address to try to escape you. Take me. Only grant me one thing."

Javert seemed not to hear. He rested his fixed eye upon Jean Valjean. At last, he let go of Jean Valjean, rose up, took his club firmly in his grasp, and, as if in a dream, murmured rather than pronounced: "What are you doing here? and who is this man?"

Jean Valjean answered, and the sound of his voice appeared to awaken Javert: "It is precisely of him that I wished to speak. Dispose of me as you please; but help me first to carry him home. I only ask that of you."

He stooped down again, took a handkerchief from his pocket, which he dipped in the water, and wiped Marius' bloodstained forehead.

"This man was in the barricade," said he in an undertone. "This is he whom they called Marius. He is wounded."

"He is dead," said Javert.

Jean Valjean answered: "No. Not yet."

"You have brought him, then, from the barricade here?" observed Javert.

Jean Valjean, for his part, seemed to have but one idea. He resumed: "He lives in the Marais, Rue des Filles du Calvaire at his grandfather's — I forget the name."

Jean Valjean felt in Marius' coat, took out the pocket-book, opened it at the page pencilled by Marius, and handed it to Javert.

There was still enough light floating in the air to enable one to read. Javert deciphered the few lines written by Marius. Then he cried: "Driver!"

There was a carriage waiting near at hand. A moment later, the carriage, descending by the slope of the watering-place, was on the beach. Marius was laid upon the back seat and Javert sat down by the side of Jean Valjean on the front seat.

It was after nightfall when the fiacre arrived at No. 6, in the Rue des Filles du Calvaire. They carried Marius up to the first story, and, while Basque went for a doctor and Nicolette was opening the linen closets, Jean Valjean felt Javert touch him on the shoulder. He understood, and went down stairs, 5 having behind him Javert's following steps. They got into the fiacre again, and the driver mounted upon his box.

"Inspector Javert," said Jean Valjean, "grant me one thing more."

"What?" asked Javert roughly.

10

"Let me go home a moment. Then you shall do with me what you will."

Javert remained silent for a few seconds, his chin drawn back into the collar of his overcoat, then he let down the window in front. "Driver," said he, "Rue de l'Homme 15 Armé, No. 7."

They did not open their mouths again for the whole distance.

What did Jean Valjean desire? To finish what he had begun; to inform Cosette, to tell her where Marius was, to 20 give her perhaps some other useful information, to make, if he could, certain final dispositions. As to himself, as to what concerned him personally, it was all over.

At the entrance of the Rue de l'Homme Armé, the fiacre stopped, this street being too narrow for carriages to enter. 25 Javert and Jean Valjean got out. They entered the street. It was, as usual, empty. Javert followed Jean Valjean. They reached No. 7. Jean Valjean rapped. The door opened.

"Very well," said Javert. "Go up."

30

He added with a strange expression and as if he were making an effort in speaking in such a way: "I will wait here for you."

Jean Valjean looked at Javert. This manner of proceeding was little in accordance with Javert's habits. He opened the door, went into the house. On reaching the first story, he 35 paused. Jean Valjean, either to take breath or mechanically, looked out of the window. He leaned over the street. Javert was gone.

Javert made his way with slow steps from the Rue de

l'Homme Armé. He walked with his head down, for the first time in his life. He plunged into the silent streets and followed one direction. He took the shortest route towards the Seine, and stopped, at a little distance from the post of the Place du Châtelet, at the corner of the Pont Notre Dame. This point of the Seine is dreaded by mariners. Men who fall in there, one never sees again; the best swimmers are drowned.

Javert leaned both elbows on the parapet, with his chin in his hands, Javert was suffering frightfully. One thing had astonished him, that Jean Valjean had spared him, and one thing had petrified him, that he, Javert, had spared Jean Valjean.

What should he do now? Give up Jean Valjean, that was wrong; leave Jean Valjean free, that was wrong. In every course which was open to him, there was a fall. His reflections gradually became terrible. This could not last. Twenty times, while he was in that carriage face to face with Jean Valjean, the legal tiger had roared within him. Twenty times he had been tempted to throw himself upon Jean Valjean, to seize him and to arrest him. But he had heard a voice, a strange voice crying to him: "Very well. Give up your saviour. Then have Pontius Pilate's basin^o brought, and wash your claws."

Could that be endurable? No. Unnatural state, if ever there was one. There were only two ways to get out of it. One, to go resolutely to Jean Valjean, and to return the man of the galleys to the dungeon. The other —

Javert bent his head and looked. All was black. He remained for some minutes motionless, gazing into that opening of darkness. Suddenly he took off his hat and laid it on the edge of the quay. A moment afterwards, a tall and black form appeared standing on the parapet, bent towards the Seine, then sprang up, and fell straight into the darkness; there was a dull splash; and the shadow alone was in the secret of the convulsions of that obscure form which had disappeared under the water.

III. THE GRANDFATHER

BASQUE and the porter carried Marius into the parlour, still motionless, when the doctor arrived. The body had not received any interior lesion;° a ball, deadened by the pocket-book, had turned aside, with a hideous gash, but not deep, and consequently not dangerous. The long walk under-5 ground had completed the dislocation of the broken shoulder-blade, and there were serious difficulties there. There were sword cuts on the arms. No scar disfigured his face; the head, however, was as it were covered with hacks; did they stop at the scalp? did they affect the skull? That could 10 not yet be told.

The physician seemed reflecting sadly. From time to time he shook his head. At the moment he was wiping the face and touching the still closed eyelids lightly with his finger, a door opened at the rear end of the parlour, and a 15 long, pale figure approached. It was the grandfather.

He was on the threshold, one hand on the knob of the half-opened door, his body wrapped in a white night gown. He had the appearance of a phantom who is looking into a tomb. He perceived the bed, and on the mattress that bleeding young 20 man, with his eyes closed, his mouth open, naked to the waist, gashed everywhere with red wounds; motionless. His whole face assumed in an instant the cadaverous angles of a skeleton head, his arms fell, his knees bent forward, and he murmured: "Marius!" 25

"Monsieur," said Basque, "monsieur has just been brought home. He has been to the barricade, and —"

"He is dead!" cried the old man in a terrible voice.

Then a sort of sepulchral transfiguration made him as straight as a young man. "Monsieur," said he, "you are 30 the doctor. Come, tell me one thing. He is dead, isn't he?"

The physician in the height of anxiety, kept silence. At this moment, Marius slowly raised his lids, and his gaze, still veiled in the astonishment of lethargy,° rested upon M. 35 Gillenormand.

"Marius!" cried the old man. "Marius! my child! my

dear son ! You are opening your eyes, you are looking at me, you are alive !” And he fell fainting.

Marius had for several weeks a fever accompanied with delirium. He repeated the name of Cosette during entire
5 nights with the gloomy obstinacy of agony. The size of certain gashes was a serious danger, the physician was anxious “Above all, let the wounded man have no excitement,” he repeated. As long as there was danger, M. Gillenormand, in despair at the bedside of his grandson,
10 was, like Marius, neither dead nor alive. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, a very well dressed gentleman with white hair came to inquire after the wounded man, and left a large package of lint for the dressings.

At last, on the 7th of September, four months, to a day,
15 after the sorrowful night they had brought him home dying to his grandfather, the physician declared him out of danger. Convalescence began. Marius was, however, obliged still to remain for more than two months stretched on a long chair, on account of the accidents resulting from the fracture of the
20 shoulder-blade. However, this long sickness and this long convalescence saved him from pursuit. Marius was left in peace.

M. Gillenormand passed first through every anguish, and then every ecstasy. On the day the physician announced to
25 him that Marius was out of danger, the goodman was in delirium.

As for Marius, while he let them dress his wounds and care for him, he had one fixed idea : Cosette. Since the fever and the delirium had left him, he had not uttered that name, and
30 they might have supposed that he no longer thought of it. He held his peace, precisely because his soul was in it.

He did not know what had become of Cosette ; the whole affair of the Rue de la Chanvrerie was like a cloud in his memory ; shadows were floating in his mind, Eponine,
35 Gavroche, Mabeuf, the Thénardiens, all his friends mingled drearily with the smoke of the barricade ; the strange passage of M. Fauchelevent in that bloody drama produced upon him the effect of an enigma in a tempest ; he understood nothing in regard to his own life : he neither knew how, nor by whom,

he had been saved, and nobody about him knew; all that they could tell him was that he had been brought in a fiacre by night.

One day M. Gillenormand bent over Marius. Marius, nearly all whose strength had returned, gathered it together, sat up in bed, rested his clenched hands on the sheets, looked his grandfather in the face, and said: "I wish to marry."

"Foreseen," said the grandfather. And he burst out laughing.

"How foreseen?"

"Yes, foreseen. You shall have her, your lassie."

14

Marius, astounded, trembled in every limb. M. Gillenormand continued: "Yes, you shall have her, your handsome, pretty little girl. She comes every day in the shape of an old gentleman to inquire after you. Since you were wounded, she has passed her time in weeping and making lint. I have made inquiry. She lives in the Rue de l'Homme Armé, Number Seven. Ah, we are ready! Ah! you want her! Well, you shall have her. Listen. I have made inquiries, too; she is charming, she is modest, she has made heaps of lint, she is a jewel, she worships you; if you had died, there would have been three of us; her bier would have accompanied mine. I had a strong notion, as soon as you were better, to plant her square at your bedside, but it is only in romances that they introduce young girls unceremoniously to the side of the couch of the pretty wounded men who interest them. That does not do. What would your aunt have said? You have been quite naked three-quarters of the time, my goodman. Ask Nicolette, who has not left you a minute, if it was possible for a woman to be here. It is all right; don't let us talk any more about it, it is said, it is done, it is fixed; take her. Be happy, my dear child." This said, the old man burst into sobs.

"Father!" exclaimed Marius.

The old man stammered: "The ice is broken. He has called me 'Father.'"

Marius said softly: "But, father, now that I am well, it seems to me that I could see her."

"Foreseen again, you shall see her to-morrow."

"Father!"

"What?"

"Why not to-day?"

"Well, to-day. Here goes for to-day. You have called me
5 'Father' three times, it is well worth that. I will see to it.
She shall be brought to you."

Cosette and Marius saw each other again. She appeared
on the threshold; it seemed as if she were in a cloud. With
Cosette and behind her had entered a man with white hair,
10 grave, smiling nevertheless, but with a vague and poignant
smile. This was Jean Valjean. He had under his arm a
package similar in appearance to an octavo^o volume, wrapped
in paper. The paper of the envelope was greenish, and
seemed mouldy.

15 After the two had greeted each other, and Father Gillenormand had formally asked for Cosette's hand, Jean Valjean
assenting said in a grave and tranquil voice: "Mademoiselle
Euphrasie Fauchelevent has six hundred thousand francs."
And he laid on the table the package which looked like a
20 book.

Jean Valjean opened the package himself; it was a bundle
of bank-notes. They ran through them, and they counted
them. There were five hundred bills of a thousand francs,
and a hundred and sixty-eight of five hundred. In all, five
25 hundred and eighty-four thousand francs.

"That is a good book," said M. Gillenormand.

As for Marius and Cosette, they were looking at each other
during this time; they paid little attention to this incident.

All the preparations were made for the marriage. The
30 physician being consulted said that it might take place in
February. This was in December. Jean Valjean did all,
smoothed all, conciliated all, made all easy. He hastened
towards Cosette's happiness with as much eagerness, and
apparently as much joy, as Cosette herself. As he had been
35 a mayor, he knew how to solve a delicate problem, in the
secret of which he was alone: Cosette's civil state. A
notary's act was drawn up. Cosette became before the law
Mademoiselle Euphrasie Fauchelevent. She was declared an
orphan. Jean Valjean arranged matters in such a way as to

be designated, under the name of Fauchelevant, as Cosette's guardian, with M. Gillenormand as overseeing guardian. As for the five hundred and eighty-four thousand francs, that was a legacy left to Cosette, by a dead person who desired to remain unknown.

Cosette learned that she was not the daughter of that old man whom she had so long called father. He was only a relative; another Fauchelevant was her real father. At any other time, this would have broken her heart. But at this ineffable hour, it was only a little shadow, and she had so much joy that this cloud was of short duration. She had Marius. The young man came, the goodman faded away; such is life. She continued, however, to say "Father" to Jean Valjean.

Marius, inwardly and in the depth of his thought, surrounded this M. Fauchelevant, who was to him simply benevolent and cold, with all sorts of silent questions. There came to him at intervals doubts about his own recollections. He was led to ask himself if it were really true that he had seen M. Fauchelevant, such a man, so serious and so calm, in the barricade. At moments, Marius covered his face with his hands, and the vague past tumultuously traversed the twilight which filled his brain. He saw Mabeuf fall again, he heard Gavroche singing beneath the grape, he felt upon his lip the chill of Eponine's forehead; Enjolras, Courfeyrac, Combeferre, Bossuet, all his friends, rose up before him, then dissipated. He interrogated himself; he groped within himself. Where were they all then? Was it indeed true that all were dead? A fall into the darkness had carried off all, except himself. It all seemed to him to have disappeared as if behind a curtain at a theatre. There are such curtains which drop down in life. God is passing to the next act.

And himself, was he really the same man? He, the poor, he was rich; he, the despairing, he was marrying Cosette. It seemed to him that he had passed through a tomb, and that he had gone in black, and that he had come out white. And in this tomb, the others had remained.

M. Fauchelevant almost had a place among these vanished beings. Marius hesitated to believe that the Fauchelevant

of the barricade was the same as this Fauchelevant in flesh and blood, so gravely seated near Cosette. Moreover, their two natures showing a steep front to each other, no question was possible from Marius to M. Fauchelevant. Once only, 5 Marius made an attempt. He brought the Rue de la Chanvrière into the conversation, and, turning towards M. Fauchelevant, he said to him: "You are well acquainted with that street?"

"I have no idea of the name of that street," answered M. 10 Fauchelevant in the most natural tone in the world.

The answer, which bore upon the name of the street, and not upon the street itself, appeared to Marius more conclusive than it was. "Decidedly," thought he, "I have been dreaming. It was somebody who resembled him. M. Fauchelevant 15 was not there."

The enchantment, great as it was, did not efface other pre-occupations from Marius' mind. During the preparations for the marriage, and while waiting for the time fixed upon, he had some difficult and careful retrospective researches 20 made. He owed gratitude on several sides, he owed some on his father's account, he owed some on his own. There was Thénardier; there was the unknown man who had brought him to M. Gillenormand's.

That Thénardier was a scoundrel, took away nothing from 25 this fact that he saved Colonel Pontmercy. And Marius, ignorant of the real scene of the battle-field of Waterloo, did not know this peculiarity, that his father was, with reference to Thénardier, in this singular situation, that he owed his life to him without owing him any thanks.

30 None of the various agents whom Marius employed, succeeded in finding Thénardier's track. The Thénardiess had died in prison. Thénardier and his daughter Azelma, the two who alone remained of that woeful group, had plunged back into the shadow.

35 As for the other, as for the unknown man who had saved Marius, the researches at first had some result, then stopped short. They succeeded in finding the fiacre which had brought Marius on the evening of the 6th of June. The driver declared that they went first to the Rue des Filles du

Calvaire; that they left the dead man there; that they then got into his carriage again; that he had been called to stop; that there, in the street, he had been paid and left, and that the officer took away the other man; that he knew nothing more, that the night was very dark. 5

Marius, although compelled to great reserve in this respect, pushed his researches as far as the prefecture of police. There, no more than elsewhere, did the information obtained lead to any éclaircissement.^o The prefecture knew less than the driver. 10

In the hope of deriving aid in his researches from them, Marius had preserved the bloody clothes which he wore when he was brought back to his grandfather's. On examining the coat, it was noticed that one skirt was oddly torn. A piece was missing. 15

One evening Marius spoke, before Cosette and Jean Valjean, of all this singular adventure, of the numberless inquiries which he had made, and of the uselessness of his efforts. The cold countenance of Monsieur Fauchelevent made him impatient. He exclaimed with vivacity: "That 20 man, whoever he may be, was sublime. Do you know what he did, monsieur? He intervened like the archangel. And his life, he did not risk it once, but twenty times! And each step was a danger. The proof is, that on coming out of the sewer he was arrested. And he could expect no recompense. 25 What was I? An insurgent, a vanquished man. Oh! if Cosette's six hundred thousand francs were mine —"

"They are yours," interrupted Jean Valjean.

"Well," resumed Marius, "I would give them to find that man!" 30

Jean Valjean kept silence.

PART SECOND — THE LAST DROP IN THE CHALICE °

I. THE WHITE NIGHT

THE night of the 16th of February, 1833, was a blessed night. Above its shade the heavens were opened. It was the wedding night of Marius and Cosette.

The day had been adorable. It had not been the sky-blue festival dreamed by the grandfather, but it had been sweet and mirthful.

On the previous evening, Jean Valjean had handed to Marius, in presence of M. Gillenormand, the five hundred and eighty-four thousand francs.

10 As for Jean Valjean, there was a beautiful room in the Gillenormand house furnished expressly for him, and Cosette had said to him so irresistibly: "Father, I pray you," that she had made him almost promise that he would come and occupy it.

A few days before the day fixed for the marriage, an accident happened to Jean Valjean; he slightly bruised the thumb of his right hand. It was not serious; and he had allowed nobody to take any trouble about it, nor to dress it. It compelled him, however, to muffle his hand in a bandage, and to carry his arm in a sling, and prevented his signing any-
20 thing. M. Gillenormand, as Cosette's overseeing guardian, took his place.

On the way to the church the party ran into a company of maskers, one of whom happened to be Thénardier. He recognised Jean Valjean.

25 After the ceremony, when they had returned to the house, Jean Valjean sat in a chair in the parlour, behind the door. A few moments before they took their seats at the table, Cosette came, as if from a sudden impulse, and made him a low courtesy.

"Father, are you pleased?"

"Yes," said Jean Valjean, "I am pleased."

"Well, then, laugh."

Jean Valjean began to laugh. A few moments afterwards, Basque announced dinner.

The guests, preceded by M. Gillenormand giving his arm to Cosette, entered the dining-room and took their places, according to the appointed order, about the table. Two large arm-chairs were placed, on the right and on the left of the bride, the first for M. Gillenormand, the second for Jean Valjean. M. Gillenormand took his seat. The other arm-chair remained empty. Monsieur Fauchelevent was not there.

M. Gillenormand called Basque. "Do you know where Monsieur Fauchelevent is?"

"Monsieur," answered Basque. "Monsieur Fauchelevent told me to say to monsieur that he was suffering a little from his sore hand, and could not dine with Monsieur the Baron and Madame the Baroness. That he begged they would excuse him, that he would come to-morrow morning. He has just gone away."

Marius took Jean Valjean's place at Cosette's side; and things arranged themselves in such a way that Cosette, at first saddened by Jean Valjean's absence, was finally satisfied with it.

What had become of Jean Valjean?

Immediately after having laughed, upon Cosette's playful injunction, nobody observing him, Jean Valjean had left his seat, got up, and, unperceived, had reached the antechamber. It was that same room which eight months before he had entered, black with mire, blood, and powder, bringing the grandson home to the grandfather. He listened. He heard the loud words of the grandfather, the clatter of the plates and glasses, the bursts of laughter, and through all that gay uproar he distinguished Cosette's sweet joyous voice.

He left the Rue des Filles du Calvaire and returned to the Rue de l'Homme Armé. Jean Valjean returned home. He lighted his candle and went upstairs. The apartment was empty. He went into Cosette's room. All the little feminine

objects to which Cosette clung had been carried away; there remained only the heavy furniture and the four walls. A single bed was made and seemed waiting for somebody, that was Jean Valjean's.

5 He approached his bed, and his eye fell, was it by chance? was it with intention? upon the *inseparable*, of which Cosette had been jealous, upon the little trunk which never left him. On the 4th of June, on arriving in the Rue de l'Homme Armé, he had placed it upon a candle-stand at the head of his bed.
10 He went to this stand with a sort of vivacity, took a key from his pocket, and opened the valise.

He took out slowly the garments in which, ten years before, Cosette had left Montfermeil. These were all black. As he took them out of the valise, he laid them on the bed. He
15 remembered, it was in winter, a very cold December, her poor little feet all red in her wooden shoes. He thought of that forest of Montfermeil; they had crossed it together, Cosette and he. He arranged the little things upon the bed, then, his venerable white head fell upon the bed, his old heart
20 broke, his face was swallowed up in Cosette's garments, and anybody who had passed along the staircase at the moment, would have heard fearful sobs.

II. THE SEVENTH CIRCLE AND THE EIGHTH HEAVEN °

THE day after a wedding is solitary. The tumult of visits and felicitations does not commence until later. But that
25 morning, a little before noon, Basque heard a light rap at the door. He opened it, saw M. Fauchelevent, and introduced him into the parlour, still cumbered and topsy-turvy.

"Has your master risen?" inquired Jean Valjean.

"Monsieur the Baron?" asked Basque. "I will go and
30 see. I will tell him that Monsieur Fauchelevent is here."

"No. Do not tell him that it is I. Tell him that somebody asks to speak with him in private, and do not give him any name."

Jean Valjean remained alone. A few minutes elapsed.
35 Jean Valjean was motionless in the spot where Basque had left him. He was very pale. There was a noise at the

door, he raised his eyes. Marius entered, his head erect, smiling.

"How glad I am to see you! If you knew how we missed you yesterday! Good morning, father. How is your hand? Better, is it not?" 5

"Monsieur," said Jean Valjean, "I have one thing to tell you. I am an old convict."

Jean Valjean untied the black cravat which sustained his right arm, took off the cloth wound about his hand, laid his thumb bare, and showed it to Marius. 10

"There is nothing the matter with my hand," said he. "There has never been anything the matter with it. It was best that I should be absent from your marriage. I absented myself as much as I could. I feigned this wound so as not to commit a forgery." 15

Marius stammered out:

"What does this mean?"

"It means," answered Jean Valjean, "that I have been in the galleys."

"You drive me mad!" exclaimed Marius in dismay. 20

"Monsieur Pontmercy," said Jean Valjean, "I was nineteen years in the galleys. For robbery. Then I was sentenced for life. For robbery. For a second offence. At this hour I am an outlaw."

It was useless for Marius to recoil before the reality, to 25 refuse the evidence; he was compelled to yield. He began to comprehend. He caught a glimpse in the future of a hideous destiny for himself.

"Tell all," cried he. "You are Cosette's father!"

Jean Valjean raised his head with majesty: "It is neces- 30 sary that you believe me in this, Monsieur, although the oath of such as I be not received."

Here he made a pause; then, with a sort of sovereign and sepulchral authority, he added: "You will believe me. I, the father of Cosette! before God, no. Monsieur Baron 35 Pontmercy, I am a peasant of Faverolles. I earned my living by pruning trees. My name is not Fauchelevent, my name is Jean Valjean. I am nothing to Cosette."

Marius faltered:

"Who proves it to me? —"

"I. Since I say so."

Marius looked at this man. No lie could come out of such a calmness.

5 "I believe you," said Marius.

Jean Valjean inclined his head as if making oath, and continued: "What am I to Cosette? a passer. Ten years ago, I did not know that she existed. I love her; a child whom one has seen when little, being himself already old, 10 he loves. To-day Cosette leaves my life; our two roads separate. Her protector is changed. And Cosette gains by the change. As for the six hundred thousand francs, you have not spoken of them to me, but I anticipate your thought; that is a trust. I make over the trust. Nothing more can be 15 asked of me. I complete the restitution by telling my real name. This again concerns me. I desire, myself, that you should know who I am."

And Jean Valjean looked Marius in the face.

20 "But after all," exclaimed Marius, "why do you tell me all this? What compels you to? You could have kept the secret to yourself. Finish it. There is something else. In connection with what do you make this avowal? From what motive?"

"From what motive?" answered Jean Valjean, in a voice 25 so low and so hollow that one would have said it was to himself he was speaking. "From what motive? Well, it is from honour. Yes, my misfortune is a cord which I have here in my heart and which holds me fast. I have tried to break this cord, I have pulled upon it, it held firmly, it did not snap, 30 I was tearing my heart out with it. Then I said I cannot live away from here. I must stay. But you are right, I am a fool, why not just simply stay? You offer me a room in the house, — we will have but one roof, but one table, but one fire, we will live as one family. One family! no. I am of 35 no family. I am not of yours. I am not of the family of men. In houses where people are at home I am an incumbrance. There are families, but they are not for me. I am the unfortunate; I am outside. You ask why I speak? I am neither informed against, nor pursued, nor hunted, say

you. Yes! I am informed against! yes! I am pursued! yes! I am hunted! By whom? by myself. It is I myself who bar the way before myself, and I drag myself, and I urge myself, and I check myself, and I exert myself, and when one holds himself he is well held. When one has such a horror over him, he has no right to make others share it without their knowledge. To live, once I stole a loaf of bread; to-day, to live, I will not steal a name."

Marius crossed the parlour slowly, and, when he was near Jean Valjean, extended him his hand. But Marius had to take that hand which did not offer itself.

"My grandfather has friends. I will procure your pardon."

"It is useless," answered Jean Valjean. "They think me dead, that is enough."

"Poor Cosette!" murmured Marius, "when she knows —" 15

At these words, Jean Valjean trembled in every limb. He sank into an arm-chair and hid his face in both hands, and Marius heard him murmur: "Oh! would that I could die!"

"Be calm," said Marius, "I will keep your secret for myself alone." 20

"I thank you, Monsieur," answered Jean Valjean gently.

He remained thoughtful a moment, then he raised his voice: "It is all nearly finished. There is one thing left. Now that you know, do you think, Monsieur, you who are the master, 25 that I ought not to see Cosette again?"

"I think that would be best," answered Marius coldly.

"I shall not see her again," murmured Jean Valjean. And he walked towards the door.

"You will come every evening," said Marius, "and Cosette 30 will expect you."

"You are kind, Monsieur," said Jean Valjean.

Marius bowed to Jean Valjean, and these two men separated.

III. THE BASEMENT ROOM

THE next day, at nightfall, Jean Valjean knocked at the M. Gillenormand porte-cochère. Basque, without waiting for 35 Jean Valjean to come up to him, addressed him as follows:

"Monsieur the Baron told me to ask Monsieur whether he desires to go upstairs or to remain below?"

"To remain below," answered Jean Valjean.

Basque, who was absolutely respectful, opened the door
5 of the basement room and said: "I will inform madame."

The room which Jean Valjean entered was an arched and damp basement, used as a cellar when necessary, looking upon the street, paved with red tiles, and dimly lighted by a window with an iron grating. But a fire was kindled, which indicated
10 that somebody had anticipated Jean Valjean's answer: *To remain below*. Two arm-chairs were placed at the corners of the fireplace.

Jean Valjean was fatigued. For some days he had neither eaten nor slept. He let himself fall into one of the arm-
15 chairs. Suddenly he started up. Cosette was behind him. He turned. She was adorably beautiful. But what he looked upon with that deep look, was not her beauty but her soul.

"Ah!" exclaimed Cosette, "father, I knew that you were singular. Marius tells me that it is you who wish me to
20 receive you here."

"Yes, it is I."

"But why? You choose the ugliest room in the house to see me in. It is horrible here."

"You know, Madame, I am peculiar."

25 "Madame! What does this mean?"

"You have wished to be madame. You are so."

"Not to you, father."

"Don't call me father any more."

"What?"

30 "Call me Monsieur Jean. Jean, if you will. You have no more need of a father, you have a husband."

Cosette, growing suddenly serious, looked at Jean Valjean, and added: "You don't like it that I am happy?"

Jean Valjean grew pale. For a moment he did not answer,
35 then, he murmured: "Her happiness was the aim of my life. Now, God may beckon me away. Cosette, you are happy; my time is full."

"Ah, you have called me Cosette!" exclaimed she. And she sprang upon his neck.

Jean Valjean, in desperation, clasped her to his breast wildly. It seemed to him almost as if he were taking her back.

"Thank you, father!" said Cosette to him.

The transport was becoming poignant to Jean Valjean. He gently put away Cosette's arms, and took his hat.

"Well?" said Cosette.

Jean Valjean answered: "I will leave you, Madame; they are waiting for you."

And, from the door, he added: "I called you Cosette. Tell your husband that that shall not happen again. Pardon me."

Jean Valjean went out.

The following day, at the same hour, Jean Valjean came. Cosette put no questions to him, was no longer astonished. Only she betrayed a certain diminution of joy. It is probable 15 that she had had one of those conversations with Marius, in which the beloved man says what he pleases, explains nothing, and satisfies.

Every succeeding morrow brought Jean Valjean at the same hour. He came every day, not having the strength to take 20 Marius' words otherwise than to the letter. Marius made his arrangements, so as to be absent at the hours when Jean Valjean came. The house became accustomed to M. Fauchelevent's new mode of life.

Several weeks passed thus. A new life gradually took pos- 25 session of Cosette. The disappearance of familiarity, the madame, the Monsieur Jean, all this made him different to Cosette. The care which he had taken to detach her from him, succeeded with her. She became more and more cheerful, and less and less affectionate. However, she still loved 30 him very much, and he felt it. One day she suddenly said to him, "You were my father, you are no longer my father, you were my uncle, you are no longer my uncle, you were Monsieur Fauchelevent, you are Jean. Who are you then? I don't like all that. If I did not know you were so good, I 35 should be afraid of you."

He still lived in the Rue de l'Homme Armé.

One afternoon, — it was one of the early days of April, — Marius said to Cosette: "We have said that we would go

to see our garden in the Rue Plumet again. Let us go." And they flew away like two swallows towards the spring.

At night, at the usual hour, Jean Valjean came to the Rue des Filles du Calvaire. "Madame has gone out with monsieur, 5 and has not returned yet," said Basque to him. He sat down in silence, and waited an hour. Cosette did not return. He bowed his head and went away.

Cosette was so intoxicated with her walk to the garden, and so happy over having lived a whole day in her past, that 10 she did not speak of anything else the next day. It did not occur to her that she had not seen Jean Valjean.

He never mentioned his disappointment to Cosette, but continued to call at the accustomed time. One day he stayed longer than usual. The next day, he noticed that there was 15 no fire in the fireplace.

The next day there was a fire. But the two arm-chairs were placed at the other end of the room, near the door. He went for the arm-chairs, and put them back in their usual place near the chimney. This fire being kindled again encouraged 20 him, however. He continued the conversation still longer than usual. As he was getting up to go away, Cosette said to him :

"My husband said a funny thing to me yesterday. He said: 'Cosette, we have an income of thirty thousand francs. Twenty-seven that you have, three that my grandfather 25 allows me.' I answered: 'That makes thirty.' 'Would you have the courage to live on three thousand?' I answered: 'Yes, on nothing. Provided it be with you.'"

Jean Valjean did not say a word. He went back to the Rue de l'Homme Armé. His mind was racked with con- 30 jectures. It was evident that Marius had doubts in regard to the origin of these six hundred thousand francs, that he feared some impure source. Besides, vaguely, Jean Valjean began to feel that the door was shown him.

The next day, he received, on entering the basement room, 35 something like a shock. The arm-chairs had disappeared. There was not even a chair of any kind.

"Ah," exclaimed Cosette as she came in, "no chairs!"

"They are gone," answered Jean Valjean. "I told Basque to take them away."

"And what for?"

"I shall stay only a few minutes to-day. I believe that Basque needed some arm-chairs for the parlour."

"What for?"

"You doubtless have company this evening."

5

Jean Valjean could not say a word more.

Cosette shrugged her shoulders.

"Good-bye," murmured Jean Valjean.

He went away overwhelmed. This time he had understood.

The next day he did not come. Cosette did not notice it ¹⁰ until night. The next day he did not come. Cosette paid no attention to it, passed the evening and slept as usual, and thought of it only on awaking. She sent Nicolette very quickly to Monsieur Jean's to know if he were sick, and why he had not come the day before. Nicolette brought back ¹⁵ Monsieur Jean's answer. He was not sick. He was busy. He would come very soon. As soon as he could. However, he was going to make a little journey. Let them not be troubled about him.

Every day, he came out of his house at the same hour, he ²⁰ commenced the same walk, but he did not finish it, and, perhaps unconsciously, he continually shortened it.

IV. THE TWILIGHT WANE

It would be unjust to blame Marius. Before his marriage, he had put no questions to M. Fauchelevent, and, since, he had feared to put any to Jean Valjean. He had regretted ²⁵ the promise into which he had allowed himself to be led. He did nothing more than gradually to banish Jean Valjean from his house, and to obliterate him as much as possible from Cosette's mind.

Marius did what he deemed necessary and just. He ³⁰ supposed he had, for discarding Jean Valjean, without harshness, but without weakness, serious reasons. He believed, at that very time, that he had a solemn duty to perform, the restitution of the six hundred thousand francs to somebody whom he was seeking as cautiously as possible. In the ³⁵ meantime, he abstained from using that money.

One day Jean Valjean went down stairs, took three steps into the street, sat down upon a stone block. He remained there a few minutes, then went upstairs again. The next day, he did not leave his room. The day after he did not
5 leave his bed.

His portress, who prepared his frugal meal, looked into the brown earthen plate, and exclaimed: "Why, you didn't eat anything yesterday, poor dear man!"

"I will eat to-morrow."

10 Jean Valjean scarcely ever saw any other human being than this good woman. While he still went out, he had bought of a brazier^o for a few sous a little copper crucifix, which he had hung upon a nail before his bed.

A week elapsed, and Jean Valjean had not taken a step
15 in his room. He was still in bed. The portress saw a physician of the quarter passing at the end of the street; she took it upon herself to beg him to go up. The physician saw Jean Valjean, and spoke with him. When he came down, the portress questioned him.

20 "Your sick man is very sick," he said.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Everything and nothing. He is a man who, to all appearance, has lost some dear friend. People die of that."

"Will you come again, doctor?"

25 "Yes," answered the physician. "But another than I must come again."

One evening Jean Valjean had difficulty in raising himself upon his elbow; he felt his wrist and found no pulse; his breathing was short, and stopped at intervals; he realised
30 that he was weaker than he had been before. Then, he made an effort, sat up in bed, and dressed himself. He put on his old working-man's garb. He opened the valise and took out Cosette's suit. He spread it out upon his bed.

The bishop's candlesticks were in their place, on the mantel.
35 He took two wax tapers from a drawer, and put them into the candlesticks. Then, although it was still broad daylight, he lighted them. Each step that he took in going from one piece of furniture to another, exhausted him, and he was obliged to sit down. Then, he fainted. When he regained

consciousness, he shivered, he felt that the chill was coming; he leaned upon the table which was lighted by the bishop's candlesticks, and took the pen. His hand trembled. He slowly wrote the few lines which follow:

"Cosette, I bless you. I am going to make an explanation⁵ to you. Your husband was quite right in giving me to understand that I ought to leave. He is very good. Always love him well when I am dead. This is what I want to tell you. The money is really your own. This is the whole story: The white jet comes from Norway, the black jet comes from Eng-¹⁰land, the black glass imitation comes from Germany. We can make imitations in France as well as in Germany. Spain purchases many of them. This is the country of jet —"

Here he stopped, the pen fell from his fingers, he gave way to one of those despairing sobs which rose at times from the¹⁵ depths of his being, the poor man clasped his head with both hands.

"Oh!" exclaimed he within himself, "it is all over. I shall never see her more. She is a smile which has passed over me. I am going to enter into the night without even seeing²⁰ her again. It is nothing to die, but it is dreadful to die without seeing her. It is over, forever. Here I am, all alone. My God! my God! I shall never see her again."

At this moment there was a rap at his door.

V. THÉNARDIER GOES OUT

THAT very evening, just as Marius left the table and retired²⁵ into his office, having a bundle of papers to study over, Basque handed him a letter, saying: "The person who wrote the letter is in the antechamber."

Marius took it. It smelt of tobacco. The recognition of the tobacco made him recognise the handwriting. The³⁰ Jondrette garret appeared before him. He broke the seal eagerly, and read:—

"Monsieur Baron, — If the Supreme Being had given me the talents for it, I could have been Baron Thénard, but I am not so. I merely bear the same name that he does, happy³⁵ if this remembrance commends me to the excellence of your

bounties. I am in possession of a secret concerning an individual. This individual concerns you. I hold the secret at your disposition, desiring to have the honour of being useful to you."

5 The letter was signed "THÉNARD." The signature was not a false one. It was only a little abridged.

The emotion of Marius was deep. After the feeling of surprise, he had a feeling of happiness. Let him now find the other man whom he sought, the man who had saved him, and
10 he would have nothing more to wish.

"Show him in," said Marius.

Marius examined the man from head to foot, while the personage bowed without measure, and asked him in a sharp tone: "What do you want?"

15 "I would like to go and establish myself in America. The voyage is long and dear. I must have a little money."

"How does that concern me?" inquired Marius.

"Then Monsieur the Baron has not read my letter?"

"Explain."

20 "Certainly, Monsieur the Baron. I will explain. I have a secret to sell you."

"What is this secret?"

Marius examined the man more and more closely, while listening to him.

25 "I commence gratis," said the stranger. "You will see that I am interesting."

"Go on."

"Monsieur Baron, you have in your house a robber and an assassin."

30 Marius shuddered.

The stranger continued: "Assassin and robber. Observe, Monsieur Baron, that I do not speak here of acts, old, by-gone, and withered. I speak of recent acts, present acts, acts yet unknown to justice at this hour. This man has glided
35 into your confidence, and almost into your family, under a false name. I am going to tell you his true name. And to tell it to you for nothing."

"I am listening."

"His name is Jean Valjean."

"I know it."

"I am going to tell you, also for nothing, who he is. He is an old convict."

"I know it."

The stranger resumed with a smile: "I do not permit myself to contradict Monsieur the Baron. At all events, you must see that I am informed. Now, what I have to acquaint you with, is known to myself alone. It concerns the fortune of Madame the Baroness. It is an extraordinary secret. It is for sale, cheap. Twenty thousand francs." 10

"I know your extraordinary secret; just as I knew Jean Valjean's name: just as I know your name."

"That is not difficult, Monsieur Baron. I have had the honour of writing it to you and telling it to you. Thénard."

"Thénardier." Marius continued: "You are also the 15 working-man Jondrette, and you have kept a chop-house at Montfermeil, and you are Thénardier."

"I deny it."

"And you are a scoundrel. Here." And Marius, taking a bank-note from his pocket, threw it in his face. 20

"Thanks!" Then bluntly: "Well, so be it, I am Thénardier."

Marius interrupted: "Thénardier, I have told you your name. Now your secret, what you came to make known to me, do you want me to tell you that? I too have my means 25 of information. You shall see that I know more about it than you do. Jean Valjean, as you have said, is an assassin and a robber. A robber, because he robbed a rich manufacturer, M. Madeleine, whose ruin he caused. An assassin, because he assassinated the police-officer, Javert." 30

"I don't understand, Monsieur Baron," said Thénardier.

"I will make myself understood. Listen. There was, in 1822, a man who had had some old difficulty with justice, and who, under the name of M. Madeleine, had reformed and re-established himself. He had become in the full force of the 35 term an upright man. By means of a manufacture, that of black glass trinkets, he had made the fortune of an entire city. He was the foster-father of the poor. He founded hospitals, opened schools, visited the sick. He had been appointed

mayor. A liberated convict knew the secret of a penalty once incurred by this man; he informed against him and had him arrested, and took advantage of the arrest to come to Paris and draw from the banker, Laffitte — I have the fact
5 from the cashier himself — by means of a false signature, a sum of more than half a million which belonged to M. Madeleine. This convict who robbed M. Madeleine is Jean Valjean. As to the other act, you have just as little to tell me. Jean Valjean killed the officer Javert; he killed him with
10 a pistol. I, who am now speaking to you, was present."

Thénardier merely said to Marius: "Monsieur Baron, we are on the wrong track. Monsieur Baron, Jean Valjean never robbed Monsieur Madeleine, and Jean Valjean never killed Javert. For two reasons. The first is this: he did
15 not rob Monsieur Madeleine, since it is Jean Valjean himself who was Monsieur Madeleine. And the second is this: he did not assassinate Javert, since Javert committed suicide."

"Prove it! prove it!" cried Marius, beside himself.

Thénardier took from his pocket a large envelope of grey
20 paper, which seemed to contain folded sheets of different sizes. "I have my documents," said he, with calmness.

While speaking, Thénardier took out of the envelope two newspapers, yellow, faded, and strongly saturated with tobacco. "Two facts, two proofs," said Thénardier. And
25 unfolding the two papers, he handed them to Marius.

One, the oldest, a copy of the *Drapeau Blanc*,^o of the 25th of July, 1823, established the identity of M. Madeleine and Jean Valjean. The other, a *Moniteur* of the 15th of June, 1832, verified the suicide of Javert, adding that it appeared
30 from a verbal report made by Javert to the prefect, that, taken prisoner in the barricade of the Rue de la Chanvrerie, he had owed his life to the magnanimity of an insurgent who, though he had him at the muzzle of his pistol, instead of blowing out his brains, had fired into the air.

35 Marius could not doubt. The information derived from the cashier was false, and he himself was mistaken. Jean Valjean, suddenly growing grand, arose from the cloud. Marius could not restrain a cry of joy: "Well, then, this unhappy man is a wonderful man! all that fortune was really his own!

he is Madeleine, the providence of a whole region ! he is Jean Valjean, the saviour of Javert ! he is a hero ! he is a saint !”

“He is not a saint, and he is not a hero,” said Thénardier. “He is an assassin and a robber. Jean Valjean did not rob Madeleine, but he is a robber. He did not kill Javert, but he is a murderer. What I have to reveal to you is absolutely unknown. It belongs to the unpublished. Monsieur Baron, on the 6th of June, 1832, about a year ago, a man was in the Grand Sewer of Paris, near where the sewer empties into the Seine, between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont d’Iéna. 10 This man, compelled to conceal himself, had taken the sewer for his dwelling, and had a key to it. It was, I repeat it, the 6th of June ; it might have been eight o’clock in the evening. The man heard a noise in the sewer. Strange to say, there was another man in the sewer beside him. This man was 15 carrying something on his back. He walked bent over. The man who was walking was an old convict, and what he was carrying upon his shoulders was a corpse. As for the robbery, it follows of course. This convict was going to throw this corpse into the river. It is a noteworthy fact, that before 20 reaching the grating of the outlet, this convict, who came from a distance in the sewer, had been compelled to pass through a horrible quagmire in which it would seem that he might have left the corpse ; but, the sewer-men working upon the quagmire might, the very next day, have found the 25 assassinated man. He preferred to go through the quagmire with his load, and his efforts must have been terrible ; it is impossible to put one’s life in greater peril ; I do not understand how he came out of it alive. Monsieur Baron, a sewer is not the Champ de Mars. One lacks everything there, even 30 room. When two men are in a sewer, they must meet each other. That is what happened. The resident and the traveller were compelled to say good-day to each other, to their mutual regret. The traveller said to the resident : ‘*You see what I have on my back, I must get out, you have the key, give it to me.*’ This convict was a man of terrible strength. There was no refusing him. Still he who had the key parleyed, merely to gain time. He examined the dead man, but he could see nothing, except that he was young, well dressed.

apparently a rich man, and all disfigured with blood. While he was talking, he found means to cut and tear off from behind, without the assassin perceiving it, a piece of the assassinated man's coat. He put this piece of evidence in his pocket. 5 After which he opened the grating, let the man out with his incumbrance on his back, shut the grating again and escaped. You understand now. He who was carrying the corpse was Jean Valjean; he who had the key is now speaking to you, and the piece of the coat —"

10 Thénardier finished the phrase by drawing from his pocket and holding up, on a level with his eyes, between his thumbs and his forefingers, a strip of ragged black cloth, covered with dark stains.

Marius had risen, his eye fixed upon the scrap of black cloth. 15 Without losing sight of this rag, he retreated to the wall, and, with his right hand stretched behind him, groped about for a key which was in the lock of a closet near the chimney. He found this key, opened the closet, without removing his startled eyes from the fragment that Thénardier held up.

20 Meanwhile Thénardier continued: "Monsieur Baron, I have the strongest reasons to believe that the assassinated young man was an opulent stranger drawn into a snare by Jean Valjean."

"The young man was myself, and there is the coat!" cried 25 Marius, and he threw an old black coat covered with blood upon the carpet. Then, snatching the fragment from Thénardier's hands, he bent down over the coat, and applied the piece to the cut skirt. The edges fitted exactly, and the strip completed the coat.

30 Marius rose up, quivering, desperate, flashing. He felt in his pocket, and walked, furious, towards Thénardier, offering him and almost pushing into his face his fist full of five hundred franc notes.

"You are a wretch! you are a liar, a slanderer, a scoundrel. 35 You came to accuse this man, you have justified him; you wanted to destroy him, you have succeeded only in glorifying him. And it is you who are a robber! and it is you who are an assassin! I saw you, Thénardier, Jondrette, in that den on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital. I know enough about you to

send you to the galleys, and further even, if I wished. Ah! Jondrette Thénardier! let this be a lesson to you, pedlar of secrets, trader in mysteries, fumbler in the dark. Take this money, and leave this place! Waterloo protects you."

"Waterloo!" muttered Thénardier, pocketing the notes. 5

"Yes, assassin! you saved the life of a colonel there —"

"Of a general," said Thénardier, raising his head.

"Of a colonel!" replied Marius with a burst of passion.

"I would not give a farthing for a general. Go! out of my sight! Ah! monster! there are three thousand francs more. 10 Take them. You will start to-morrow for America, with your daughter. I will see to your departure, bandit, and I will count out to you then twenty thousand francs. Go and get hung elsewhere!"

And Thénardier went out. 15

As soon as Thénardier was out of doors, Marius ran to the garden where Cosette was still walking: "Cosette! Come quick! Oh! my God! It was he who saved my life! Let us not lose a minute!"

In a moment, a fiacre was at the door. Marius helped 20 Cosette in and sprang in himself.

"Driver," said he, "Rue de l'Homme Armé, Number 7."

"Oh! what happiness!" said Cosette. "We are going to see Monsieur Jean."

"Your father! Cosette, your father more than ever. 25 Cosette, I see it. You told me that you never received the letter which I sent you by Gavroche. It must have fallen into his hands. Cosette, he went to the barricade to save me. On the way, he saved others; he saved Javert. He snatched me out of that gulf to give me to you. He carried me on 30 his back in that frightful sewer. Cosette, after having been your providence, he was mine!"

Meanwhile the fiacre rolled on.

VI. SUPREME SHADOW, SUPREME DAWN

At the knock which he heard at his door, Jean Valjean turned his head. 35

"Come in," said he feebly.

The door opened. Cosette and Marius appeared. Cosette rushed into the room. Marius remained upon the threshold.

"Cosette!" said Jean Valjean, and he rose in his chair, his arms stretched out and trembling.

5 Cosette, stifled with emotion, fell upon Jean Valjean's breast.

"Father!" said she.

Jean Valjean stammered: "Cosette! Oh, you forgive me then!"

10 Marius stepped forward and murmured: "Father!"

"And you too, you forgive me!" said Jean Valjean.

Marius could not utter a word, and Jean Valjean added.

"Thanks."

15 Cosette, seating herself upon the old man's knees, stroked away his white hair, and kissed his forehead. Jean Valjean, bewildered, offered no resistance. For a moment he could not speak, then he continued:

20 "I really needed to see Cosette a little while from time to time. Monsieur Pontmercy, let me call her Cosette. It will not be very long."

At these words, which Jean Valjean now said, all that was swelling in Marius' heart broke forth: "Cosette, do you hear? he begs my pardon, and do you know what he has done for me, Cosette? he has saved my life. He has done more. He 25 has given you to me. And, after having saved me, and after having given you to me, Cosette, what did he do with himself? he sacrificed himself. And, to me the ungrateful, to me the forgetful, he says: 'Thanks!' Cosette, my whole life passed at the feet of this man would be too little. That barricade, 30 that sewer, he went through everything for me, for you, Cosette! He bore me through death in every form which he put aside from me, and which he accepted for himself. All courage, all virtue, all heroism, all sanctity, he has it all, Cosette, that man is an angel!"

35 "I told the truth," answered Jean Valjean.

"No," replied Marius, "the truth is the whole truth. You were Monsieur Madeleine, why not have said so? You had saved Javert, why not have said so? I owe my life to you, why not have said so?"

"Because I thought as you did. I felt that you were right. It was necessary that I should go away."

"Do you suppose you are going to stay here?" replied Marius. "We are going to carry you back. We are going to carry you back. You are a part of us. You are her father's and mine. You shall not spend another day in this house. Do not imagine that you will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow," said Jean Valjean, "I shall not be here, but I shall not be at your house."

"What do you mean?" replied Marius.

10

"I shall die in a few minutes."

"Die!" exclaimed Marius.

"Yes, but that is nothing," said Jean Valjean.

Cosette uttered a cry: "Father! you shall live."

"Oh! yes forbid me to die. Who knows? I shall obey perhaps. I was just dying when you came. That stopped me, it seemed to me that I was born again."

There was a noise at the door. It was the physician coming in.

"Good day and good-by, doctor," said Jean Valjean. 20
"Here are my poor children."

Marius approached the physician. There was a silence. Jean Valjean turned towards Cosette. He began to gaze at her as if he would take a look which should endure through eternity.

25

The physician felt his pulse. "Ah! it was you he needed!" murmured he, looking at Cosette and Marius. And, bending towards Marius' ear he added very low: "Too late."

Jean Valjean turned upon Marius and the physician a look of serenity. They heard these almost inarticulate words come from his lips: "It is nothing to die; it is frightful not to live."

Suddenly he arose. These returns of strength are sometimes a sign also of the death-struggle. He walked with a firm step to the wall, put aside Marius and the physician, who offered to assist him, took down from the wall the little copper crucifix which hung there, came back, and sat down with all the freedom of motion of perfect health, and said in a loud voice, laying the crucifix on the table: "Behold the great martyr."

Then his breast sank in, his head wavered, as if the dizziness of the tomb seized him.

Jean Valjean, after this semi-syncope,^o gathered strength, and became almost completely lucid once more. He took a 5 fold of Cosette's sleeve, and kissed it.

"He is reviving! doctor, he is reviving!" cried Marius.

"You are both kind," said Jean Valjean.

The portress had come up, and was looking through the half-open door: "Do you want a priest?" she said.

10 "I have one," answered Jean Valjean.

And, with his finger, he seemed to designate a point above his head, where, you would have said, he saw some one. It is probable that the Bishop was indeed a witness of this death-agony.

15 From moment to moment, Jean Valjean grew weaker. He was sinking; he was approaching the dark horizon. His breath had become intermittent; it was interrupted by a slight rattle. He had difficulty in moving his wrist, his feet had lost all motion, but all the majesty of the soul rose and 20 displayed itself upon his forehead. The light of the unknown world was already visible in his eye. His face grew pale, and at the same time smiled.

He motioned to Cosette to approach, then to Marius; it was evidently the last minute of the last hour, and he began 25 to speak to them in a voice so faint it seemed to come from afar:

"Come closer, both of you. I love you dearly. You too, love me, my Cosette. You will weep for me a little, will you not? Not too much. I do not wish you to have any deep 30 grief. I was writing just now to Cosette. To her I bequeathe the two candlesticks which are on the mantel. They change the candles which are put into them, into consecrated tapers. I do not know whether he who gave them to me is satisfied with me in heaven. I have done what I could. My children, 35 you will not forget that I am a poor man, you will have me buried in the most convenient piece of ground under a stone to mark the spot. That is my wish. No name on the stone. If Cosette will come for a little while sometimes, it will give me a pleasure. You too, Monsieur Pontmercy. It was only

ten years ago. How time passes ! It is over. My children, do not weep, I am not going very far, I shall see you from there. You will only have to look when it is night, you will see me smile. Cosette, the time has come to tell you the name of your mother. Her name was Fantine. Remember that name : Fantine. Fall on your knees whenever you pronounce it. She suffered much. And loved you much. Her measure of unhappiness was as full as yours of happiness. Such are the distributions of God. He is on high, he sees us all, and he knows what he does in the midst of his great stars. ¹⁶ So I am going away, my children. Love each other dearly always. There is scarcely anything else in the world but that : to love one another."

Cosette and Marius fell on their knees, choked with tears, each grasping one of Jean Valjean's hands. He had fallen ¹⁵ backwards, the light from the candlesticks fell upon him ; his white face looked up towards heaven, he was dead.

The night was starless and very dark. Without doubt, in the gloom some mighty angel was standing, with outstretched wings, awaiting the soul. 20

VII. GRASS HIDES AND RAIN BLOTS OUT

THERE is, in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, in the neighbourhood of the Potter's field, ° far from the elegant quarter of that city of sepulchres, in a deserted corner, among the dog-grass and the mosses, a stone. This stone is exempt no more than the rest from the leprosy of time. The air turns it ²⁵ black, the water green. It is near no path, and people do not go in that direction. When there is a little sunshine, the lizards come out. There is, all about, a rustling of wild oats. In the spring, the linnets sing in the tree.

No name can be read there. 30

NOTES

xvi: 13. **Brumaire** was the second month of the calendar adopted by the first French republic. It began thirty days after the autumnal equinox. The revolutionary calendar was abolished Dec. 31, 1805, by Napoleon. See **187: 5**.

Title. **Les Miserables.** (Pronounced, Lā Mi-zēr-abl, see Introduction, section entitled French Pronunciation.) The Miserable Wretches.

3: 1. **M.** abbreviation for **Monsieur** (Mr.); **Mlle.** is the abbreviation for **Mademoiselle** (Miss), and **Mme.**, for **Madame** (Mrs.). (Pronounced, M'sieu, Madmwazelle, Madam).

3: 13. **Revolution.** See Introduction.

3: 17. '93. See Introduction.

4: 1. **Curé.** A priest in charge of a parish.

4: 3. **The Coronation.** The coronation of Napoleon. See Introduction.

4: 6. **Cardinal Fesch.** Joseph, 1763-1839; a half-brother of the mother of Napoleon. He became a cardinal in 1803.

4: 7. **Emperor.** Napoleon.

4: 9. **Napoleon.** See Introduction.

4: 27. **Monseigneur.** "My Lord," an ecclesiastical dignitary.

5: 3. **Episcopal.** Pertaining to a bishop. *Episcopos* is the Greek word for bishop.

6: 12. **Franc.** Since 1795 the unit of the French monetary system; worth about 19¢.

6: 32. **Bienvenu.** Welcome.

6: 37. **Diocese.** The district in which a bishop exercises his authority.

7:16. **Mountebank.** A boastful or false pretender; a quack.

8:19. **Pontifically.** As a High-Priest or Pope. The pontifical high mass is an especially gorgeous ceremony.

9:10. **The Man of Resignation.** Christ.

9:19. **Oratory.** A small room set apart for private devotions.

9:32. **Crucifix.** A representation of Christ on the cross.

9:37. **Prie-Dieu.** A kneeling-desk for prayers.

10:35. **National Convention.** See Introduction.

11:4. **Regicide.** A king-killer.

11:5. **Atheist.** One who does not believe in the existence of a God.

13:30. **Louis XVI.** B. 1754; king of France 1774–1792. See Introduction.

14:17. **Louis XVII.** B. 1785. On the execution of his father, Louis XVI, he was proclaimed king by the royalists, but died in prison in 1795.

14:26. **Louis XV.** B. 1710; king of France 1715–1774. See Introduction.

14:34. **Purged the temple.** See *Matthew* xxi. 12 and 13.

14:36. **Suffer little children, etc.** See *Luke* xviii. 16.

14:39. **Fleur de lys.** A conventional flower suggested by the iris; identified with the royal arms of France.

17:19. **Rue.** Street.

17:22. **Gendarme.** Man-at-arms; policeman. (Pronounced zha-darm.)

18:29. **Truss.** A bundle.

18:34. **League.** A measure of distance; about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

22:4. **Galleys.** Vessels propelled with oars. Prisoners and slaves, in olden times, were often condemned to serve in them; hence prison-ships or simply prisons.

22:9. **Passport.** A document given to a person, permitting him to travel. Convicts on being released were given yellow passports.

22:17. **Sou.** A piece of money, $\frac{1}{20}$ of a franc; worth about one cent.

24:5. **Abbé.** A parish priest; also a title of respect given in France to everyone vested with the ecclesiastical dress.

24:11. **Mass.** The celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Roman Catholic church.

25:16. **Red blouse.** The uniform of prisoners in the galleys. Those condemned for life had also to wear a green cap.

28:24. **Bicêtre.** A house of detention in a village situated close to Paris. The place is noted for a hospital established there in 1632. It is now used also as an insane asylum.

30:6. **Jack.** A portable machine used in lifting heavy weights.

32:21. **Halo.** A circle of light over the head, imagined by artists, to indicate divinity or sanctity.

35:31. **Petit.** Small.

36:17. **Savoyard.** A person from Savoy, a province in the west of France. More commonly it means an ill-mannered person.

40:2. **Oscars.** "Sports."

41:12. **Directory.** See Introduction.

41:24. **Dowry.** A bride's portion on her marriage; that is, the property a woman brings to her husband in marriage.

41:28. **Latin Quarter.** A section of Paris on the south side of the Seine, near the Sorbonne (the University). It is frequented by the student class. See Plan.

41:29. **Grisette.** Work-girl.

41:30. **Labyrinth.** Intricate passageways.

41:30. **Pantheon.** A large building in Paris used as a church and as a mausoleum (tomb) for famous Frenchmen. See Plan.

41:34. **Eclogue.** An idyl. In this connection, the consummation.

42: 15. Saint Cloud. A town situated on the left bank of the Seine about two miles west of the fortifications of Paris. See Plan.

43: 5. Bombarda's. A restaurant.

43: 24. Champs-Élysées. An avenue and the gardens surrounding it in Paris, celebrated as a place of public resort. See Plan.

43: 28. Diligence. Stage-coach.

43: 30. Mails. Trunks, boxes, or bags.

44: 28. Prodigal sons. See *Luke* xv. 11-.

45: 34. Waterloo. See Introduction.

48: 26. Scape-goat. See *Leviticus* xvi.

49: 27. Jet. A variety of lignite (or coal) susceptible of a good polish.

49: 35. Gum-lac. An important ingredient in sealing-wax, varnishes, etc.

49: 35. Resin. A gummy oil exuded from trees.

50: 12. Department. District.

50: 22. Gendarmerie. Police.

50: 25. Father. A respectful title of address given to elderly men.

52: 37. Dowager. A widow with property settled on her.

53: 38. Pale. A limited region or space. Here used figuratively.

54: 5. Gypsy. A vagabond race which came originally from central Asia, and entered Europe in the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

54: 7. Inspector. Officer, superintendent.

54: 16. Fallow-deer. A European species of deer, so-called from its pale yellow color.

56: 11. Louis d'ors. A gold coin worth a little less than \$5.00.

57: 35. Sister of Charity. A member of a sisterhood of religious women engaged in works of mercy.

58: 3. Convent. The home of members of religious orders.

58:3. Quartier St. Antoine. A section of Paris stretching eastward from the Place de la Bastille. See Plan.

62:7. Miliary fever. A fever accompanied by an eruption of small isolated red pimples.

62:20. Napoleon. A twenty-franc piece.

64:33. Christus nos liberavit. Christ has freed us.

66:28. Bureau of police. Police station.

66:36. Elector. A person legally qualified to vote.

73:14. Prefect of police. Superintendent of police.

78:18. Lazarists. An order of Sisters of Charity devoting themselves especially to the care of the sick. In the Middle Ages a leper house was called a *Lazar house*, Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, being supposed to have been a leper.

78:25. Sacramental taper. A wax candle used in church services.

78:35. Confessional. The place where a priest sits to hear confessions.

79:1. Serge dress. A dress of rough cloth worn by Sisters.

79:35. Tilbury. A kind of two-wheeled carriage without a top.

82:9. Court of Assizes. An assembly of judges for the purpose of administering justice in civil and criminal cases.

83:11. Auditory. Audience.

87:28. Brigand. A highwayman, a robber.

89:12. Lodge. The little room or building for the door-keeper at the entrance to an estate.

96:5. Yard. A long piece of timber used to support and extend a square sail.

96:17. Quay. A mole or wharf built along the water's edge. (Pronounced key.)

96:28. Equinoctial. A storm coming during the equinoxes, i.e. around March and September 21st. Storms are prevalent at these times and are very severe.

96:28. **Larboard.** The left side of a ship. It is now called the port side.

96:32. **Starboard.** The right side of a ship.

97:21. **Round-top.** A platform on a mast.

97:31. **Shrouds.** A set of ropes which serve as stays to support a mast.

98:35. **Frigate.** A war vessel.

100:36. **Thénardiess.** Madame Thénardier.

103:14. **Emigration.** During the Revolution many of the royalists emigrated from Paris and from France into other countries. See Introduction.

104:1. **Barrière.** A gate at which local revenue duties were collected.

114:9. **Crown.** A piece of money worth about \$1.12.

115:28. **Cabriolet.** A one-horse carriage with two seats.

122:6. A kingdom for a rope. See *Richard III*, Act V, Scene iv.

122:10. **Cul-de-sac.** A street closed at one end.

124:1. **Façade.** The face of a building.

130:27. **Bonapartist.** A political party during the reign of Louis XVIII. See Introduction.

132:4. **Mother.** The title, as well as the mode of addressing female superiors of religious houses.

132:4. **Chapter.** A business meeting of a religious community.

132:18. **Monastery.** The home of monks.

132:20. **Municipality.** The city authorities.

133:2. **Viséd.** Examined and endorsed.

133:21. **Mother prioress.** The nun next in rank to an abbess.

133:30. **Saying her rosary.** Saying her prayers and counting them by means of a string of beads.

134:31. **Profane ground.** Ground that has not been consecrated.

135:13. **Office for the dead.** The service for the dead.

135: 25. High altar. A structure at the front of a Roman Catholic church for the celebration of the Holy Communion.

138: 34. Holy water. Water blessed by a priest for sacred purposes.

139: 32. Invalides. A great establishment founded in 1670 for disabled and infirm soldiers. The dome of the church of the Invalides is 86 feet in diameter and 344 feet high. The tomb of Napoleon is under the dome. See Plan.

142: 12. Requiescat in pace. May he rest in peace.

143: 19. Picardy. A province in the northern part of France.

149: 26. Cloister. An enclosed place, a convent. The word is more commonly used to mean that part of a convent or monastery, built in the form of an enclosed walk around an open square, where the nuns or monks spend the greater part of their leisure time.

150: 38. Miasma. Air made noxious by the presence of germs.

155: 5. Gamin. A young street Arab.

155: 26. Salpêtrière. A huge institution used as an almshouse and an insane-asylum for women. See Plan.

155: 28. Gorbeau building. This is the house in which Jean Valjean lived with Cosette. See *Cosette*, Part II.

156: 12. Mother. A title of address frequently given to old women.

156: 34. Bourgeois. A man of the middle class. (Pronounced bourzhwa.)

156: 35. Marais. A quarter of Paris situated east of the Rue St. Denis and north of the Rue St. Antoine.

157: 8. Octogenarian. A person 80 years or more of age.

157: 8. Voltaire. François Marie Arouet, 1694-1778; a French author and philosopher. See Introduction.

157: 13. Louis XIV. B. 1638; king of France 1643-1715. See Introduction.

157: 21. Tapestry. A fabric the designs of which are

more or less pictorial, employed for wall hangings or for upholstery.

157: 27. Boudoir. A small retiring room.

158: 3. Cross. The decoration given to members of the Legion of Honor. See Introduction.

158: 3. Austerlitz. A battle won by Napoleon, Dec. 2, 1805. See Introduction.

158: 12. Chimera. A fancy.

158: 17. Madame la préfete. Madam, the wife of the prefect.

158: 34. Lancers. A mounted body of men armed with lances.

160: 18. Moniteur. The official journal of the French government, 1799-1868.

160: 19. Grand Army. The army which Napoleon led against Russia in 1812.

160: 22. Saintonge. A former division of western France.

160: 25. Houchard. Jean Nicolas, 1740-1793. A French general who was executed after being defeated by the allies.

160: 28. Parapet. A breastwork for covering soldiers from an enemy's fire.

160: 29. Glacis. A gently sloping bank.

160: 29. Kleber. Jean Baptiste, 1753-1800. A French general.

160: 32. Grenadier. Originally soldiers who carried and threw grenades; later used for members of special regiments or corps.

160: 33. Joubert. Barthélemy Catherine, 1769-1796. A French general.

160: 35. Berthier. Louis Alexandre, 1753-1815. Prince of Wagram and Neufchâtel; a Marshal of France.

161: 2. March in echelon. An arrangement of a body of troops when its divisions are drawn up in parallel lines, each to the right or left of the one in advance of it (Webster).

161:6. Wurmser. Dagobert Siegmund von, 1724-1797. An Austrian general.

161:7. Melas. Baron Michael von, 1729-1806. An Austrian general.

161:7. Mack. Baron Karl Mack von Lieberich, 1752-1828. An Austrian general.

161:8. Mortier. Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph, 1768-1835. Duke of Trévise; a Marshal of France.

161:21. Cossacks. A people, probably of Tartar origin, living in southern and southeastern Russia. They are skilful horsemen, and have for many years furnished several regiments of light cavalry to the government.

161:30. Dragoon. A soldier who was taught and armed to fight either on horseback or on foot.

161:31. Elba. An island situated just east of Corsica, given as a residence to Napoleon. He lived there from May, 1814, until Feb. 26, 1815. See Introduction.

161:32. Cuirassier. A soldier armed with a breastplate.

161:37. Baron. A nobleman next in rank below a count.

161:38. Legion of Honor. An order organized by Napoleon to which were admitted a number of persons who had rendered conspicuous public service in military or civil life.

162:5. Cantonments. Temporary military quarters.

162:6. Restoration. The restoration of Louis XVIII. See Introduction.

162:8. Louis XVIII. B. 1755; king of France, 1814-1824; younger brother of Louis XVI. See Introduction.

162:9. Hundred days. The period between Napoleon's return from Elba and the battle of Waterloo. See Introduction.

162:13. Rosette. An ornament formed in imitation of a rose, worn often in the button hole by members of the Legion of Honor.

162:14. Procureur du roi. Public prosecutor.

163:30. Saint Sulpice. A large church in Paris built by Louis XIV. See Plan.

164:27. Pedant. A pretender to superior knowledge.

164:30. Cynicism. Morose and contemptuous views and opinions.

170:1. Guillotine. The instrument used for executions during the Revolution. See Introduction.

170:4. Mirabeau. Gabriel Honoré, Riquetti, Comte de, 1749-1791; a French orator and revolutionist. See Introduction.

170:5. Vergniaud. Pierre Victurnien, 1753-1793; a French revolutionist. **Saint-Just.** Louis Antoine de, 1767-1794; a French revolutionist. **Robespierre.** Maximilien Marie Isidore, 1758-1794; a French revolutionist. **Desmoulins.** Camille Benoît, 1760-1794; a French revolutionist. See Introduction.

170:6. Danton. Georges Jacques, 1759-1794; a French revolutionist.

171:38. Vive l'empereur. Long live the emperor.

171:39. Corsican Ogre. Napoleon was born in Corsica.

172:1. Buonaparté. A contemptuous pronunciation of Bonaparte.

172:10. Charlemagne. A king of France 768-814 A.D. Crowned emperor of the Roman Empire in the west in 800. A great soldier and a great ruler.

172:10. Louis XI. B. 1423; king of France 1461-1483. A most unscrupulous king, but one who greatly enlarged and strengthened the foundations of the French monarchy. The scenes of Scott's novel *Quentin Durward* are laid in his reign.

172:10. Henry IV. B. 1553; king of France 1589-1610. The first of the Bourbon kings.

172:11. Richelieu. Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal and Duc de, 1585-1642. He became the chief minister of

Louis XIII in 1624, and from that time until his death was actual ruler of France.

172: 12. Committee of Public Safety. See Introduction.

172: 26. Bourbon. The royal house of France.

173: 7. Laconic. Saying little.

174: 35. Coupé. The front compartment of a French stage-coach.

174: 36. Impériale. An outside seat on a stage-coach.

175: 34. Postillion. One who rides and guides the first pair of horses in a coach.

176: 10. Rendezvous. Meeting-place.

178: 39. Grape. A cluster of small iron balls fired from a cannon.

180: 8. Pistole. Ten francs.

181: 8. German Tugendbund. A German association formed in 1808, for the purpose of cultivating patriotism. It was dissolved in 1809, but continued in secret for several years. One of its chief aims was to aid in throwing off the French yoke.

181: 9. Italian Carbonari. A secret society formed in Naples about 1810, by those who were dissatisfied with the French rule. The organization later grew and spread over all Italy as the champion of the national cause.

181: 23. Conventicle. Gathering.

182: 14. Apocalypse. The Revelation.

183: 6. Paladin. A knight errant.

183: 10. Bossuet. Jacques Bénigne, 1627-1704; a famous pulpit orator.

187: 5. Brumaire. The name given in 1793 for the second month of the year. It began about the 20th of October and ended about the 20th of November. The 18th Brumaire spoken of here was Nov. 9, 1799, when Napoleon started to overthrow the Directory. See Introduction.

188: 6. Old Guard. A body of troops in the army of Napoleon which made the last charge at the battle of Waterloo.

188: 17. Hannibal. ^c247-^c183 B.C.; the leader of the

Carthaginians in their second war against Rome (218-201 B.C.); one of the world's greatest generals.

188:17. *Cæsar*. Caius Julius, 100-44 B.C.; a Roman general and dictator.

188:21. *Marengo, Arcola, Jena, Wagram*. Battles won by Napoleon.

189:17. *Res angusta*. In straits.

193:37. *Champ de Mars*. A large square on the left bank of the Seine now used for military exercises. See Plan.

193:38. *Luxembourg*. The palace built in 1620 for Maria de Medici, the queen consort of Henry IV. It contains a famous museum of art. The palace is surrounded by beautiful gardens. See Plan.

198:23. *The Gladiator*. A piece of statuary in the Luxembourg gardens.

201:26. *Church of St. Jacques du Haut Pas*. A church in Paris. See Plan.

208:29. *Fiacre*. A hackney-coach.

212:9. *Alias*. Otherwise called.

215:16. *Saint Médard*. A church in Paris. See Plan.

217:1. *Commissary of police*. Officer of police.

225:24. *Colossus*. A man of gigantic size.

233:4. *Bourgeoise*. Feminine of bourgeois; a woman of the middle class.

239:19. *Sergents de ville*. Policemen.

239:36. *Procès-verbal*. Report.

240:25. *La Force*. A Parisian prison built in 1265, now suppressed. The scene of the massacre of Sept. 1792. See Plan.

240:27. *Saint Lazare*. A prison for women. See Plan.

243:1. *Denouement*. The outcome.

243:28. *Solitary confinement*. In a cell by himself.

245:36. *Ophelia*. The heroine of Shakspeare's play *Hamlet*. The question of whether Hamlet's madness was real or assumed, has long been a topic of discussion for Shakspeare students.

248: 1. Idyl. A description or narrative written in a rather elevated style. It usually deals with simple life.

250: 14. National guard. Militia.

255: 20. Detour. A deviation from a direct course.

255: 21. Fontainebleau. Thirty-seven miles southeast of Paris. The palace there, from the time of the Middle Ages, was one of the chief residences of the kings of France.

258: 11. What ruined Adam. See *Genesis* iii.

264: 7. Hallucination. A wandering of the mind.

264: 7. Weber. Karl Maria Friedrich Ernst, Baron von, 1786–1826; a German musical composer.

265: 3. Phantom. An apparition.

269: 25. Reconnaissance. A preliminary examination or survey.

277: 34. Phantasmagoria. A medley of illusive images.

283: 9. General Lamarque. Maximilien, Count, 1770–1832; a French general and politician.

283: 13. Rostrum. A stage for public speaking.

284: 8. Banlieue. The territory within the legal limits of a city but without the walls.

284: 9. Cortege. Procession.

284: 10. Bastille. A celebrated state prison in Paris. On July 14, 1789, it was attacked by a mob of revolutionists and forced to surrender. One year later the building was pulled down. The site is now called the *Place de la Bastille*. See Plan.

284: 14. Ebullition. Boiling, outburst.

284: 18. Lafayette. Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de, 1757–1834; a French general and statesman. He served in America during the Revolutionary War.

287: 15. Cuisine. The kitchen or cooking department.

288: 31. Vitriol. Sulphuric acid, a liquid that has the power of eating into or destroying the texture of a substance.

290: 1. Videttes. Sentinels.

291:37. *Surveillance et Vigilance*. Waking and watching. See the description given of Javert in *Fantine*, Part II, Chapter III.

295:15. *Sacramental host*. The consecrated wafer, believed to be the body of Christ, which in the mass is offered as a sacrifice.

296:9. *Saint Merry*. A church in Paris. See Plan.

297:21. *Ricochet*. A rebound or skipping of a bullet.

299:2. *Vive la révolution, vive la république*. Long live the revolution, long live the republic.

301:25. *Morituri te salutamus*. We who are about to die salute you.

309:6. *Tocsin*. An alarm bell.

313:22. *Fusillade*. A simultaneous discharge of fire arms.

314:25. *Sapper*. One who is employed at building or repairing fortifications.

321:1. *Ad astra per aspera*. To the stars through difficulties.

324:21. *Brittany*. See Map.

326:5. *Slough*. A hole full of mire.

328:10. *Penumbra*. A partial shadow.

332:23. *Pontius Pilate's basin*. See *Matthew* xxvii. 24.

333:3. *Lesion*. An injury.

333:35. *Lethargy*. Continued or profound sleep.

336:12. *Octavo*. A book composed of sheets each of which is folded into eight leaves.

339:9. *Eclaircissement*. The clearing up of anything that is obscure.

340:1. *Chalice*. A cup; especially the one used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

342:23. *Seventh Circle and Eighth Heaven*. Both places are spoken of in Dante's *Divine Comedy*; the first, in *Hell*, Canto XXIV, is the place where Dante sees some souls tormented by serpents; and the second, in *Paradise*, Canto XXII, is the region of the fixed stars from where Dante looks

back over the way he has come. In this chapter Jean Valjean surveys his past life and tells about it to Marius, but in doing so suffers agonies.

345:35. *Porte cochère*. A porch over a driveway before an entrance door.

350:12. *Brazier*. A man who works in brass.

354:26. *Drapeau Blanc*. A French newspaper.

360:3. *Semi-syncope*. A half swooning.

361:22. *Potters' Field*. A part of a cemetery used for the burial of paupers or outcasts. See *Matthew* xxvii. 3-10.



